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CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF POLITICS, SCIENCE, ART AND LITERATURE

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Contents of Volume XLVIII

NOVEMBER, 1916—APRIL, 1917

ARTICLES.

		PAGE
Aerial Navigation, The Perils of	*Claude Graham-White*	33
Army of To-day, The	*Patrick MacGill*	448
Biggest Year in Canada	*Wm. Lewis Edmonds*	407
Bilingual Question, An Aspect of	*Hilton M. Radley*	364
Canadian History as Advertised	*Aubrey Fullerton*	174
Canadian Poetry of the Great War	*J. D. Logan*	412
Canadian War Correspondent, The	*Newton MacTavish*	486
Canadian Women, Pioneer	*Emily P. Weaver*	215, 313, 473, 590
Chemist's Task, The	*F. M. Turner, Jr.*	479
Christmas Foibles	*Ashley Sterne*	107
Curse of Regular Hours, The	*Vincent Basevi*	136
Devonshire, Duke of	*Hugh S. Eayrs*	303
Etcher's Point of View, The	*Estelle M. Kerr*	152
Eugenia: One of Canada's Greatest Water Powers	*Lyman B. Jackes*	397
First Canadians in France, The	*F. McK. Bell*	37, 143, 319, 467, 551
First Miller on the Humber, The	*Herbert Macdonald*	539
For-ter, Father	*W. E. Kelly*	289
German Spy System, Our Strangle-hold on the	*Wm. Le Queux*	337
Germany from the Sea, The Siege of	*Commander Bellairs*	249
Governor-General, The New	*Hugh S. Eayrs*	303
Graham, Baron	*A. R. Carman*	497
Hudson's Bay Co., The Pioneer Fort of the	*R. J. Fraser*	285
Instinct and Influx	*T. M. Martin*	564
Lake of the Woods	*J. F. B. Livesay*	531
Literary History of Canada, Review of the	*J. D. Logan*	3, 125, 219, 373
Little Metis and Thereabouts	*Frank Yeigh*	425
London and Paris in Wartime	*Main Johnson*	418
Lyon, Stewart, The Canadian War Correspondent	*Newton MacTavish*	486
Minister of Finance, The	*Wm. L. Edmonds*	385
Morin, Paul	*Bernard Muddiman*	179
My Manitoba Marshes	*Hamilton M. Laing*	21
Niles Von Shoultz, The Trial of	*Irving E. Struthers*	341
Notable Marys	*Ida Burwash*	236
Our All-Canadian Peer	*A. R. Carman*	497
Our New North	*R. G. MacBeth*	270
Our Strangle-hold on the German Spy System	*Wm. Le Queux*	337
Paris and London in War Time	*Main Johnson*	418
Path of Henry, The	*W. Gordon*	588
Peace River Country	*R. G. MacBeth*	270
Perils of Aerial Navigation	*Claude Graham-White*	33

PAGE

Pioneer Fort of the Hudson's Bay Co., The ..... *R. J. Fraser* 285
Poetry of the Great War, Canadian ..... *J. D. Logan* 412
Poetry, Modern, Tendencies of ..... *Arthur L. Phelps* 522
Psychology of Khaki, The ..... *J. D. Logan* 569
Regular Hours, The Curse of ..... *Vincent Basevi* 136
Reviews of the Literary History of Canada ..... *J. D. Logan* 3, 125, 219, 373
Roll of Honour, The ..... *Robert Hastings* 391
Servants of Bygone Days ..... *M. Forsyth Grant* 582
Shakespeare, The Germans, and the Comic Spirit ..... *A. Haire Forster* 349
Siege of Germany from the Sea, The ..... *Cammander Bellairs* 249
Spirit of the Navy, The ..... *"Taffrail"* 525
Tendencies in Modern Poetry ..... *Arthur L. Phelps* 522
Time the Writer ..... *Mrs. Arthur Murphy* 267
Trial of Niles von Shoultz, The ..... *Irving E. Struthers* 341
White, Sir Thomas ..... *W. L. Edmonds* 385
Wilson, John, First Miller ..... *Herbert Macdonald* 539
Win-the-War Cabinet, The ..... *Lindsay Crawford* 199
With Canadians from the Front ..... *W. Lacey Amy* 10, 168, 241, 379, 461

FICTION.

Abel and His Great Adventure ..... *L. M. Montgomery* 355
Adventure in Youth, An ..... *Mary E. Lowrey* 507
Black Sheep, The ..... *John Markey* 345
Captor Captured, The ..... *Mabel Quiller-Couch* 117
Case Altered, The ..... *Murray Gilchrist* 71
Colonel's Pair of Redheads, The ..... *A. P. McKishnie* 148
Comrade, The ..... *Mazo de la Roche* 330
Curtain, The ..... *Isabel E. Mackay* 89
French Chateau, In a ..... *M. Betham-Edwards* 574
From the Trenches ..... *Patrick MacGill* 16
Godmother, The ..... *Henrietta K. Reeves* 231
Great Exception, The ..... *Phyllis Bottome* 451
Her Heritage of Ideals ..... *Susan K. Glaspell* 63
In a French Chateau ..... *M. Betham-Edwards* 574
Major Bruerton's Wedding ..... *Franklin B. Wiley* 273
Mind of the Family, The ..... *Madge Macbeth* 203
Mr. Merton's Little Bit ..... *Leslie H. Floyd* 58
Of Course, Bobby ..... *Judith Kingdon* 560
Our Neutral Spy ..... *J. E. LeRossignol* 254
Petit Jean Pierre ..... *Margaret Bell* 100
Preventive Ounce, The ..... *Lennington Steinmetz* 53
Skirmishers, The ..... *C. W. Tackaberry* 518
Spider Island ..... *Patric Morrison* 110
Spring the Elusive ..... *A. B. Brown* 443
Squatter's Cup, The ..... *W. H. Ogilvie* 226
Strange Lady, The ..... *Alan Sullivan* 161
Teapot, The ..... *Jessie Pope* 133
That Wire ..... *F. T. W. Ceats* 435
Yellow Light, The ..... *Henry Lyle* 45

POETRY

Bluebird, The ..... *Chas. Barltrop* 546
Coal Miner, The ..... *A. D. Merkel* 288

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PAGE

Golden Stripe, The ..... *James O. Hodgins* 352
Hearts of Mothers, The ..... *Katherine Hale* 140
His Soldier Mother ..... *Margaret Yandis Bryan* 229
House is Still, The ..... *P. M. Macdonald* 212
Mothers, The Hearts of ..... *Katherine Hale* 140
My Mistress ..... *Carroll Aikins* 57
Prayer, A ..... *Anna M. Henderson* 363
Sea Beauty ..... *Arthur L. Phelps* 184
Sea Gulls ..... *A. D. Merkel* 370
Sisters, The ..... *Ralf Sheldon-Williams* 517
Song of the Axe, The ..... *Donald A. Fraser* 15
Verses for This Year ..... *Arthur L. Phelps* 378
White Garden, The ..... *Louise M. Bowman* 230
Wood Pewee, The ..... *Charles Barltrop* 440
Youth ..... *Beatrice Redpath* 99

DEPARTMENTS.

Current Events ..... *Lindsay Crawford* 78
Library Table, The ..... *Book Reviews* 82, 185, 293, 401, 490, 594
Twice-Told Tales ..... *Current Humour* 298, 600

ILLUSTRATIONS

Belgian Home, A ..... Drawing by Louis Raemaekers 283
Belgian Massacres, The ..... Drawing by Louis Raemaekers 371
Brook, The ..... Painting by Ernest Lawson 529
Canal Scene, A ..... Painting by J. W. Beatty 335
Cathedral at Rheims, The ..... Painting by Paul Helleu 141
Cavell, Edith ..... Drawing by Louis Raemaekers 104
DesRosiers, Henri ..... Photograph 485
Duke of Devonshire, The ..... Photograph 302
Edith Cavell ..... Drawing by Louis Raemaekers 104
Evening ..... Painting by Horatio Walker 353
Five Islands Beach ..... Painting by Bertha Des Clayes 2
Germany's Peace Proposals ..... Drawing by Louis Raemaekers 547
Girlhood ..... Painting by W. Bouguereau 105
Headliners ..... Painting by Arthur Crisp 19
Justification ..... Drawing by Louis Raemaekers 477
Kultur from the Sky ..... Drawing by Louis Raemaekers 198
Lady with the Hydrangea ..... Painting by Henri Caro-Delvaille 69
Low Tide in New Brunswick ..... Painting by G. Horne Russell 496
Moonlight ..... Painting by Tom Thomson 177
New Brunswick Summer Resort, A ..... Painting by G. Horne Russell 406
October Day ..... Painting by Homer Watson 213
Real Thing, The ..... Drawing by Louis Raemaekers 547
Rosy Morning ..... Painting by Henri Lerolle 423
Sawing ..... Painting by Homer Watson 441
Sympathy ..... Drawing by Louis Raemaekers 317
Symphony, A ..... Painting by Archibald Browne 567
Timber Ship in Quebec Harbour ..... Etching by H. Ivan Neilson 88
Triumph of the Zeppelin, The ..... Drawing by Louis Raemaekers 459
Village Street, A ..... Painting by F. McG. Knowles 247
Winter Landscape ..... Pastel by Maurice Cullen 123
Yonge Street, Toronto ..... Etching by Dorothy Stevens 159

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From the painting by Bertha Des Clayes.

FIVE ISLANDS BEACH

This is one of the sequestered beauty spots of Nova Scotia. It lies but a few miles from the quiet little seaport of Parsboro. Looking out from shore, the beach, at low tide, stretches for miles, flat and rosy-tinted, except where the Five Islands rise as oases a mile or two away. Beyond the islands only a shining strip of water is visible, but when the tide comes in again, as it does come, on the minute and on the second, the sea once more asserts itself, and one sees the islands engulfed, the beach engulfed, and the whole scene transformed into a veritable ocean.

THE
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RE-VIEWS of LITERARY HISTORY of CANADA

By J. D. Logan

I.—THE SIGNIFICANCE OF NOVA SCOTIA

IN historico-critical reviews or appreciations of literature, as distinguished from essays in *belles-lettres*, what excites intellectual interest and engages the fancy is not so much the persons and the times considered by a literary historian or critic as the novelty in his point of view, originality in his angle of vision in treating the poets and the prose-writers of a given country and period or periods. Until the publication of Mr. T. G. Marquis's illuminating and genuinely constructive

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The present essay and those to follow it will form the second series of historico-critical articles contributed to *The Canadian Magazine* by Dr. Logan. The essays are based on his special series of lectures on the Literary History and the Literature of Canada, delivered in December, 1915, at Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S. The lectures had the distinction of being the first of the kind to be delivered at any university in the Dominion. They are in preparation for publication in book form. In the meantime, the material selected from them for publication in *The Canadian Magazine* presents re-views, that is, new and revised views, of some unrecognized salients in the literary history and the literature of Canada. The essays to follow the present article are entitled: Canadian Fictionists and Other Creative Prose Writers; The Second Renaissance of Canadian Nativistic Poetry; Canadian Poets and Poetesses as Lyrists of Romantic Love; and Canadian Poets as Verbal Colourists and Musicians. Either in theme, point of view, or treatment, or all three, the essays are novel and original.

monograph, "English-Canadian Literature", (Toronto, 1913), no systematic critical treatment of the origins, evolution, and æsthetic status of Canadian letters had been attempted. To be sure, Sir John Bourinot and Dr. Archibald MacMurchy had published excellent appreciative surveys of Canadian literature. But these surveys, as also the many magazine essays on the same theme by other critics, were annalistic, compendial, and quite without any philosophical, systematic, or even distinctive method of treatment. Moreover, the principal Canadian anthologists, Dr. Dewart, Mr. W. D. Lighthall, and Dr. Rand, have kept almost wholly to the annalistic method of reviewing the salient persons and themes in the poetic literature of the Dominion, as if these compilers and editors had not critically observed an evolution in it from bad or indifferent to good, from good to better, and from better to excellent and fine in imaginitive conception and in technical artistry. The magazine essayists, on the other hand, considered only individual Canadian men and women of letters, or discrete groups of them, without having any regard to their æsthetic origins, evolution, place and status in the *corpus* of Canadian literature or of literature in general. What the essayists wrote about the poets and prose writers of the Dominion was, for the most part, uncritical knocks or boosts, based largely on the critics' personal antipathies or preferences. Until, then, the publication of Mr. Marquis's monograph, indigenous literary criticism of Canadian poetry and prose was unoriginal in point of view, and unphilosophical and unsystematic in method. The present essay and those to follow it have nothing specially to recommend them, save that their point of view is original, their method philosophical and strictly critical, and that, incidentally, they attempt to remove certain stubborn superstitions which still persist, even in Mr. Marquis's mind, regarding the literary origins, genius, place, status and distinction of notable Canadian men and women of letters.

Turning now to my theme in this essay, The Significance of Nova Scotia in the Literary History of Canada, I remark that Nova Scotia has always taken a leading—in some respects, the leading—part in promoting and developing the spiritual, including the literary, culture of the people of the Dominion. Somewhat from priority of colonization and propinquity to Great Britain and the United States, but more from the moral energy of her immigrant population and the loyalty of their descendants to the intellectual interests and traditions of their forebears, especially the Highland Scots and Irish, though the descendants of the English settlers and of the immigrants from New England, New York and Pennsylvania who came to the Province in the latter half of the eighteenth century also played their important rôle, Nova Scotia was the first of the English-speaking Provinces which were eventually confederated into the Dominion of Canada to initiate and advance popular and university education. Also, in religious education, and in conceiving and carrying out big constructive movements in church organization and missionary enterprise, Nova Scotia took the initiative and has always been in the van of progress. Again, to her enduring glory, Nova Scotia has the distinction of being the home and inspiration of the first strictly *nativistic* literature produced in any of the four English-speaking Provinces that at Confederation formed the original Dominion of Canada; of being, secondly, the æsthetic habitat and the inspiration of the leader of the First Renaissance of Canadian nativistic and *national* literature, chiefly poetry; and of being, finally, the homeland, if not always also the inspiration of the initiators, or the most gifted and conspicuous leaders, of the Second Renaissance of Canadian nativistic and national

poetry—a literary movement, however, that has engaged at the same time the genius of the younger men and women of letters in all the English-speaking Provinces of the Dominion.

It will be observed that I have applied the epithets "nativistic" and "national" to different periods and phases of the literary history of Canada. I have employed this distinction for good reasons. In the pioneer and the colonial periods, in all stages up to, and even for a decade or more subsequent to, Confederation, there were in Canada many verse-makers and prose writers who were not born in any of the Provinces of what is now the Dominion of Canada, though some of them were bred and educated in one or other of these Provinces. Their poetry and prose, whether inspired by Canadian life and scenes or not, are rightly to be distinguished as colonial or British rather than as Canadian. On the other hand, while, prior to Confederation and for a decade or more after that event, there were writers who were born and bred in Upper Canada and the Maritime Provinces, and who now solely by virtue of historic retrospect in which the Canada that was once merely possible is seen made actual in the Canada of to-day, may be denoted Canadians, these writers got their literary themes and inspiration almost wholly from experience or phenomenon other than that which was (provincially) Canadian. So that to-day it is at least inept to categorize such poetry and prose as were produced in the Provinces of Canada, prior to Confederation, as *Canadian* in the authentic connotation of the term; and it is certainly absurd to apply to them, or to even post-Confederation Canadian literature, until the rise of the Robertsian group of poets and prose writers in the Dominion, the epithet *national*. This literature, produced in the nineteenth century from 1830 to 1887 (the year of the publication of Roberts's "In Divers Tones") by writers born and bred and schooled in the Provinces is strictly to be denoted as only *nativistic* provincial literature of Canada. It is nativistic, but not national, because the writers were natives of the as yet unconfederated Provinces, because either their subjects or themes, or their inspiration, or both, were chiefly indigenous to the writers' respective homelands, and because what they wrote was really literature. On the other hand, the poetry and prose produced by the Robertsian group of native-born authors, from 1887 to 1903, and from 1903 to the present, are both nativistic and national literature, and are to be categorized as strictly and genuinely Canadian in the inclusive connotation of the term.

Now, take a pen and on the geographical map of Nova Scotia draw an ellipse, beginning at Windsor, passing the line through Grand Prè and Wolfville, then across the western end of the Basin of Minas, next up to the Tantramar marshes, and back again to Windsor. That elliptical line and that ellipse of country embracing idyllic town, romantic village, valley-land, storied bluff and mount, haunted waters, misty marsh, and glamorous fields and skies, is the original Literary Map of Nova Scotia, and, by implication, of Canada. It all conscribes the pristine home, scenes, and inspiration of the first nativistic literature of Nova Scotia and the first national literature of the Dominion of Canada.

The first native Nova Scotian author of consequence and the first to make the beginnings of what, had he but inspired others or had followers, would have become an original and genuine nativistic literature in Nova Scotia, and thus in Canada, was Thomas Chandler Haliburton, born at Windsor, N.S., 1796. Now in that year, it happens, in the Niagara district there was born another creative man of letters whose writings are included in the *corpus* of Canadian literature, namely, Major John Richard-

son. Haliburton and Richardson were active in creative letters (prose-fiction) during the same period. Richardson published his romance, "Wacousta: or The Prophecy", in 1832, and its sequel, "The Canadian Brothers; or The Prophecy Fulfilled", in 1840. He is, therefore, to be regarded as "the father" of nativistic romantic fiction in Canada. On the other hand, Haliburton published his chief and most popular work of fiction, "the Clockmaker: or The Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick of Slickville", serially in 1835-36, and in book form at Halifax and London in 1837, 1838, and 1840. Haliburton is, therefore, to be regarded as "the father" of the nativistic fiction of characterization and the criticism of society and manners, and also of nativistic humour in Canada. As Alfred Russell and Charles Darwin, working independently and apart, simultaneously formulated the law or principle of organic evolution, so Haliburton and Richardson, writing independently and a thousand miles apart, created at the same time the first nativistic fiction produced in Canada, but with this difference that Haliburton is the first and only creator of a unique and distinct species of fictional characterization and speech or humour.

To those who would, therefore, regard Richardson as entitled to the distinction of being, as it were, the contemporaneous co-creator of nativistic fiction in Canada, and to an equal place beside Haliburton, I must submit two counts that give Haliburton the chief position of honour in producing the first nativistic literature in Canada. Without question Haliburton was the more versatile and original genius. But aside from that fact, there is another important truth, the significance of which Canadian literary historians and critics seem to have missed, or not to have divined. Though synchronously, as noted, Haliburton and Richardson created, so far as Canada is concerned, two distinct species of fictional prose, Haliburton takes precedence over Richardson in time and in literary origination, by being the first systematic writer born in any of the old unfederated Provinces of Canada to see, with poetic vision, the romance in Nova Scotian ,that is, Canadian, history, and to tell, with the interest, colour and emotional appeal almost of a work of pure fiction, the pathetic story of the expulsion of the Acadians, as he did, in his "Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia", published in 1829, or three years before Richardson's "Wacousta". At once real history and winning romance, though, of course, not an historical romance of fiction, this work by Haliburton was the essential beginning of what, had he had imitators and followers, might have proved to be a permanent and genuine nativistic literature of romantic history in Canada. As it is, it is the beginning of nativistic creative literature in Canada.

How abortive in laying the foundations of a nativistic creative literature —a literature in the three species of history, fiction and humour—Haliburton's genius and writings proved to be is one of the "curiosities" of the literary history of Canada, and a phenomenon by itself in general literary history. Haliburton was one born out of his time, or born too soon, to have his gifts perpetuated by influencing creatively other Nova Scotian, or, later, Canadian men of letters. So far as creative literature in Canada is concerned, Haliburton simply happened.

It has been held, however, that by a trick of fate which has created a most astounding literary anomaly, Haliburton had considerable influence on American letters. He has been called "the founder of the American school of humour", "the father of American humour". That is a very uncritical belief and a superstition. For the present let the belief stand as sound. Now, if it be true, as some allege, that Longfellow and Parkman

read Haliburton's "Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia", and that their reading of the work inspired the one to write in immortal verse the story of the winsome Acadian maid, Evangeline, and furnished the other with his singularly engaging method of writing history, then Haliburton may be called also "the father" of American romantic poetry and of American romantic history. Has any scholarly and reputable critic yet been found who has maintained such a thesis as that Haliburton influenced the creative genius and the methods of Longfellow and Parkman? I can discover no such critic. Moreover, if Haliburton had really in anywise influenced American men of letters, poets, historians or humourists, we surely should expect to see the fact published in Professor Barrett Wendell's supposedly inclusive and accurate "Literary History of America". So interesting and significant a fact, if there were such a literary fact, would not have escaped the notice and asknowledgment of Professor Wendell. Yet not only does he not record any influence of Haliburton on American letters, but also he does not even mention the name of the Nova Scotian historian and humourist. But on this whole question, and particularly on the superstition that Haliburton is "the father of American humour", I shall write more fully and critically in my later essay on "Canadian Fictionists and Other Creative Prose Writers".

While indeed Haliburton's genius, as expressed in "The Clockmaker", was fitted to originate in Canada a nativistic literature of humour, the odd fact is that, virtually, there is no such literary species in the Dominion, that is, no published works of humour by native-born Canadian authors which have the quality of genuine literature. George T. Lanigan, had he lived, might have created a Canadian humour as such. Mr. Stephen Leacock is brilliantly striving—and for his part is succeeding in his endeavours—to create a Canadian literature of humour, but he is not Canadian-born, or is only, as Mr. Marquis puts it, "a graft on the Canadian literary tree"; and, besides, Mr. Leacock writes his humour considerably after the American manner—satiric burlesque, deliberate commingling of serious conduct and character with extravagant nonsense.

All, then, that can be said to give Haliburton his rightful place and distinction in the literary history of Canada is that, had the times and the culture of his homeland, Nova Scotia, been ripe to receive and to be inspired by his genius and literary works, he would have been "the father" or founder of a nativistic literature in the three species of romantic history, character fiction, and humour in Canada; and that, secondly, in spite of fate's refusal to give his literary genius, labours, and vogue this glory, he has the greater glory of having been a creative writer *sui generis*—the first native son of any of the Provinces which now form the Dominion of Canada to produce original literary works that have enduring quality and a unique place not only in the *corpus* of Canadian literature, but also in that of English literature.

The first native-born Canadian constructively to make real and permanent a nativistic and national literature strictly as such was Charles G. D. Roberts. If, as a matter of fact, he was born in New Brunswick seven years before Confederation, and educated at the provincial university, it is much more, or altogether, significant that Roberts was spiritually reborn, æsthetically re-educated, and became imaginatively creative at Windsor, Nova Scotia. For ten years, beginning in 1885, or two years before the publication of his epoch-making volume of verse, "In Divers Tones", while professor of literature at King's College, he dwelt and communed with nature intimately, visited the haunts of earthly beauty, fed his senses with the pure delights of field and stream,

lake and marsh, woodland and sky, tuned his heart to hear, with peculiar meaning and joy, the cries of the denizens of the wild-land, the murmurings, dronings, and shrillings of insects, and the myriad sweet songs of the birds, and lived over again in fancy and peaceful revery all the rare moments of choice sensation and spiritual ecstasy experienced in the gardens of happy existence. From and in Nova Scotia, then—from that lovely area of country conscribing Windsor, the Land of Evangeline, the Gaspereau Valley, the Basin of Minas, the Tantramor marshes, and the district round again to Windsor, Roberts produced the first and considerable of the best of his nativistic and national poetry, and began the systematic fluctuation of his genius in lyrism, romantic tale-telling, novel-writing, and animal fiction which have given him international fame and vogue, and which have established for him a world-wide reputation as the most original, versatile and artistic—the very foremost—of living Canadian men of letters.

Besides being the first and most eminent of the systematic "makers" of a genuine Canadian nativistic literature, with national "notes" in it, Roberts is, in several other ways, to be regarded as "the father" of the post-Confederation, that is, the strictly Canadian, literature of the Dominion. As in Roberts's own case, so, wholly through Roberts, Nova Scotia became the inspiration of Bliss Carman, the second most versatile and artistic of living Canadian men of letters. This happened because at the Roberts home in Windsor, Carman spent several of his growing, most impressionable, and most receptive years, coming directly under the pervasive influence—the æsthetic culture and the tutorship in poetic technique—of the elder poet, and in company with him making from Windsor as a centre excursions over the lovely and glamorous scenes and haunts of beauty near and beyond the Roberts home. There young Carman's senses and imagination began to discover the beauty and glory of land and sea; and eventually he was inspired to emulate the elder poet, and thus to begin the writing of the winning lyrism for which Carman has become noted as a poet *sui generis*. Roberts, then, is the literary father of Bliss Carman. Further, having been the first Canadian of consequence to recognize, in a practical way, the poetic genius of Lampman, by publishing in *The Week*, Toronto, the shy, young poet's first respectable verses, Roberts is to be distinguished as the literary sponsor of Lampman, and as having made the latter's career in letters possible, just as he had, in another way, made Carman's literary career possible. Finally, if Roberts had no formative influence on the genius of the other members of the post-Confederation group of Canadian poets and prose writers whom I denote as the Robertsian group, he at least caused Wilfred Campbell, Frederick George Scott, Duncan Campbell Scott, and, possibly, Pauline Johnson and Miss Marshall Saunders, to care exceedingly, as he did himself, for fine craftsmanship, exquisite technical artistry, in what they wrote, whether poetry or imaginative prose. By his own fine artistry and by the influence of his example on his contemporaries, Roberts raised nativistic poetry and prose to a degree of technical finish that was never before reached, nor even attempted, by native-born Canadian men and women of letters.

Through Charles G. D. Roberts, then, and those of his contemporaries or *confrères* to whom, in one way or another, he was "the master", a strictly Canadian literature—nativistic and national—began systematically to be developed in quantity and in æsthetic and artistic quality, until at length authoritative critics in England (Matthew Arnold, for instance) and in the United States (Clarence Stedman, for instance) were compelled to acknowledge that Canada possessed a really

worthy *corpus* of original poetry and imaginative prose, beautiful or noble in spiritual substance and finely or exquisitely wrought in technique and form. As the inspirer, sponsor and leader of the first native-born group of systematic poets and prose writers of the Dominion, Roberts inaugurated the First Renaissance of Canadian letters, and is indubitably "the father" of Canadian nativistic and national literature strictly as such.

To Nova Scotia, therefore, directly through Charles G. D. Roberts and his poetry and imaginative prose, into much of which he has put the natural beauty and the romance of Acadian land, wild-life, legend, history and society, and indirectly through his formative and constructive influences on his contemporaries, belongs the unique distinction of being the original home and the inspiration of the First Renaissance of Canadian poetry and prose, and of the first genuine *corpus* of authentic Canadian literature, nativistic in origin and national in note.

To Nova Scotia, as I shall show in a subsequent essay, also belongs the distinction of having inaugurated the Second Renaissance of Canadian poetry. For a decade or more a school, or at least a group, of poets, unconscionable in moral and æsthetic taste and inartistic in technique, whom I have elsewhere called "The Vaudeville School of Canadian Poetry", has had astonishing vogue in the Dominion. Their day has at length passed, and a renaissance, in the spirit of the elder Robertsian group, is now active and in the ascendant. The initiators and the most noteworthy leaders of the Second Renaissance of Canadian poetry are natives of Nova Scotia. Here, however, I may merely remark the fact, postponing the treatment of their work to a subsequent essay.

Meanwhile, to conclude: The significance of Nova Scotia in the Literary history of Canada may be signalized in a single sentence. Nova Scotia is the home and the inspiration of the first attempts to found a nativistic provincial literature in English-speaking Canada, and also of two movements which will leave to the Dominion the inestimable legacy of a genuine nativistic and national literature, æsthetically winning, artistically fine, and spiritually satisfying and elevating.

The essay entitled "Canadian Fictionists and Other Creative Prose Writers" will be in the December number.

WITH CANADIANS from the FRONT

By Lacey Amy

No. III.—THE BOMBERS AND SNIPERS

IT was in the early days of the war when trench warfare was in its experimental stages. Bombing was so imperfectly organized that but forty bombers were attached to each battalion. An order came to bomb out a certain troublesome section of German trench and volunteers were called for. Captain C., a hard-drinking, hard-fighting, reckless, but very popular officer, was given charge of the operation. To the fall-in he addressed himself as follows: "Now, boys, I want twenty of you. I don't want one that's married; I don't want one who doesn't booze; I don't want one who expects to return." It is not an essential part of the story for my purpose that they all volunteered. What is essential is that he wanted only those who would not be missed.

"The Suicide Club" is the soldiers' title for the bombers, and it is succinctly descriptive. There is no more dangerous work at the front. Also there is none more exciting, stimulating, satisfying. As one bomber, lying in hospital with bandaged head and a pair of useless arms and legs, put it with a chuckle: "I tell you the new No. 5 Mills makes the Fritzes squeal; you can hear 'em yelling for miles when we begin."

That is why there is such a rush for the bombing section. The ambition of most of the Canadian soldiers is to get in with the boys who do the destruction out at the front of things; and they practise throwing with an energy that might be supposed to be fitting them rather for the safe jobs in the rear than for the post where anything from a return bomb to a machine bomb may blow them to pieces before they have had the satisfaction of hearing a single German "squeal". The lad with the brass bomb ablaze as an insignia on his cap or tunic is happy and envied by his less fortunate companions.

Bombing is one of the many developments of this war. It is in reality a reversion to mediæval warfare, with the addition of improvements in bombs and in the manner of handling them. Which includes the additional dangers of these improvements. Starting with but forty bombers to a battalion, the number quickly grew to two hundred and sixty. In each platoon of about fifty-four men eleven are bombers. In addition there is a battalion section of sixty and another lot of brigade bombers. In actual practice there is little distinction between the sections, save that usually the battalion group is kept in reserve.

Since the beginning of the war several varieties of bombs have been tried. The most primitive was the "hair-brush". It was a stick the shape of a hair-brush, about the end of

which was tied gun-cotton. With a lighted fuse attached, it was thrown into the enemy's trench. The main trouble with it was that the fuse was of such uncertain duration that it was frequently returned by the Germans to explode in our trenches. Sometimes, indeed, it passed back again; and one of the specialties of the quicker witted was to grab a sputtering "hair-brush" and hurl it back before it exploded, more as a matter of personal safety than for its destructive powers among the enemy.

Another style was struck across the knee before being thrown. It was known as the "Newton Pippen", why I do not know. The main defect in it was that it made a spark when struck over the knee and thereby located the thrower. The "fish-tail" possessed a long stick as a tail to guide its course through the air. It was a concussion bomb, and at best had the virtue of being unreturnable. Then there is the rifle grenade, which is nothing different except in delivery from the other bombs. It, too, was on the end of a stick, which was inserted in the rifle and fired. It has a range of about six hundred yards and explodes upon striking.

But the many types have narrowed down to the No. 5 Mills, a compact, convenient, destructive little affair in shape and size resembling a large goose egg. It is thrown like a base-ball, and with all the gusto of a part of a great game. Its principle of operation is simple. Protruding from one end are two small flanges with holes, through which a pin keeps in place a strong spring. To explode, all the bomber has to do is to remove the pin. This releases the spring and in a few seconds the bomb explodes by means of a detonator inside. In many ways it presents its dangers, but its effectiveness and simplicity place it easily at the front. A bomber about to utilize the weapon removes the pin and holds the spring in place with his thumb until it leaves his hand. Fatalities and narrow escapes have occurred by the accidental dropping or imperfect delivery of a bomb from which the pin has been removed, but equal dangers are presented by any of the other types.

The sphere of the bomber is wherever there is an enemy. Day and night, in attack and defence, in surprise raids or general offence, singly or in groups, bombs have been doing work that could be done in no other way. Their effectiveness consists in the thoroughness and wholesale nature of their results. For cleaning out a German trench nothing can take their place, save the artillery, and the limitations of the artillery come where the bomber starts. In attack two bayonet men go ahead to protect the bombers, who immediately follow. After them come the infantry. In crude language, the bayonet men and the bombers are the sacrifice, although, if successful, the bombers may suffer little. In night-work the bomber has the time of his life. Creeping up to the German trenches—through the wire entanglements, if possible—with face blackened to prevent exposure from the flares the Germans use so prodigiously, he hears what he can and then, simply as a token of his visit or for more serious purpose, drops a bomb or two into the trench. Seldom is he troubled by that section throughout his return, for the German who is not disabled is hugging his dugout.

Following up successful attack, the bomb fulfils an equally important purpose. The dugouts that have become such a feature of trench warfare often escape the full blast of the big shells, and within their protection the enemy hides. It has sometimes happened, early in the war before their danger was fully realized, that the Germans thus passed over in a drive have emerged in the rear of the successful attackers and done serious damage, amounting even in one or two cases to the turning of defeat into victory and the capture of the troops that have rushed on to the next trenches.

Later it became the duty of every advancing force to clear out the dug-outs as it advanced. For this purpose there was nothing so quick and complete as the bomb. In the earlier stages of the July drive the more humane method of demanding surrender before bombing the occupied dug-out was general, but when it was found that the Germans took advantage of that either to remain silent or to entice in a few soldiers, whose lives were the sacrifice, the only way was to bomb first and demand surrender afterwards. The German has profitted little from his fiendish methods of warfare.

In the work of the Canadians bombs have played perhaps a more important part than anywhere else along the front. At the great battle of Hooge, in June, when the Canadians, driven out of their front lines by the terrific bombardment, made the attack that put them back where they had started from, every man carried two bombs to clear his way, the company bombers eight, and the battalion bombers twenty-four; this in addition to their full equipment. And the wounded who were able kept up the supply of bombs from the rear. The losses of the Germans fully justified this elaborate preparation.

At the crater fighting about St. Eloi bombs were almost the only weapons. In that long-drawn-out struggle for the five craters made by German and Canadian lines nothing else was of much service. Of course, a man showing himself was the target of a hundred rifles, but the struggle was not between visible men. Every crater held its group of indomitable fighters, some German, some Canadian. The artillery was, of course, useless in such cramped quarters, where the combatants were but a few yards from each other through all that bloody stretch of what had once been No Man's Land. It remained to the bombs. From crater to crater these were thrown by both sides. First one side would drive out or kill the defenders of a crater and occupy it, only in turn to be driven out. Those who have been through that awful combat say that it was the most trying experience the Canadians have had. Everyone knew that he was within reach of an enemy bomb that might, and probably would, drop near him, and there was at first no chance of relief. Every inch of exposed ground was covered with machine guns and rifles. Towards the last trenches were gouged out from crater to crater and back to the lines, but largely for the purpose of renewing the supply of bombs. In all crater fighting it is the same, the responsibility of holding the holes resting upon the bombers.

Among the dangerous duties of the bombers is the protection of patrol parties. In these expeditions there are strictest orders not to use a rifle save under supreme necessity. In a pinch bombs are used, not only because they afford a wider protection than a rifle bullet, but because their explosion does not localize too intimately the location of the party. Bombers also protect night wiring parties. During a night raid bombers run along the parapet of the enemy trench delivering their burden of death in the full range of the enemy fire, and down in the trench, in progress from bay to bay, the bomb precedes the advance.

For his work the bomber is equipped with an apron of heavy canvas, the capacity of which is usually ten bombs. Of course, he carries his rifle, but on his back. He is relieved from all fatigue duty in the trenches.

There are definitely established classes for the training of the bomber, consisting usually of a three weeks' course in England and another week in France. Some of the training has been little better than useless. For instance, at East Sandling a series of lectures, without even the sight of a bomb, was the extent of the training of the bombers, but this was probably one of the weird slips that somehow

creep into ordinary military matters.

The Snipers.

Like everything else in this war, the sniper is a distinct creation of the times. And like most else, the Germans led the way until experience taught us the wisdom of their preparations of these many decades. There were months in 1914 and early 1915 when to put but a hand above the parapet meant a half-dozen German bullets in it. In a desultory sort of way the British tried to retaliate. But not until the sniper was made as definite and as organized a unit as the gunner did we begin to establish that superiority that began to be felt about the middle of 1916. In fact, we have never passed the Germans so completely in sniping as in the other details of war.

There are now sixteen snipers to a battalion, under the charge of a sergeant. Their personnel passed from a voluntary system to a careful selection on merit. Men with much rifle practice and reputation were given the chance to demonstrate their ability behind the lines, and if they cared to undertake the peculiar work of the sniper were assigned to duty. Like the stretcher-bearers and bombers, they undergo no fatigue duty, the principal requirements for their business being a steady nerve and confidence. For eight days they are up in the front lines, then a rest for the same time. But they are never allowed to fall out of practice; special ranges are provided for them in the rear.

They usually work in pairs, one as observer, the other as marksman, the duty of the observer being almost as important as his mate's. For the sniper depends as much upon the keen eyes of his observer as upon his own accuracy, since the value of his work and his future safety rest upon his knowledge of the billet of his bullet. The rifle, of course, is fitted with a telescope sight that makes accurate shooting less a matter of light and wind and good fortune than of clearness of eye and steadiness of hand. Marks that would elude the eye as a target are brought within range, and the observer, through his glasses, is able to detect the success of the shot and to correct its error.

When up at the front, snipers are given a free hand. They select their own locations and construct—or have constructed—their own blinds and protections. Exposed as they are, their safety depends upon the cleverness of their concealment. Sometimes they work in the trenches with the infantry, at which times they operate from an emplacement specially constructed and prepared, no sign of its location being visible to the enemy. Behind the sandbag parapet they make their disposals, with every sort of contrivance to conceal their whereabouts. As many of these have been in successful use every day their description in detail would not be wise at the time of writing; but each sniper develops a few touches of his own to add to the more common ruses. Shooting through tiny spaces in the sandbags, that open and close at the will of the sniper, is the basis of this kind of sniping, the marksman being protected from stray bullets by a steel shield. The back of the hide must be closed in so that the opening of the hole will not be revealed by the sky behind.

But the distinctive work of the sniper is done away from the trenches. Often he selects a spot a couple of hundred yards behind the front lines. There he is far enough distant from the enemy to be protected by the coverings he is able to construct by the means available. He may be lying behind a sandbag parapet of his own, a low, seemingly casual wall that is apt to escape notice in the general chaos of shell-holes and broken trenches. From behind his steel plate, which has a hole in it large enough for the barrel of his rifle and observation, he watches, waiting by the hour, sometimes without results. In more

exposed spots he may be protected by a double sheet of steel. But more often his hide is a bit of ruin or a tree. There no rescue is possible should he be discovered, and he is usually open to artillery fire that seeks him out almost as eagerly as the opposing guns. For the sniper is the bane of the ordinary trench-life of the enemy. He may even lie flat on the ground, practically without protection, his face covered with a cloth mask the colour of the surrounding earth or grass, and shoot through a rum jar.

The work of the sniper is not pleasant, either from the danger point of view or from the results. He is not now required to make reports, and seldom will one speak of his successes in detail. One does not like to talk much about the men one has killed in what may savour to some of cold blood; and the officers have recognized that. Some snipers have the greatest contempt for the fellow who will describe the course of his bullet. And yet their work is legitimate and most necessary in the peculiar conditions roused by this war. In attack or counter-attack by the enemy they must pick off the officers. In the ordinary way their duty is more to end the activities of enemy snipers than to disable the rank and file, for the soldier to-day is careful not to expose himself to the sniper's bullet. When the sniper locates an enemy sniper he waits his chance, and the situation of a dozen snipers watching for each other is one to try the nerve of any but the most seasoned campaigner or marksman. If a sniper is especially annoying, the enemy sniper who discovers his whereabout but cannot get him himself directs his artillery to the spot.

He is expected to keep an eye on every enemy movement, a working party, a new parapet, a gun emplacement, and the location of these he passes back to his artillery. Thus a good sniper is a real factor in the war, apart from his less agreeable duties of killing men by deliberate aim. The Germans utilized this branch of the service from the first to an extent that was most difficult to cope with. Not only were their front line snipers well trained and numerous, but their wonderful spy system enabled them to place snipers back through the British and French lines, and hundreds of officers and gunners, whose work is more out of sight of the enemy, lost their lives to them. Any tree or house or ruin was a possible hiding-place, and part of the most serious tasks of the men behind the lines was to keep a watch for this form of menace. As I have said in a previous article, entire gun crews have been cleaned out in this way. One crew had been disabled to its last man without the location of the sniper being discovered. Then a company of soldiers returning to the rear caught a glimpse of a figure in a tree. They did not wait for explanation, for there could be but one.

One of the well-known snipers of the 5th C. M. R. was brought into hospital with shell-shock. From the nature of his duties it might be supposed that his nerves would be above shell-shock, but to be buried far from the trenches, with but one companion and no seeming prospect of escape, is apt to do anything with nerves. By the merest chance he was discovered. He returned to his work, but sniping was beyond him for a time.

He was the ideal man for the job, except physically. Before the war he had been a policeman in an Indian reserve in an eastern province. But he was marked for life with deformities that might have justified him in dropping any work connected with weapons; it was a wonder that he passed inspection for the army. Two fingers of one hand were gone, and an ugly scar across the wrist of the other hand was the mark left by a drunken Indian he was arresting. It had slashed through the cords of four fingers. Yet, from what I could gather of his work, he had proved that a sniper need not be a model of physical

perfection. From the first he had been assigned to sniping and had worked with various observers—a couple of big Indians, an Ottawa clerk, who had developed into a grand shot, and a westerner who had the habit of climbing to the parapet to get a better view; he finally paid the bill for his recklessness. J. refused to talk of his successes, but one incident that seemed to have clung to him with a strange vividness was the end of an enemy sniper who was demanding a big toll from the shelter of a tree. After J. had failed for hours to put an end to his sniping he sent word back to the artillery. In a few minutes a "dud"—(a small shell often sent over first to get the range) burst above the tree. Then came a "whizz-bang". That was all. The entire tree disappeared. The calculating deliberateness and calmness of it had burnt itself into J.'s brain for all time.

The next article of this series is entitled "The Weapon of Defence" and will be in the December number. It deals with the changes in fighting methods that have taken place since the great war began.

THE SONG OF THE AXE

By DONALD A. FRASER

HICK-A-HACK, hick-a-hack,
With a steady swing and whack,
Eating its heart with keen delight,
Into the groaning tree I bite.

I am the tooth of the human race
Biting its way through the forest vast,
Chip by chip, and tree by tree,
Till the fields gleam forth at last.

Where I come flee glade and gloom,
When I pass shine lawn and lea;
Golden grain and gardens green
Owe their very lives to me.

Sturdy monarchs lay I low;
Springy saplings mow I through;
Hungry man requires their room,
And hungry man's best work I do.

Hick-a-hack, hick-a-hack,
With a steady swing and whack,
Every stroke the land doth bless,
And joy o'erflows the wilderness.

FROM THE TRENCHES

By Patrick Macgill

Author of "Children of the Dead End" etc

No. 7.—FOR "BLIGHTY"

THE night was intensely dark, and from the door of the dug-out I could scarcely see the outline of the sentry who stood on the banquette fifteen yards away. Standing on tiptoe I could glance over the parapet, and when a star-shell went up I could trace the outline of a ruined mill that stood up, gaunt and forbidding, two hundred yards away from our front line trench. On the left a line of shrapnel-swept trees stood in air, leafless and motionless. Now and again a sniper's bullet hit the sandbags with a crack like a whip.

The trench was not in the least interesting; it was quite new and had no history. A regiment dug it a fortnight previously and lost some two hundred men at the work. The wounded were carried away, the dead lay on the reverse slope of the parapet wasting to clay. Another regiment had been in the place for four days now, and only that morning seven of our men were killed and many wounded. Lifeless bodies still lay in the trench; the blood of the wounded whom I had carried down to the dressing-station was still moist on my tunic and trousers.

"Would it be wise to light a fire?" asked Dilly, my mate, who was lying on the earthen floor of the dug-out. "I want a drop of tea. I didn't have a sup of tea all day."

"The officers won't allow us to light a fire," I said. "But if we hang a ground sheet over the door the light won't get through. Is there a brazier?" I asked.

"Yes, there's one here," said Dilly. "I was just going to use it for a pillow, I feel so sleepy."

He placed a ground sheet over the door while speaking, and I took a candle from my pocket, lit it, and placed it in a little niche in the wall. Then we split some wood with a clasp-knife, placed it on a brazier, and lit a fire over which we placed a mess-tin of water.

The candle flickered fitfully and dark shadows lurked in the corners of the dug-out. A mouse peeped down from between the sandbags on the roof, its bright little eyes glowing with mischief. The ground-sheet hanging over the door was caught by a breeze, and strange ripples played across it. We could hear from outside the snap of rifle bullets on the parapet.

"It's very quiet in here," said Dilly. "And I feel so like sleep. I hope no one gets hit to-night. I don't think I'd be able to help with a stretcher down to the dressing-station until I

have a few hours' sleep. . . . How many wounded did we carry out today? Nine?"

"Nine or ten," I said.

"Sharney was badly hit," Dilly said. "I don't think he'll pull through."

"It's hard to say," I remarked, fanning the fire with a newspaper. "Felan, the cook, who was wounded in the charge a month ago, got a bullet in his shoulder. It came out through his back. I dressed the wound. It was ghastly. The bullet pierced his lung, and every time he breathed some of the air from the lung came out through his back. I prophesied that he would live for four or five hours. I had a letter from him the other day. He's in a London hospital, and he is able to walk about again."

"Some people pluck up wonderfully," said Dilly. "Is the tea ready?"

"It's ready," I said.

We sat down together, rubbing our eyes, for the smoke poured into them, and opened a tin of bully beef. The beef with a few biscuits and a messtin of warm tea formed an excellent repast. When we had finished eating we lit our cigarettes.

"Have you got any iodine?" Dilly suddenly inquired.

"None," I answered. "Have you?"

"I got my pocket hit by a bullet coming up here," Dilly answered. "My bottle got smashed."

Iodine is so necessary when dressing wounds. Somebody might get hit during the night. . . .

"I'll go to the dressing-station and get some," I said to Dilly. "You can have a sleep."

I put my coat on and went out, clambered up the rain-sodden parados, and got out into the open where a shell-hole yawned at every step, and where the dead lay unburied. A thin mist lay low, and solitary trees stood up from a sea of milk aloof, immobile. The sharp, penetrating stench of wasting flesh filled the air.

I suddenly came across two lone figures digging a hole in the ground. I stood still for a moment and watched them. One worked with a pick, the other with a shovel, and both men panted as they toiled. When a star-shell went up they threw themselves flat to earth, and rose to resume their labours as the light died away.

Three stiff and rigid bundles wrapped in khaki lay on the ground near the diggers, and, having dug the hole deep and wide, the diggers turned to the bundles; tied a string round each in turn, pulled them forward and shoved them into the hole. Thus were three soldiers buried.

I stopped for a moment beside the grave.

"Hard at work, boys," I said.

"Getting a few of them under," said one of the diggers. "By God, it makes one sweat, this work. Have you seen a dog about at all?" was the man's sudden inquiry.

"No," I answered, "I've heard about that dog. Is he not supposed to be a German in disguise?"

"He's old Nick in disguise," said the digger. "He feeds on the dead, the dirty swine. I don't like it all. Look! there's the dog again."

Something long, black and ghostly took shape in the mist ten yards away, and stood there for a moment as if inspecting us. A strange thrill ran through my body.

"That's it again," said the nearest digger. "I've seen it three times tonight; once at dusk by Loos graveyard among the tombstones, again eating a dead body, and now—some say it's a ghost."

I glanced at the man, then back again at the spot where the dog had been. But now the animal was gone.

An air of loneliness pervaded the whole place, the sounds of soft rustling swept along the ground. I could hear a twig snap, a man cough, and in the midst of all the little noises which merely accentuated the silence, it suddenly rose long-drawn and eerie, the howl of a lonely dog.

"The dirty swine," said the digger.

"I wish somebody would shoot it."

"No one could shoot the animal," said the other worker. "It's not a dog: it's the devil himself."

My way took me past Loos church and churchyard; the former almost levelled to the ground, the latter delved by shells, and the bones of the dead villagers flung broadcast to the winds of heaven. I looked at the graveyard and the white tombstones. Here I saw the dog again. The silver light of a star-shell shot aslant a crumpled wall, and enabled me to see a long black figure, noiseless as the shadow of a cloud, slink past the little stone crosses and disappear. Again a howl, lonely and weird, thrilled through the air.

I walked down the main street of Loos where the dead mules lay silent between the shafts of their limbers. It was here that I saw Gilhooley die, Gilhooley, the master bomber, Gilhooley, the Irishman.

"Those damned snipers are in thim houses up the streets," he said, fingering a bomb lovingly. "But, by gad, we'll get them out of it," Then he was shot. This happened a month ago.

In the darkness the ruined houses assumed fantastic shapes, the fragment of a standing wall became a gargoyle, a demon, a monstrous animal. A hunchback leered down at me from a roof as I passed, his hump in the air, his head thrust forward on knees that rose to his face. Further along, a block of masonry became a gigantic woman who was stepping across the summit of a mountain, her shawl drawn over her head, and a pitcher on her shoulder.

In the midst of the ruin and desolation of the night of morbid fancies, in the centre of a square lined with unpeopled houses, I came across an image of supreme pain, the Agony of the Cross. What suffering has Loos known? What torture, what sorrow, what agony? The crucifix was well in keeping with this scene of desolation.

Old Mac of the R.A.M.C. was sitting on a blanket on the floor of the dressing-station when I entered. Mac is a fine singer and a hearty fellow; he is a great friend of mine.

"What do you want now?" he asked.

"A drop of rum, if you have any to spare," I answered.

"You're a devil for your booze," Mac said, taking the cork out of a water-bottle, which he often uses for an illegitimate purpose. "There's a wee drappie goin', man."

I drank.

"Not bad, a wee drappie," said Mac. "Ay, mon! it's health tae the navel and marrow of the bones."

"Are all the others in bed?" I asked. Several hands work at the dressing-station, but Mac was the only one there now.

"They're having a wee bit kip down in the cellar," said Mac. "I'll get down there if you clear out."

"Give me some iodine, and I'll go," I said.

He filled a bottle, handed it to me, and I went out again to the street. A slight artillery row was in progress now.

Something suddenly seemed to sting my wrist, and a sharp pain shot up my arm. I raised my hand, and saw a dark liquid dripping down my palm on to my fingers.

"I wonder if this will get me back to England," I muttered, and turned back to the dressing-station.

Mac had not gone down to the cellar; the water-bottle was still uncorked.

"Back again?" he inquired.

"Looks like it," I replied.

"You're bleeding, Pat." he exclaimed, seeing the blood on my hand. "Strafed, you bounder, you're strafed."

He examined my wound and dressed it.

"Lucky dog," he said, handing me the water-bottle. "You're for blighty, man, for blighty. I wish to God I was!"

HEADLINERS

From the Painting by Arthur Crisp,
a Canadian Painter

Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

MY MANITOBA MARSHES

By Hamilton M. Laing

WHEN aeons ago, in the infancy of the ages, there took place the great divisioning of land and water, when the old ocean was shoved out into his low domain and the continents came into being, then also were born the marshes. Left behind the embattled shore-lines were little, and sometimes big, ponds and pools, prisoners of war in this strife of the elements. They or their descendents are with us to-day: the marshes, lakes and lagoons lying here and there in the hollows, constant reminders of a far-distant past. For though as a rule they have changed their faces and their very natures, been purged of their saline bitterness and sweetened with the heaven-sent waters from on high, they still seem to hark back, to point to a day that was born a million years ago.

For then it was that the creatures came out of the salty shallows and found a better haven in these new lands half wet, half dry; these were the progenitors of the living things to come. Even to-day the same tale is in the telling: he who will take the time to come and steal about with silent paddle in some of my favourite "haunts of coot and hern" may read it. It is a tale of incompleteness, a chapter of the bygone past that has been held suspended, as it were, while the procession of the years went by.

Asserted and transformed, perhaps, rather than suspended; for if my marshes were peopled as were those of yore, I feel that I could not find the courage to go canoeing there. But happily my water-loving neighbours of to-day, though primitive and even ugly, are small and harmless. Yet they are quite as interesting as their forebears. That my fat little musk-rat takes the place of an erstwhile mylodon monster, or perhaps one of the prehistoric beaver chaps—much smaller than the mylodon, yet still as big as a bear—is rather to my liking; also my comical coots and grebes may have been represented by some such freak as *herpcrornis regalis*, four or five feet long, and with his paddle-feet even more distorted than those of the grebe; my night heron's ancestor perhaps was some long-billed nightmare with as many teeth as a saw; and the fact that my squidgy-nosed salamander, now the legitimate prey of the night herons, once may have been seen as some stub-tailed mastodonsaurus, six feet or more in length and built in proportion, really adds to my appreciation of my little neighbour, even though he is unsightly and slimy and sometimes prowls in my tent by night.

Grotesque and always a bit primitive are the living things of the marsh-land. The rushes, sedges and reeds, the pond-weeds and water-crowfoot, the rank-scented parsnips, the arrow-

Yellow-headed Blackbirds returning from the fields to the marshes

leaf and many others all bear witness that in the great up-hill evolutionary race toward the unknown goal the marsh things have been laggards. And the bird life appears in the same light. Where upon the uplands could one find half a dozen such primitives as the blue heron or the night heron, the bittern, coot, rail or grebe? Their very voices, harsh and raucous, tell the story. The rail (Carolina) has a high-pitched nasal titter, the coot a maniacal chatter, the grebes—collectively—a hard, grinding lament suggestive of distress; the bittern and heron, nothing of a higher order than a disgruntled squawk.

When we invade the moist privacy of these hoarse-throated fellows and find their nests, it is to learn that their domestic architecture is in keeping with their musical ability. None of the six has succeeded in building better than a raft or platform. Half-submerged eggs have no terrors for these nesters; and though these primitives have neighbours in the marsh, wrens and red-winged and yellow-headed blackbirds that can all build superb nests and sing not a little, it would be easy to believe that these more talented fellows have learned their trades and accomplishments elsewhere in better company, and have taken to the marshes merely as to a stronghold.

A thousand pens have been dipped deep and written lengthily that they might tell of the wonders of the mountain-land, of its sombre woods and its crystal streams of living water. But how comparatively few have told us of the stranger story of the marshes. Indeed, it would seem that man's chief interest in these lands is a predatory one; in the summer he comes to make hay, in the winter to trap rats or mink, and in the autumn-tide to gratify a primitive passion by taking toll from the duck clans; and while I have no quarrel with him, as I also appreciate roast mallard and a warm coat, I wish to make a comparison. For those much-touted mountain fastnesses are places of solitude. My marshes are not so; instead they are teeming with life and literally bubbling with activity.

Rather I should say that as summer marshes they are teeming places, for

Wild Ducks in flight

these of which I speak are Northerners, lying upon the Manitoba plainland, and as such are subject to the will of Boreas, who seals them in a grip of death for five long months of the twelve. The first April wind brings the wake-up message, and a flock of pintail ducks or string of loud-trumpeting geese comes winging over the brown, winter-broken rushes and drops upon the ice to wet feet and bills where the warming sun has melted a blue pool on the breast of the ice tyrant.

Thus comes the signal, and henceforth the story never lags. By day and night all is activity. In pairs or in flocks they come to stay or merely visit and then pass on into the Northland. Some, like the Canada geese, come happily married, enjoying a honeymoon or renewing an old one, and they stop a while before winging on to more northerly marshes. Others, like many of the mallards, come mated and prepared to stay. As to the residents, April brings in most of them, May sees them snugly settled, June brings them face to face with families of dependents, July sees the fulfilment of parental hopes in numerous, well-grown offspring. August sounds the call for the gathering of the clans, September is a time of farewell. Only the hardier of the waterfowl remain in October, and by mid-November winter has again laid his iron hand upon the marshes. There is little loafing here with the wild things during the summer; it is a short season and a busy one.

Of all these busy months, June, the nuptial month, is the liveliest and noisiest. Noise makers are they all, these fellows of the marshes; and though each in his way sings the same song in his heart, perhaps old Redwing, with his liquid *kon-ker-ee* is the only one of my lowland neighbours who might be ranked as a musician. Now it is while I sit at evening in my lazy chair by the tepee up in the woods on the higher banks of the lakeshore, I hear the clamouring and singing of the marsh folk below, a steady seething din that sizzles along like a huge kettle on the boil. For above the restful strains of *kon-ker-ee* come many other voices, strange, weird, uncouth.

Young Black-crowned Night Heron

"*Oke-oke!*" begins the yellow-headed blackbird cousin in a not unmusical two-note prelude, then bursts out in a diabolical rasp, half whistle, half squawk; and I know that he is hanging to a swaying rush and contorting horribly as he grinds the effort out of himself.

"*Chit-chit-chatter-chatter!*" says the little marsh wren in the rushy tangle and keeps it up with all the persistence of an intermittent alarm-clock. Sometimes, indeed, he springs aloft and unburdens his musical heart while on the wing.

"*Whe-you-u-u-u-u-u!*" shrilly whistles the rail from somewhere out of sight, and his neighbour shrills out "*Hew-it!*" in reply.

"*Good-drink! Good-drink!*" (or something like it) shouts the coot: a silly, bacchanalial jubilation that comes from every corner of the marsh, nor ceases day or night.

But perhaps strangest song of all is the "*Puk-la-grouk!*" or "*Punk-er-lunk!*" or "*Plum-pud-ding!*" of the amorous bittern. Somewhere down there is the grassy maze he is pumping his head in and out in seasick attitude as he gurgles and chucks the absurd melody from his love-tormented soul. Indeed, there is no stranger love song in the whole catalogue of such music.

Twittering pleasantly over the rushes go the barn and bank and eave swallows and share the insect prey there with the noisy little black marsh terns, so harsh of voice and irascible of temper, while far above, the nighthawk grunts raspingly as he darts about or swoops with hollow roar. Sometimes, too, he has to share this upper-strata hunting with the cranky little Franklin gulls—a whole flock of them, a short distance from their nursery. While back of it all, as an accompanying undertone, an alto chorus, so to speak, in this strange medley is the purring and trilling of the "pied frogs' orchestra".

The latter part of May or early in June is the time to go bird-nesting upon the marshes. I take it for granted that there is no one who does not relish such an occupation, at least temporarily, and for myself I confess that I love it. It is something more than an ordinary treat now to portage the green canoe across from the lake-shore, load it with camera and its picture-taking accessories, also field-glasses, lunch and kettle, and then push out in search of the treasures hidden there.

There is not a dull moment. Here goes a coot capping and kicking himself over the water with a great to-do. He really proves to be a she, and a little investigation discloses the nest. In an open space in the heart of the round rush-clump lies the raft-cradle. It is a large well-shaped structure

"My fat Muskrat takes the place of a Mylodon

Marbled Godwits and Willets

built of broken reeds: it is well cupped and holds securely the half-dozen clay-coloured, brown-specked treasures. As the swell strikes the clump and sifts through the reed barrier, the nest rises and falls easily: no ordinary gale could do more than rock it comfortably.

Where there is one coot nest there are several, and here is something worth while: a youngster newly hatched is sitting by his imprisoned brothers and blinking uncertainly upon the green world. He is perhaps an hour old, his coat scarcely dry, and wonderful to see, his slatey fluff is very strongly marked with gaudy scarlet. In another hour or less he will be off among the aquatic cover: for it is quite as much a part of nature's plan for these little chaps to arrive singly, as for the grouse brood on the uplands to come into the world simultaneously.

Down the wind a distance are two eared grebes. Their heads are high and they eye the canoe uneasily: unconsciously they are giving the key to their secret. And here it is!—though unless one knows what one is seeking one might pass it a hundred times. A small brown mass of decomposed rubbish mixed with the green slime growths of the stagnant water, and rising barely above the level: such is the grebe cradle. The greater mass of it, indeed all except the tiny cap, is submerged, and in this cap are the eggs—dirty and soiled in appearance and partly below the water-level. It is necessary to part the crown of the stuff even to see the eggs, for the clever parent has covered them closely before taking her leave. This nest also is a floating incubator: but it is quite plain that the rotten mass must be added to daily. As a work of either utility or art it is far behind the standard of the coot's, and in appearance it is as unromantic as a dung-hill.

Here as I skirt nearer the shoreline some red-winged blackbirds come out to scold me. And this nest is a work of art. Exquisitely designed and woven of grass, it is built around

Eared Grebes and Franklin Gulls

the rank stems of two aquatic sow-thistles, and somehow though it is plain in view, it is so artfully placed and coloured that it seems almost to efface itself. But the egg treasures! None more beautiful could be found. The intangible blue of the sky is there in their delicate tints, and wondrous things are scrawled artlessly in black —designs more subtle than ever evolved in the brain of man.

Another exquisite nest-builder is the yellow-headed blackbird, but he has a knack of placing his treasure in the more inaccessible spots of the marsh tangle. A brake of stiff, plume-tipped reeds is his favourite stronghold; and so when I reach the ranks of sighing canes at the narrows, I dwell mentally on other experiences here, and like the priest and Levite pass on the other side.

A long-billed marsh wren in some rush-clumps is chattering vociferously, telling plainly what he thinks of his visitor. He is a worthy little foeman and the task of finding his nest is not one to be undertaken lightly. But, to begin, that little ball-nest with the round hole in the side, closely woven with flat grass-blades and elevated in the upper third of some reeds, is not just what it seems. It is a fraud and delusion, in short, nothing less than a dummy; the real nest is elsewhere—somewhere.

There is a wide shallow bay in the side of the larger marsh: it is thickly grass-grown and a likely place for nests of bitterns and rails. But they are not the chaps to play into the hands of the enemy—not they! The bittern walks away a distance from the nest before flushing, and the rail steals off through the cover and does not rise at all: so there is no key to their secrets. The finding of a rail's nest at any time is a matter of luck more than design, and one such find here repays the moist perambulations of an hour. It is built in a grass-tuft, and the dead stuff composing it is heaped up from the ground. It is a step behind even the grebe's: its disadvantage lies in its inability to float. In advent of a sudden rise in water-

Young Eared Grebe, just hatched

level in the marsh, the grebe cradle would lift with the tide, the rail's would not.

Nor do all the marsh things give up their secrets easily. Always I am impressed by the large number of birds that I see in proportion to the small number of nests that I am able to discover. The little black terns scold me as they go by, and assure me that I cannot unlock their secrets; the beautiful white Forster cousins with jetty cap and graceful forked tails go over at a safer distance and tell me the same; the gulls dodge about overhead; night herons at intervals spring from the rushes; and a pair of ruddy ducks bob on the water in a mildly interested way. I know that the gulls and herons each have an extensive hatchery on a deep marsh three miles distant; but for the others, I might search days and be beaten.

A pleasant feature of the life of the birds here is their community spirit. With the exception of the morose old bittern, they all seem to have a leaning toward segregation and the social life. Thus the gull colony on the larger marsh contains possibly two thousand members, the herons more than two hundred, and here on this marsh the eared grebes have a hatchery of fifty-four nests. This last deserves a call.

The pioneers of this colony chose

Coot's Nest, with one fledgling almost invisible

their location with strategic foresight. They selected a winding bay a hundred yards wide, shallow and well grown at the sides with aquatic vegetation: and they built their soggy cradles far enough back from the dry shore to be out of the way of four-footed prowlers, and yet far enough in the cover to escape being hammered dangerously by the in-coming swell from the half mile of open water.

Yes, as I punt about through the nursery—usually the nests are from six to ten feet apart—and make notes on these strange heaps of stuff so filthy in appearance, yet so dear to the owners, I find that four-footed foes have been at work. Through the clear brown water I can see eggs lying on the bottom where they have rolled from their unstable beds, and here lies the bloated carcase of a Richardson's ground squirrel: perhaps the culprit. How he came to his death here must remain a mystery: but my first guess would be that the little water witches caught him trying to steal eggs and drowned him.

No expedition to this chain of marshes could be complete without a visit to the little island. And, ho! a visitor ahead of me: deer-tracks on the sand rim. But this young blacktail buck has returned the way he came, by wading, and so the work in hand—really a labour of love—is to

search the thickets for other and smaller game.

There are wood-birds here in the tangled shrubbery, and in a box alder clump is a crow's nest. The owners dodge about overhead and angrily denounce me to the world; and curse me in the several tongues of crowdom; and because I have no gun, and they know it, I must bear it all. He is a black rascal and a thief, and he knows that I have caught him literally with the booty in his pocket. For around his island stronghold, where doubtless he fancied himself safe from invasion, upon the sand margin lie empty egg-shells with gaping gashes in their sides—eggs of the coot, rail, grouse, grebe, duck, meadowlark, and even the cowbird. In this last instance it was a case of a robber robbing a thief. Here this big destroyer of nests had eaten his ill-gotten gains. So I appoint myself avenger of the ravaged marsh things and poke down the villain's nest, then turn to the more pleasant task of lighting a little fire and making tea.

Such is but a hint of the activities of a day in the marsh during the nesting-season. A month later brings a vast change, for the summer is a hurrying one; but still these oozy places on the plainland are no whit less interesting. It is the time of youngsters: the marshes are a vast peeping kindergarten. Now the duck broods are met on the water. They are not hatched there, though, for the mallard, pintail, shoveller, blue and green-winged teal almost invariably nest on the dry land, and even the canvas-back, redhead, and bluebills, the dyed-in-the-wool water lovers of the duck clans, prefer the drier parts of the wet lands. The duck brood is led and guided as a unit—by the mother only—but most of the other marsh mothers scatter their charges. Thus coot, grebe or rail youngsters are usually encountered singly, and rarely do I see the parents with more than one or two of their dependents.

This is the time, too, for a tramp through the half-dry meadow-lands flanking the marshes. Here a young bittern, the superlative of homeliness and as cranky as he is uncouth, may be captured and posed for the kodak; or even a rarer find, a young rail may be secured. Black mouse-like creature that he is, he can dart about on nimble legs and disappear almost too quickly for the eye to follow him; he is an elusive shadow, a bit of furred lightning, and a heart-breaker for the kodak man.

A visit to either the night heron rookery or the gull hatchery is a day's work in itself. These particular herons have forsaken their newly-acquired tree-nesting propensities and returned to the marsh ways of their ancestors, and so we find their rickety platforms of twigs—no streteh of imagination could see them as nests—scattered about on the broken rushes. The young in July are well fledged, and what strange youngsters! They climb and cling and work off before the canoe, and when they fall they hang by their neeks, and when they tumble into the water they swim out dog-fashion, using their wings as paddles. When we catch one and pose him, he is a joke; nature seems to have been unkind to him, tarried in his development, neglected him.

Equally interesting is the gull hatchery. The noise emanating from it may be heard nearly a mile: it has been going continuously by day and by night for weeks, and the rumpus now is swelled doubly by the voices of the numerous young. Scattered about over the distance of half a mile are the derelict raft-nests floating in two or three feet of water, and now each and also every other available perch is burdened with youngsters. At sight of company they turn and swim off nimbly through the cover and raise their harsh voices loud in the general protest. Meanwhile whole squadrons of the old birds whirl about overhead and help to turn the marsh world into a noise-fest compared with which Bedlam was an insect chorus.

"The Canada Geese come snugly married"

August and September are stirring times with the marsh folk. The southward call has gone abroad and one and all they hearken. Out of the far north come the plover and sandpiper tribes to dot the shallow bays and mudbars. Yellowlegs, willets, godwits, semi-palmated plover, sanderlings and least sandpipers are my neighbours now: and they tarry but a little time and then leave me. The bitterns and rails steal away silently through the night, and the night heron's raucous squawk from the darkness tells that he is accompanying them. The gull colony holds a grand carnival for a few days, parents and young feeding afield by day and assembling on the lake or marsh at night, then they say farewell and set out across country. The coots gather their dusky legions from a hundred corners of the marsh and form a rendezvous upon the lake, then they disappear; and though I have never seen them go, I know that they, too, are engulfed by the night and vanish across the southern horizon. Now also is blackbird time, and animated black clouds and comets of redwings and yellow-heads may be seen streaking the sky above the rushes. Their clamorous dawn song in their rushy stronghold just before sunrise is a wondrous thing.

August and September have been a time of farewell in the marshlands and October brings the climax and end of a busy season. Now as I lie and listen at night, the only sounds that come up from the sloughy flat are the self-satisfied quacking of the mallards, or the deep-throated honking of a gray goose flock that has dropped in there instead of going on to roost on the lake. The day world there is even more silent. Soon the canvasbacks, shovellers, redheads and teal are missing, and the mallards and bluebills just down from more northerly haunts are in possession. Of these two, the latter are silent fellows by nature and the more garrulous mallards keep quiet for good reason.

But soon there comes a November day when the Frost King comes to his own again; the water is sealed,

and glistening snow drifts across the white expanse and piles upon the reed-clumps on the southerly side of the marsh. Desolation has claimed the reed-lands for her own. Henceforth for many months only the coyote shall prowl there, or the snowy owl, more ghost than bird, pay a visit and perch wraith-like upon the big rat-house. The bird story of the summer here has been told.

A feature of the marshes that makes them particularly interesting and lovable is their variety and changeability from year to year. The wood world is rather the same yearly, the uplands change but little, but in the lower lands it is different. No two years in succession maintain the same water-level and the bird and animal life vary accordingly. In seasons of high water the canvasbacks, coots, grebes, bitterns, and herons hold sway. Then the water is sufficiently pure to support minnow shoals and even numerous pike that take up quarters here during the spring freshets, and thus there is much food. On this account also the great white pelicans and black cormorants, mighty fishermen both, come in spring and early autumn and neighbour with me. When during other years the receding waters have reached lowest ebb and the wide, oozy mud-flats are exposed, then the plover and sandpiper tribes come into their kingdom; and because the adjoining meadowlands are then dry, the rails and bitterns find the place not to their liking and go elsewhere. Between these two extremes of water-level the marshes and their dependent life vary greatly; always there is variety.

There is wondrous landscape beauty in these inundated lands of rush and reed. When seen under the light of a plainland sunset or in the magic afterglow, when the still water picks up and inverts the cloud and colour-scheme of the heavens, the marsh world transcends realities and becomes a fairyland. But best of all marsh sights is the one when at sunset the pelican squadron comes home, when the sky is full of rosy and salmon streamers and the water a mirror, and these great glistening bird-yachts strung out in wavering, sinuous line stream across the picture. Constant, yet ever changing, abreast yet apparently in Indian file, they float along, their huge black-tipped wing-planes flapping easily, then setting in a long soar, every motion easy, poised, full of the grace and charm of poetical movement. They are seen far off to eastward, scintillating specks, a silver chain that seems to hold suspended in the heavens, but slowly, silently it approaches till each big fellow looms big in his rank and the soft whispering of mighty pinions overhead breaks the spell of it all. And when they have swung over into the ruddy sunset sky, I feel that I have been privileged to see a picture the like of which can only be hung upon the walls of God's great marsh-floored, dome-gallery of the plainland.

My marshes I have called them, and yet I do not own a foot of them: that is, I own no deed to a certain kind of ownership. Yet I think that a good deal of them is more truly mine than the property of some of those who do hold on paper the symbol of possession. For there are things above such holding; the sunrises and sunsets, the blue mountain land and the marshes—none of these can be bought or sold. So I pitch my tent on the lake rim within sound and sight of these oozy places. Sometimes I come in time for the first frog chorus of May, and usually I linger watching the changing life till my thin roof sags beneath the chill mantle of November; and if I do not own a little of them, then for a certainty they have taken possession of me.

PERILS OF AERIAL NAVIGATION

By C. Grahame-White

LET me frame a definite question: What are the actual perils that the airman, when in flight, is called upon to face?

To this one may reply: Certain of his risks are known, but many are still unknown; and it is the unknown perils which are, naturally, the greatest.

Imagine a man launching himself in a frail boat on a sea of which the waves are invisible, so that he cannot perceive from what direction he may be engulfed. Such is the position of the airman when navigating the aerial sea.

He steers a craft which is highly sensitive in its equilibrium. Then unseen wind-waves bear down upon him. The aeroplane dips and heels. His own dexterity at the controlling levers, his good judgment, and his faculty for "keeping his head", are all that he relies upon in battling against this unseen, treacherous foe.

The air, through which the pilot flies, is still an uncharted sea. A sailor when making a voyage knows of the existence of eddies and currents; but the airman has to launch himself into unknown dangers. The wind-gusts not only attack him front or rear, or from side to side, as he passes through the air; they even assail him from above or below.

Scientific research concerning the air has been made, and investigations are still being conducted; but the airman even to-day knows little regarding the element which sustains him when in flight. He knows, of course, that the air is not a homogeneous body, that its disturbances are often extraordinarily complex, but, as to what these actual movements are, practically no data of definite value to the airman has as yet been placed on record. When flying an aeroplane the pilot is liable to encounter strange up-currents, and even more perplexing and hazardous down-draughts; and at various altitudes he finds the strength of the wind fluctuating greatly.

Near the ground, as a rule, when the wind is strong, there are dangerous powerful gusts; then, as the aeroplane ascends, the wind pressure settles down into a steady, almost uniform, strength.

This explains why in windy, troublesome weather the airman prefers to fly high. The greater his altitude, generally speaking, the more comfortable he feels. Apart, too, from any greater gustiness in the wind near the surface of the earth, dangerous eddies

may be formed as it blows over hills and woods and up valleys.

Scientific investigation, as I have said, is being undertaken to make clear these lurking perils of the air, and although so much still remains mysterious, striking and curious data have, nevertheless, already been collected. It has been demonstrated, for instance, that on a gusty day, at two points which are only forty feet apart in the air—less than the span of a big passenger-carrying bi-plane—the striking force of the wind at any given moment may vary by as much as fifty per cent.

What, exactly, does this signify? It means that, when in flight, one wing of an airman's craft may be struck violently and unexpectedly by a gust which will exercise a very sudden overturning influence. Unless at such a moment he can check this heeling-over tendency by an instinctive movement of his controlling planes, his machine may tilt sideways to such an angle that it begins to "side-slip" helplessly towards the earth.

There is at the present time vital need for greater knowledge of the air and its complex influences amongst those who navigate it in such rapidly increasing numbers.

In the early days of the aerial conquest pilots were extremely cautious; they resembled those first mariners who would not put to sea unless the water lay absolutely smooth. The pioneer airman, in fact, would not consent to ascend unless tell-tale flags hung quite limp from their masts—this indicating unmistakably that there were no wind-gusts to be feared.

But then came a rapid growth of confidence—caused chiefly by the increase in the reliability of engines; and the result was that aeronauts began to ascend deliberately and fight the wind. As a rule, too, they were successful; but every now and again their enemy, the wind, exacted its toll. Fatigued, perhaps, by a long struggle at the control levers, a pilot momentarily relaxed his vigilance. Then it was that a vicious gust struck his planes and sent his craft reeling to destruction.

It was when men thus began to do battle with the wind, instead of waiting for spells of calm, that the list of aeroplane fatalities grew so sadly. Many pilots were impatient; they would not rest content with such slow progress as had been made, for instance, by the methodical Wrights.

There is another aerial peril, apart from the actual onslaught of the wind, and yet intimately connected with it: this is the danger of the giving way of some vital part of a machine while the pilot is in flight. More than once, indeed, an airman's skill has failed to save him because, under the shock of some violent gust, one of his sustaining planes has collapsed suddenly in the air. Then, equilibrium gone, his machine plunges helplessly to earth. One might liken this peril to that of the man who, putting to sea in a frail boat, has his craft stove in by the fierce thrust of the waves.

The first aeroplanes were built without constructional data to go upon. There was, indeed, only one vital requirement, and this in itself was a peril: they must, above all things, be light. Builders could, of course, estimate what strains were likely to be imposed upon a machine when travelling through the air at a specified speed and under ordinary conditions. But there were quite abnormal stresses to be guarded against, and these at first were unrealized.

Let me cite instances of such perils. An aeroplane might, for example, encounter the phenomenon which is often referred to among pilots as an "air hole". This experience meant that, with utter unexpectedness, the air pressure under the planes of the machine would be so sensibly reduced that it dropped, or rather fell, through the air—perhaps for a distance of many feet—before the "lift" of the wings again became normal. This imposed upon the aircraft an altogether excessive strain.

Then, while it was in flight, an aeroplane might also be liable—as I have already indicated—to be struck by a series of wind-gusts of abnormal strength. These, particularly if a machine was flying fast, threw a violent stress upon its planes.

Frequently an aircraft was subjected to heavy strains by the action of its pilot when effecting a steep gliding descent of vol-plane. Just before coming into contact with the ground, by a quick movement of the elevating planes he checked suddenly the aircraft's dive. This abrupt action, which might be likened to applying an aerial brake to the fast-descending machine, often threw an enormous and very little appreciated strain upon its sustaining planes.

But as more men flew, and the duration of flights increased, lessons were learned—albeit some of them were at the cost of human lives. But each accident taught both constructors and pilots something that they should know. What is termed the "factor of safety" of an aircraft has been steadily increased. This "factor of safety", one may explain, is a phrase used in engineering to define the number of times any part of a machine is stronger—before it actually breaks—than the greatest strain it will need to withstand under ordinary conditions.

With the gain of practical experience, derived from the growth of flying, those parts of an aeroplane upon which very heavy stresses are known to fall are now a "factor of safety", perhaps seven, ten, or twelve times what they would need in order to resist the strains of normal flight.

Thus to-day, in combating the perils of the air—known and unknown—the airman has as his protection a gradually growing store of knowledge. The craft he is given to fly is heavier, stronger, and generally more workmanlike; it is no longer a frail, purely experimental thing of wood and wire. Metal is already beginning to play its part, and it will certainly be more largely employed in the future.

A great and ever-present peril of the air is that some trifling accident, when a pilot is in flight, may bring about disastrous consequences. One tiny rod working free on the motor may ultimately wreck the whole machine. On the road, when motoring, something may break, of course, but this entails, as a rule, nothing worse than delay. But in an aeroplane, when one is several thousand feet above the earth, nothing must break.

An airman must know, indeed, beyond all doubt, before he leaves the ground, that his machine is in absolutely good flying trim. He must, above all, employ mechanics who are intelligent, competent, and conscientious men. There is lurking peril in an unlocked nut, in a slack engine-mounting, in a careless adjustment of stay-wires.

This, indeed, is the lesson that is being learned: an aeroplane is only as strong as its weakest part. But to-day a new era in construction is dawning. Exact knowledge is taking the place of rule-of-thumb methods. A pilot, when he takes the air in a gusty, trying wind, knows now that he can rely implicitly upon the "airworthiness" of the machine he is flying.

All the experience so far obtained has, as a matter of fact, proved that there are two perils which always threaten the man who navigates the air. These are:

(1) The failure of some part of his machine when actually in flight.

(2) The sudden loss of control of his craft while in the air.

So far as the first danger is concerned, an obvious precaution, of course, is to build machines of ample strength; and this, as I have shown, is now being done. But the second problem is a far more elusive one. Above all, however, we need precise data concerning the air from the pilot's point of view, so that we may know what specially dangerous currents and eddies to beware of in this disturbed atmospheric sea.

What may be termed the "danger

line" in flying is very quickly crossed. A pilot may, for example, acquire a habit of making steep turns while in the air, tilting up his planes as he wheels round to an acute angle. It is an evolution he may carry out with perfect safety a great many times. Then one day the "human element" enters into the question. The airman is guilty of an error of judgment; probably it is only a very slight one. But it proves more than enough. In an instant he has crossed the "danger line". His machine, tilted up just a fraction too far, loses its equilibrium and slips sideways in a helpless lurch.

Perhaps, even, the pilot may make no error of judgment and yet come to grief. He may, for example, swing over his craft for a rapid turn in just the same way he has done so many times before: but on this occasion some quite undetected aerial disturbance may arise in close proximity to his planes. There may come a sudden lessening of pressure just under one wing, which is sufficient to upset the delicate poise of his craft and cause it to pass irretrievably beyond control.

In debating such perils of the air one should certainly take into consideration the factor which is introduced by the temperament of the airman. There is grave danger for the pilot who betrays carelessness, irritability, or impatience. The man who flies steadily and well, season after season, and who rarely meets with mishap, is almost invariably self-restrained and thorough in all he does, and is equipped as well with an ample stock of patience.

In future, one should note, big, fast-flying aircraft will thrust their way through the aerial sea without imposing such exacting strains upon their steersmen. The pilot who flies to-day resembles a man who, while he is being tossed about on a choppy sea in a little rowboat, sees a big vessel pass serenely by. The 150-mile-an-hour aeroplane of the future will be as little disturbed by air-waves it encounters as is the ocean liner of to-day by the sea-waves it dashes aside.

THE FIRST CANADIANS IN FRANCE

By F. McKelvey Bell

CHAPTER IV.

DURING the day and a half that we stood out in the Channel fog, wondering whether we should ever reach land, or whether a stray German submarine would send us to a higher sphere, we had plenty of time to look about the ship. She was an India liner which had been pressed into service as a troop ship; and the Hindu stewards looked after our many wants as only the Oriental can.

A far-reaching cosmopolitanism emanates from that little land of Britain. Here were English officers giving orders to the Hindus in their own mysterious tongue; and the deference with which these men obeyed helped us to realize Britain's greatness. To conquer a country, tame it, civilize it—sometimes by force—and still retain the love and respect of its inhabitants, is a power given to but few peoples; yet Britons possess it to the full.

On Sunday morning—a bright warm day in early November—our ship steamed slowly into the port of Le Havre. We lingered a few minutes near a high stone quay. Close beside us was a Belgian hospital ship, its white and green paint and big red crosses contrasting strangely with our own dull gray. We could see the nurses and medical officers on board attending to their patients with tender care and solicitude.

But as we looked toward the quay once more a sight met our eyes which we shall not soon forget. We were face to face with what was to us a new form of mendicancy—that of exhibiting deformed children for the purpose of collecting alms. Even at this late date I recall with horror the sight of a small boy, with distorted, paralyzed legs, held afoit by his older brother, his poor flail-like limbs swinging before us to elicit pity. We threw a few coins upon the quay and turned from this distressing sight to view our new surroundings.

We were steaming slowly through a narrow channel between block after block of wharves, where ships unnumbered piled their ocean freight. Finally we emerged into a great basin filled with craft, both large and small, some of which were dismantled. Across the bay a splendid ocean liner reared her four smokeless funnels to-

ward the sky; she was one of that great fleet of passenger ships, so recently the pride of France, now thrust aside by the stern demands of ruthless war.

At length we docked, and as we stood leaning over the rail, some little children came running down the quay to greet us.

"Messieurs! Messieurs! Bon jour!" they cried; and then for the first time we realized that we were in a foreign land.

France, la belle France! How often have we dreamed of you in better days! Bright, vivacious France, whose wit and laughter sparkled like champagne, whose joy was ever rampant! How soon your smiles and tears will intermingle with our own!

But the soldiers on board had not yet learned to speak in French, and they responded in our own dull tongue: "Good-day, little girls. Hello, little boys," and they dropped silver coins and pennies on the quay.

The French children had already learned a word or two of English, and they had also discovered that the Tommy understood two very useful French words. Not to be outdone in courtesy, they flung them up to us in piping chorus: "Good-night, cigarette, souvenir!"

How many thousand times we have since heard this same greeting! It has become the children's formula, and as a gracious concession to our ignorance of French has met its just reward—in pennies.

Dusk fell before we had completed the unloading of our equipment and had it all stowed away in the *hangar*.

Then we formed up and, with a French boy scout as guide, started our march toward camp.

The senior major, on his splendid black horse, led the van; the men, contrary to military custom, carrying a Union Jack, followed, and Captain Reggy and I, mounted, brought up the rear.

The first half-mile of our march was uneventful, as there were few people in the streets of the *basse ville;* but as we passed farther up into the city the sidewalks became crowded with spectators. At first the French mistook us for English soldiers on the march, the sight of whom, while an almost hourly occurrence, was still a matter of keen interest. But as the crowd, becoming larger and larger, and pushing one another off the sidewalks into the road, caught a glimpse of our shoulder badges marked "Canada," the word was passed from mouth to mouth with lightning-like rapidity, and the excitement became intense.

They broke forth into the wildest cheering and shouted again and again, *"Les Canadiens! Vive Le Canada!"* until the clamour was deafening. Men, women and children surrounded us in thousands, laughing, singing and talking, shaking the soldiers by the hand, embracing and even kissing them in the excess of their welcome.

That the boys weren't always kissed on account of their irresistible beauty may be gathered from this little conversation which took place *en passant*:

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed one of the girls to her nearest neighbour, "why did you kiss that ugly face?"

"Because," was the reply, "he looked so lonely—he seemed to need it most."

They marched up the street with us, arm in arm, all who could get near enough, and threw a thousand questions at us in one unintelligible clatter of French. It was a welcome to stir the blood of the coldest, and from that moment we took France to our hearts, as she had taken us, and held her fast.

What did the landing of a mere handful of Canadians mean to France? There weren't enough of us to be of much importance, compared with the thousands of other British troops which landed daily. But the French, with their keen sense of appreciation, recognized at once that the advent of this little Canadian band had a broad significance; it meant

that in her great struggle for the cause of liberty and humanity France was to be supported not only by Britain but by the far-flung elements of the Empire. It meant encouragement; it meant success!

And as they shouted "Vive Le Canada," we echoed with a will, "Vive La France." We sang, too, "God Save the King," and "La Marseillaise." A few who knew English joined in the first, but "La Marseillaise," starting by courtesy with us, swelled in a moment into a mighty anthem, which swept the city like a storm. Later, when we followed with "The Maple Leaf," a respectful silence fell upon the throng. With quick intuition they knew it was a song of home, with which they sympathized, but which they could not understand. And as the melody concluded, we could hear them whispering one to another: *"Quelle est cette chanson?"* And we answered in our broken French, "It is a song of our native land, far, far from here."

It was my good fortune during this strange march to ride upon the side close to the curb, while Reggy, in comparative obscurity, rode opposite. Frequently, too, it was my privilege to return the greetings of the dainty French girls who lined the walk and waved their handkerchiefs high above the heads of the crowd in the road.

At last Reggy, trotting along in the shadow, could contain himself no longer. He burst out:

"Hang it all, old man! Just my bally luck again; you're always closer to the girls than I."

"But not closer to their hearts, Reggy dear," I interjected soothingly.

"Small consolation, that, in the present situation," Reggy was grumbling when he was suddenly interrupted by a pretty black-eyed girl who, running alongside his horse, caught him by the hand and forthwith begged a kiss. I believe—or, rather, I hope—Reggy blushed. I should always like to think that at that precise moment Reggy's sense of modesty came to his rescue. If it did, however, it vanished again with alarming rapidity.

"Here's an embarrassing situation," he cried dolefully.

"Very trying, indeed, to have a pretty girl demand a kiss," I laughed.

"Confound it!" he returned. "That's not the trouble; but I'm not horseman enough to lean over and get it."

There, you see, Reggy, in one fell moment had destroyed all my illusions about him. Here was I worrying over his distress and presumed embarrassment, while he, hopeless young scamp that he was, showed actual regret because he couldn't fall from grace.

"I would suggest that you dismount," I answered, in a spirit of sarcasm.

For a moment I believe this insane thought obsessed him, and then his latent sense of military discipline and dignity saved him. He turned regretfully to the young lady, and pressing her hand warmly—very warmly, I thought—broke forth in schoolboy French:

"Merci, cheri! Milles fois, milles fois. Another time will have to do."

"Est-ce-que vous parlez Francais, monsieur?" she demanded sweetly.

"Rather rough on your French, Reggy," I teased, "asking you, after that brilliant sortie, if you really speak the language."

Reggy appeared hurt.

"Look at you," he cried, "riding along like a bloated monarch, scooping in the obeisance of the whole kingdom, and because I command the attention—and, I trust, respect—of only one of your subjects, you're jealous. Out upon you—for shame!"

All good things come to an end at last. For half an hour we had been princes or kings, drinking in the nectar of adulation in mighty gulps. It turned our heads and made us dizzy, and this vinous feeling of elation lasted long after we had left the crowd

behind, and the faint cry of *Vive Les Canadiens* followed us into the darker streets. We toiled slowly over the cobble stones, up the steep hill, and finally into camp.

The camp commandant came to meet us a few minutes after we arrived. He was a fine-looking specimen of British officer—tall, athletic, with iron-gray hair and keen blue eyes. He smiled as he greeted us.

"Good evening, gentlemen." he said, as the senior major approached and saluted. "Where have you all come from?"

"Originally from Canada, sir," the major replied, "but recently from Salisbury Plains."

"How interesting," he cried in a tone of delighted surprise. "I had no idea the Canadians were coming to France so soon.

"Weren't you expecting us, sir?" the major ventured.

The commandant laughed good-humouredly. We seemed to amuse him.

"Well, not exactly," he replied, "but you are quite welcome. Take those three rows of tent, draw your rations, and make yourselves at home. One of these days orders will come along for you."

One of these days! Well, well! Was he actually addressing us in that careless and flippant manner, we who had just taken France by storm? Alas! we were not so important after all. For a full hour we had looked upon ourselves as the whole war, and the rest of the British army as a mere background to our glory. And now we were told that "one of these days!" It was really too bad. But, still, he was kindly and courteous, and behind those smiling eyes lurked a great sympathy, I am sure, for our little band.

We looked about us and then we understood. There were miles of tents. Regiments of soldiers were marching in and regiments were marching out—the Highland "kilties" with their sporrans swaying to and fro in stirring unison. We heaved a sigh. It was all too true We were only one small cog in the great machine!

But the senior major was elated with a strange and inexplicable emotion. After the commandant had bidden us good night, he paced back and forth, with his hands behind his back and his head in the air. He raised his feet high as he walked, and clicked his spurs with the firmness of his tread. Something was effervescing in his mind, and soon would blow his mental cork out. What was it? He twirled his moustaches from time to time and smiled a crafty smile. At last it popped:

"Gentlemen," he said, "that's one thing which no one can ever take from me!"

"What?" we cried breathlessly .

"That *I* was the first officer who ever led a Canadian unit into France!"

Oh, the supreme egotism and self-love of old bachelorhood! We turned away without a word, in time to hear little Huxford's piping voice in ungrammatical query:

"Did ye' had a good time to-night, Bill?"

And Bill's reply echoed the sentiments of all our hearts:

"Did I?" he cried exultantly, "*Some* class!"

CHAPTER V.

How it stormed that night! Thunder, lightning, rain and wind combined in one uproarious elemental war. It seemed as if no tent on earth could stand the strain. Once I peeped outside, and in the flashes saw vistas of tents, rolling like great white-crested waves on an operatic sea. From time to time the cracking of poles and dull swish of the canvas, blending with the smothered oaths of men beneath, told us that some tent had fallen.

Reggy slept as peacefully as a newborn babe. Tucked into his canvas sleeping-bag and with a woollen toque pulled well down over his ears, he

was oblivious to the storm, and in the faint glimmer of our candle-lantern, looked like an Eskimo at rest.

Peg after peg jerked out of the ground, and our tent commenced to rock to and fro in a drunken frenzy. Would the guard never come to tighten the guys? They seemed to have forgotten us. Warmly ensconced in my blankets and half asleep in spite of the noise, I lay and from time to time idly wondered how much longer the tent would stand.

Sometimes I dozed and dreamed of getting up to fix it, and saw myself crawling about in wet pajamas in the wind and rain. The thought awoke me, and the tent was flapping still. Reggy, as the junior, was in duty bound to right it; but if the storm couldn't wake him, what could mere man do? I dozed again and awoke just in time to see the canvas give one last wild gyration. Then it crashed down upon us.

"Hi! What the d—l are you doing now?"

It was the sleep-saturated voice of Reggy in angry, smothered tones beneath the wreck. For answer to his question, a gust of wind lifted the canvas from his face, and a spurt of rain, with the force of a garden hose, struck him.

"O Lord!" he howled. "The bally tent's blown down!" Reggy's perspicacity, while sluggish, was accurate.

"Get up, you lazy blighter, and lend me a hand!" I shouted between blasts of wind and rain which soaked me through and through.

"Ugh! You wouldn't ask a chap to get up in a storm like this," he cried appealingly.

I didn't. I merely took the lower end of his sleeping-bag and emptied it, as one would a sack of potatoes, onto the floor. Reggy emerged like a rumpled blue-bird.

"Rotten trick, I call that," he grumbled, as he scrambled to his feet.

Luckily by this time the guard arrived to help us, and after a long tussle with the ropes, the tent was pitched once more, and we crawled back to bed.

The morning sun rose clear and bright and smiled as if it had no memories of the night before. Wherever one might look tents lay in heaps upon the ground, but not a breath of wind stirred the fresh cool air. Fainter and more faint from the distance came the weird strain of the bagpipes, for a Highland regiment was passing down the hill, starting on that long journey whence all might not return.

Our men had breakfasted and were already at work raising the fallen tents. The adjutant emerged from his abode, wearing a weary smile—he hadn't slept much.

"What of the night?" he cried. "The storm has given me an appetite. Where's breakfast? I'm as hungry as an R.M.C. cadet."

Where indeed was breakfast? As yet we had no "mess"; our goods were still unpacked.

"There's a soldiers' buffet managed by ladies in the cottage yonder," said Fraser, pointing to a brick house on the crest of the hill. Trust Fraser to know where grub abounds! "Perhaps I can persuade the little lady of the place . . ."

"You'll need help," Reggy interpolated hastily, "Someone with persuasive powers. I'll go along."

Reggy's eagerness to go suggested other distractions than foraging. We said we would accompany him—lest he forget. We entered a long room at the rear of the house, which had been a carpenter's shop before the war. It was furnished with two long tables, benches, and a large number of kitchen chairs. The carpenter's tools hung unused upon the wall. At the farther end of the room several young women and one of maturer years were rapidly cutting up bread and meat for sandwiches, buttering appetizing French rolls and placing them all in large baskets. It looked enough to feed a multitude.

We approached the table. One young woman looked up, apparently

more from courtesy than with any special interest in our arrival, and said, "Good morning."

It was true then; they *were* English women. They were as cool—and refreshing—as the air outside. Reggy saluted gravely.

"May we have something to eat, please?" he inquired hesitatingly.

The young woman looked up again, with a surprised smile. "But you are not Tommies," she replied.

"No, merely officers, and very hungry ones at that."

She looked a trifle perplexed. "We don't serve officers here," she asserted. "You see, this buffet is meant for Tommies only."

Bless their hearts! Here at least was one place where the officer was discounted, and Tommy was king. We had been fêted and pampered to such an extent that we had lost sight of the true proportion of things. Here were women who realized that Tommy is quite as important as his officer, that he is a man and as such has rights. We honoured the young women who could thus devote themselves to the men who really needed their help most. But this elevating thought did not appease our hunger in the least. We still wanted something to eat, and the dainty food before us failed to modify our internal cravings.

"Couldn't we have just one bun?" Reggy coaxed.

The young woman smilingly shook her head. "It's against our rules," she replied.

Reggy looked distressed. We imitated his look with such success that another young woman, who seemed to be the one in authority, came forward and volunteered:

"If you will step into the house, gentlemen, I shall see what the *concierge* can do for you there."

That we didn't fall upon her neck in sheer thankfulness speaks well for our self-control. We kept sufficient restraint upon ourselves, however, to merely murmur our gratitude in becoming words. We explained that we had just arrived, and that our mess was not yet open.

"Well, well," she laughed. "Of course, we can't let you starve, but you really mustn't eat in here."

If the angels in heaven look anything like that sweet young woman as she appeared to us at that moment—well, it's a great incentive to lead a good life, that's all.

We were ushered into a quaint French dining-room, furnished with hand-carved mahogany. That a carpenter should have such exquisite taste surprised us. We were yet to learn that the artistic sense is a keynote of French character. The owner of the cottage was away at the war; he was one of the *poilus* who were then, and are still, upholding the martial traditions of a noble fighting race. His wife spread a dainty table for us, and we breakfasted for the first time in France.

Our menu consisted of small markerel, rolls and coffee. How prosaic it sounds in English! We shall always remember that *petit dejuner* in French: *Petits maqueraux, petits pains et café-au-lait.* What music there is in such language! The food itself loses its identity and is transformed into the sustenance of the gods!

Days passed by, but there was no word from our colonel, and no orders came for us to move. Had they all forgotten us? Had we by mischance taken the wrong boat and landed in the wrong part of France? What had become of our colonel and the rest of our unit? These thoughts perplexed and worried us. But one day, as we were lunching, a messenger suddenly appeared at the tent door and asked for the senior major.

"Telegram for you, sir," he said.

The major slowly unfolded it, read it as slowly, refolded it and placed it in his pocket without a word. We were in a fever of excitement. Could it be from the colonel? If so, where was he? The major continued his meal. At last Fraser could bear the suspense no longer.

"Was that a message from the colonel?" he inquired anxiously.

"It was," the major replied.

One might have heard the proverbial pin drop—the strain was so intense. Would he never go on? Were we to hear nothing further?

Fraser ventured again: "What does he say?"

The major got up and left the tent without a word.

Even after all these months it pains me to record the bitter disappointment of that moment. All men have their peculiarities, and some are afflicted more than others. We may forgive, but we cannot always forget. And yet he had has good points, too; he wasn't quite all bad. Perhaps Fraser's question was injudicious; perhaps he hadn't been deferential enough. At any rate it was two days later when we first heard the news. The adjutant, who had been taken into the major's confidence, whispered the message to us:

"The colonel is at Boulogne, and orders will be sent us in a few days to join him. I have been told not to tell you, but I must relieve your anxiety. Keep it secret!"

How we loved him for his thoughtfulness. The tension was broken. We were once more happy and content.

Three days later the order came to move. We were to entrain at midnight, and all day long we were busy packing. By nine everything was ready. The motor lorries were loaded, and we started our march toward the train. It was a pitch-black night and rain swept the streets in chilling torrents.

One of the horses of our team had a chafed back and could not be harnessed, so that my horse was selected to take his place. The wagon was piled high with the kit-bags of the men, and from this elevation one of the orderlies held the halter of the sick horse, which followed behind. We started down the steep hill from the camp, horses and men alike slipping upon the wet and greasy cobblestones.

Suddenly a slight explosion startled the led horse. He reared upon his hind legs, jerked the halter from the hand of the orderly and bolted down the hill into the darkness. Who would dare follow him? To ride down that incline at any rate faster than a walk was sheer recklessness. Surely no horse or man who attempted to would return alive. But Huxford, putting spurs to his horse, plunged down the hill at break-neck speed, a shower of sparks flying out on either side as the horse's steel shoes struck the stones.

"Good God!" cried Barker; "he'll never come back—he's a dead man!"

"Why didn't he let the horse go?" cried the senior major anxiously. "Now we've lost two horses and a man. He doesn't know the city or where we are going, and even if he gets through alive, he'll never find us again."

"How could he expect to overtake a runaway horse in a strange city on a night like this? It's madness!" exclaimed the adjutant.

"He was a fine lad," said the quartermaster sadly, as though Huxford were already dead. "Seems such a pity to lose him. I didn't think he had the courage to do it."

But war shatters preconceived ideas. No one can tell which men are brave until the crisis comes. Those who seem strongest fail; those who seem weakest succeed.

A gloom had been cast over us all. We despaired of seeing Huxford again—except perhaps to find his mangled body somewhere at the foot of that long hill. When we reached the bottom he wasn't there, and we went on despondently for a mile or more, knowing the hopelessness of trying to find him; when suddenly, as we turned a corner, he appeared, still on horseback and leading the runaway. A cheer from the boys greeted him.

"Well done, Huxford!" cried the major. "We never expected to see you again!"

"I couldn't let him go, sir, 'cause

th' colonel giv' th' horses into my charge, an' he *had* to be caught."

May we all fulfil our duty as faithfully as this lad!

The queer little French train, with its cars marked eight *chevaux*—forty *hommes*, was waiting at the station when we arrived. The transport-officer had told the senior major not to leave until he had received his papers, but to get the men and horses aboard.

Shortly before midnight all were entrained. The equipment and horses were loaded, but there was no sign of either engine or conductor. We unrolled our sleeping-bags, placed them upon the seats in the compartment coach and fell asleep. At four a.m. we were awakened by an angry discussion taking place on the train platform. One voice was French, evidently that of the train conductor; the other was unmistakably that of the senior major. He was talking very loudly:

"I tell you, you can't move this train one inch until I get my papers."

The reply was in French:

"Comprend pas, monsieur!" Evidently he was about to signal the engineer to start.

"Stop! I command you to stop!" shouted the major again. The Frenchman understood the action, if he failed to understand the words.

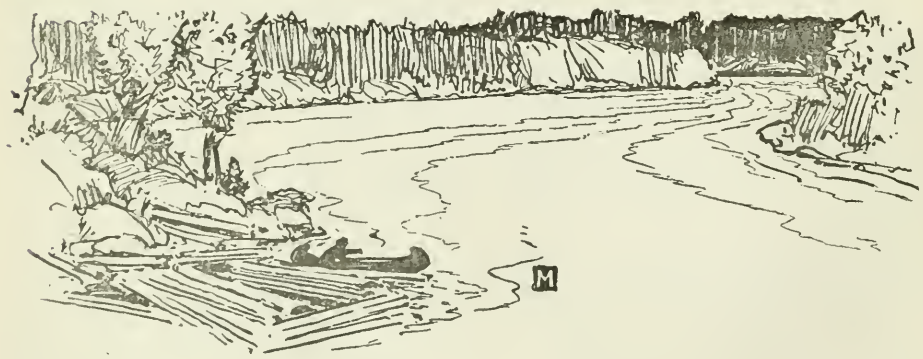
"Il faut partir tout de suite, monsieur," he replied with respectful firmness, and then, placing the bugle to his lips, he blew a signal to the engineer and the train started.

The major sprang from the platform just in time to catch his coach. He had not received the papers, and had had an unintelligible wordy duel in which he had been vanquished. He was boiling with rage.

"If I had my way," he stormed, "there would be only *one* language in the world—my own!"

We were off once more. We had but a faint idea of where we were going, but we were on our way.

To be continued in the December number.



THE YELLOW LIGHT

By Henry Lyle

UT of the unknown into prominence Mrs. Badger had come at one leap. It was sufficient that she occupied the Griswold mansion on the Avenue, kept up the establishment in regal style, entertained lavishly and was seen in all those places where money could take her and many even whose doors were dark to money merely. About all that was certain was that a family whose fortunes were notoriously on the ebb had stood sponsors for Mrs. Badger when she stormed the portals of that Society which arrogates to itself the capital S.

Mrs. Badger's advent had been coincident with the equally sudden announcement of Mr. Griswold's departure for Europe. Amos Griswold was pre-eminently a man of business, and Messrs. Prosé & Prosé, his attorneys, had been astonished one morning by receiving word that he had sailed for Europe the previous afternoon, leaving a book of signed checks in Mrs. Badger's hands, which were to be honoured when presented, and that her orders were to be received as though given by him, and a monthly account of his affairs rendered to her.

So for several months Prosé & Prosé had watched Mrs. Badger's social career with interest. When the elder member of the firm hinted to his son a doubt of Mrs. Badger's ability to handle the Griswold millions carefully, the younger reminded him that a legal adviser's province was restricted, and that "Old" Griswold's written orders had been explicit.

Still the elder Prosé continued to give Mrs. Badger and the Griswold estate more than a fair share of his thoughts during business hours, and from every point of view the matter looked unsatisfactory, especially the strange oversight of a methodical man of business in setting no limit on the amount Mrs. Badger might draw. Finally he came to devote much time *outside* of business hours to Mrs. Badger and her personality. He deserted his club and haunted places where the lady of his thoughts was to be seen. One night his sensibilities received a rude shock when Mrs. Badger coolly cut him as she passed from her carriage to the theatre. When he opened his eyes the next morning, his first thought was of Mrs. Badger. He sat up in bed and looked in the glass.

"Well, well!" he growled to himself, "there's no fool like an old—Never mind, I'm over it, and now I'll find out about that woman—or know the reason why!"

This purpose became the very essence of his life, but yielded no results. No scandal touched Mrs. Bad-

ger in her present way of life. No clue to her past could he obtain. He was almost in despair when the following advertisement caught his eye:

> WANTED. — Private secretary: young man of good address and thorough knowledge of social usages. Must be qualified to take entire charge of lady's correspondence. Address L.L.B., Herald uptown.

Mr. Prosé the elder studied the advertisement, and thought. "The same," he muttered. "L. L. B.—I verily believe it's the Badger!"

He looked up angrily as he perceived that his mutterings had been heard by his junior clerk, who stood in a respectful attitude holding a bundle of papers.

"Ha! Robinson," he exclaimed in answer to the clerk's question. "You're the very man—good address, knowledge of social usages and all that—you'll do! If you get to the bottom of this business I'll see that you don't lose anything by it!"

Ford Robinson stood staring. The description fitted him so well that he was too polite not to wait for an explanation.

"Oh!" said Mr. Prosé, "I forgot—you don't know about it." Whereupon he handed the young man the printed slip.

"Mrs. Badger's initials?" inquired the clerk, tentatively.

"Good!" exclaimed the lawyer. "If that proves to be the case, would you like to take the place?"

Robinson's heart beat rapidly. Would he like it? Would he like to live under the same roof and in daily communication with the woman whom he had worshipped from afar since first he saw her? It took his breath away.

"Why—why—certainly, sir, if you wish it," he stammered.

"I do wish it," replied Prosé, "if it really is Mrs. Badger. I desire to find out all that can be discovered about her, and everything that goes on in Griswold's house."

Robinson hesitated. "I would hardly like to play the spy—especially on a lady, and so fine a lady as—"

"Oh, I see! Another fool who hopes to find a paradise in that woman's society! Why, she wouldn't look at *you* if her horses were walking on you! Excuse me, Robinson, but—well, never mind; write first and find out if it *is* Mrs. Badger. If it is—go there and secure the place. You can do it. If she's all right, there's no harm done. If she isn't—and I believe she's played some smart trick on Griswold to get him to go to Europe and leave her a free hand—then, we'll uncover her game. *You'll* be disillusioned, in any event," he added with a touch of spite.

He gazed at the young man, as if mentally comparing him with Mrs. Badger's other conquests, and thereupon asked:

"You've seen Mr. Griswold in the office here?"

Robinson shook his head. "He never came in while I was here."

The advertisement was answered, and in due course a reply was received requesting Robinson to call on Mrs. Badger with his references.

His employer was delighted, furnished Robinson with excellent letters from discreet friends, and the young clerk was admitted to the Griswold mansion and Mrs. Badger's presence, after she had dismissed another aspirant for the place. This respite gave Robinson a chance to steady his fluttering heart and nerves, and study his charmer. She was a beautifully formed woman, above the average height, who held her head like one accustomed to command. Her features were fine and regular, though the lower lip was a trifle full, and her complexion the pink and white developed by extreme care and a masseur's attention. Robinson decided as he gazed that old Prosé was mistaken in his suspicions.

His reverie was interrupted by Mrs. Badger, who, dismissing the man with whom she had been talking, turned sharply to Robinson. As their eyes met he felt as though a veil had been withdrawn suddenly from before his vision. Instinctively his attitude changed from one of admiration to one of defence. He was on his guard —waiting to parry a thrust. Mrs. Badger's character was mirrored in her eyes—all other features failed as indices. To a man whose experience in life, on a newspaper and in a lawyer's office, had given him more than one searching view into criminal courts and the prison pen, that peculiar glitter did not mean position—it was not the steeliness resulting from birth and breeding, not the calmness of erudition. Robinson had seen it often in those who prey on society, accompanying that tension of nerve that results from playing a game in which all the faculties are alert, in which even the rewards of success are not commensurate with the penalties of failure.

The glance lasted but for a moment, and then Mrs. Badger said: "You are—ah—Mr.—? Ah, yes, Robinson —thank you."

She took his credentials and looked them over rather carelessly. The third she read carefully, and then critically surveyed the young man. He was prepared for the sharp query:

"Did you take entire charge of Mrs. Loren's correspondence?"

Robinson bowed. "And also of her establishment," he said.

Mrs. Badger looked at him keenly. "I prefer to manage my own establishment. All you will have to do here is to look after my correspondence, none of which is of a business nature. The question of salary remains to be settled."

Robinson did not permit a trace of his more than natural satisfaction to show when he answered: "I understand then, Mrs. Badger, that I am to take the position?"

She nodded and Robinson named a salary to which no objection could be made. Mrs. Badger rang a bell and ordered the butler to show Mr. Robinson the room he was to occupy.

When his baggage had come, and he was lounging in a large Turkish rocker, before a crackling hickory fire, smoking a cigarette, he felt himself a villain of deepest dye to doubt that Mrs. Badger could be other than his fancy had first painted her—so mollifying to man is a sense of personal comfort. He was aroused by the soft-footed butler's cough and announcement:

"If you please, sir, Mrs. Badger would like to have you come to her rooms. Hexcuse me, sir, will you dress for dinner, sir?"

Robinson was somewhat startled. He had not expected to dine with his employer—not the first evening, at any rate.

He recovered his self-possession. "Oh, yes, certainly. You may help me a bit, if you will—er—what do they call you?"

"Jenkins, sir."

"Well, Jenkins, I'm ready," and he slipped a bill into the man's hand.

"Thankee, sir. We—er—the 'elp will be werry glad to see a gentleman about the 'ouse, sir."

He closed the door which he had been holding open, led the way through a long passage to an entrance at the end which he opened to admit Robinson, and then shut it quickly, remaining outside.

The small apartment which Robinson had entered was the ante-room of a suite entirely separate from the rest of the house. For a moment he stood, dazzled. The room was fitted entirely in deep yellow, and the yellow shades of the electric lights heightened the effect. For a moment he was unpleasantly impressed, though he could not have described his sensation. He started when a man in yellow livery approached, so strange was the man's appearance—so incongruous seemed the small stature and rounded shoulders with the

massive head and the face above the yellow coat. The forehead was broad and the nose aquiline, but these signs of intellectual strength were offset by dull and lack-lustre eyes, as though a fool looked upon the world from behind a wise man's mask. And yet the manners of a gentleman seemed to lurk beneath an exaggerated servility that irritated Robinson unreasonably. But the dull eye gave no sign, and the secretary followed his peculiar guide with the thought that constant service must have driven the poor pygmy into mere automatism.

The drawing-room into which he was shown was, like that which he had just left, furnished entirely in yellow. Mrs. Badger, dressed in yellow satin, stood leaning lightly on the mantel, and watched Robinson keenly as he entered.

"I always dine in my own apartments, Mr. Robinson," she said, "and as you will have to be here much of your time it will be of advantage if you dine and lunch with me. Please be seated."

Then she turned to the quiet figure in the doorway: "James, have dinner served at once."

Robinson, somehow, felt relieved at the obsequious manner in which the command was received. He was not surprised to find the dining-room the counterpart, in its colour scheme, of those through which he had passed. The meal was a silent one, conversation being confined to guarded inquiries from Mrs. Badger concerning Robinson's duties in the Loren household. He saw no attendant but the servile little man in yellow. Though the lady regarded him furtively with an expectant look, Robinson determined not to gratify this expectation by any allusion to the peculiar furnishings of the suite. But when coffee had been served, Mrs. Badger said:

"I am glad to see, Mr. Robinson, that you are discreet."

Robinson raised his eyebrows in polite inquiry.

"The colour of my rooms must have surprised you?" she said, looking at him harply. Again the peculiar glint in her eyes put the young man on guard.

"I noticed it, of course, but supposed it expressed some taste or fancy of your own. I believe it was Charles IX. of France who, inheriting certain exquisite tastes from his Florentine mother, first adopted monochrome decoration of apartments?" and Robinson looked at his employer as if for concurrence.

"Was it? Well, then, one need not wonder if a modern woman of that race, from which I spring on my mother's side, exaggerate that unhappy monarch's artistic tendencies. I am pleased that you are acquainted with French history."

Robinson disclaimed being a student of French history in particular, and Mrs. Badger, acting as though annoyed, rose from the table.

"There will be nothing this evening, Mr. Robinson. If I need your services any time in the evening, I will tell you of it when we transact our morning business. Otherwise, you are free to make such disposition of your time as you may wish. James, show Mr. Robinson out."

Robinson bowed, but Mrs. Badger, looking past him, kept her eyes on the little yellow man, who moved toward the door and stood with bowed head, holding back the portières. When they reached the ante-room he stopped suddenly, bowed his deferential, automatic bow, and, pointing to the outer door, returned toward the dining-room.

The new secretary's dreams that night were of yellow rooms, beautiful women and Florentine tragedies, and though in the bright sunshine of the morrow his thoughts returned to his earlier impressions of his charming patroness, he resolved not to be lulled into forgetfulness of his mission. At ten o'clock he was busy in Mrs. Badger's library, working steadily till James called him to luncheon, but

gaining no new insight into the mysteries of her ménage. Luncheon was served at one o'clock, and everything was as it had been on the previous evening, except that, instead of artificial light, daylight illumined the dining-room, admitted through window-panes of deep yellow glass. Mrs. Badger wore a morning gown of yellow cloth, and James, as before, kept his eyes constantly upon her, but seemed not to anticipate her slightest want. So servile, so attentive, he yet appeared unable to apprehend, until her sharp, clear commands came, the simple and ordinary requirements of the table service, which, to an automaton of years of training, one would suppose to be second nature. Robinson's attention involuntarily centred on the strangeness of this servant and this mistress. Why should she attach to herself such a creature, when the perfect Jenkins might perform the required duties so much better, without a word of command?

James had just served the salad when they were startled by a loud crash, and a base-ball came through the window, carrying with it a large portion of the glass and admitting a stream of sunlight which fell across the table. Robinson started up, but stopped abruptly at a loud exclamation.

"Stop! Who dares break my—Ah—h—!"

It was James who had spoken, and the sentence ended in a long-drawn sigh, like that of one disturbed in his sleep. Mrs. Badger had leaped lightly upon a chair and drawn a yellow shade over the broken window just as the man subsided in the middle of his outbreak. Then she turned upon him quickly:

"James, what do you mean by such unseemly conduct?"

The answer came in the man's habitual mechanical manner:

"Madam will pardon me—I really do not know how I came to do so. It shall never occur again."

"See that it does not—my head will not stand such startling things. Now you may continue the service."

Robinson was conscious that Mrs. Badger was watching narrowly the effect of this peculiar episode. He forced himself to eat and seem at ease, but his mind was on the startling change in James when the sunlight fell upon his face. He threw down the napkin he carried, his dull eyes flashed ominously, his obsequious monotone gave place to a voice vibrant and strong. Only for an instant while the sun shone—then an automaton again.

The young secretary said carelessly: "Ball-playing in the streets is a nuisance. The law against it should be strictly enforced."

"Yes. Did you ever notice anything quite so peculiar as the change in James?"

The question was very innocent or very deep. It must be the latter, Robinson thought, to bring forward so boldly the one strange feature of the occurrence, in the man's very presence. He answered slowly:

"Yes. I have seen one or two similarly strange things. I remember one case where a man was suddenly withdrawn from under hypnotic influence—"

"Oh, pshaw! I'm not speaking of that. If we were to believe Max Nordau, everybody—except himself—is acting under suggestion, and not with free will. I don't mean such improbable things. I had in mind cases of mental disease—megalomania, I believe the alienists call it—where the subject suddenly gets an idea of personal grandeur. A friend of mine used to have a delusion seize him, whenever he heard a certain waltz played, that he was an angel sent to punish the world. Nothing but that one piece of music ever brought on the delirium."

Robinson again sought to parallel the story with a case of hypnotic suggestion, but his mistress impatiently gave the signal that luncheon was finished.

In his room that evening, he gazed long and thoughtfully at the wood fire and then sent for Jenkins and set him some light tasks.

"Jenkins," he said, "I suppose you find a change since Mr. Griswold went abroad."

"Hi never seen Mr. Griswold, sir. Hi came 'ere hafter Mrs. Badger took the 'ouse, sir."

"Ah. And how do the others like the change?"

"The 'elp, sir? None of 'em was 'ere, sir. They all kem when Hi did, sir."

Again Robinson said, "Ah,!" But he continued, "I suppose James is an old servant of Mrs. Badger's, isn't he? Mrs. Badger's own butler, I mean."

"Hi don't know, sir—'e never talks to hus, and none o' the 'elp knows 'im, sir. Beggin' your pardon, sir, we 'all thinks 'e's a bit hoff 'ere, sir," and Jenkins touched his forehead.

"Too bad," said Robinson, as the servant was leaving the room. He relighted his pipe and stared at the fire, going over in his mind what he had just heard and what he had previously seen. His pipe went out and he sat suddenly upright.

"Yellow is certainly *not* the most becoming colour to her—I don't believe she surrounds herself with it merely to keep pure daylight off that old monkey. I feel sure he knows something about this woman—if I could only get it out of him!"

There came a discreet knock at the door, and Jenkins reëntered.

"Hif you please, sir, Mrs. Badger 'as changed 'er plans for the hevenin', sir. She's going to the the-atre with the Wrens, sir, and will you please report to 'er at ten to-morrow morning, sir."

"Thank you, Jenkins. Tell me when she has gone, please."

"Very well, sir. Hi will, sir."

The next half-hour was a trying one for Robinson. He walked the room restlessly, muttering imprecations upon all women. Had the elder Prosé at that moment asked his opinion of Mrs. Badger he would have said that she was an adventuress playing a deep game, but if pressed for a reason could have offered only a tissue of surmises.

When at length the butler had brought him the expected word and gone downstairs, he walked quietly and quickly to Mrs. Badger's suite and tried the door, which, somewhat to his surprise, opened readily. In the ante-room, his strange, expressionless eyes fixed upon the doorway, sat the man he sought. He only stared when Robinson entered, and moved but slightly when spoken to sharply. The young man left him and hurriedly surveyed the other rooms, but found nothing which he had not before mentally noted. Then he returned and shook the strange servant roughly by the shoulder. "James! Attend to what I have to say! How long have you been with Mrs. Badger?"

There was no answer to this question, varied and repeated many times. The miserable wretch sat blankly staring, seeming utterly to fail to comprehend. The close apartment was heavy with Mrs. Badger's favourite perfume. The yellow glare beat down upon them, and Robinson, shaken by the oppression of the situation and the excitement of his adventure, gasped:

"Lord! Come out of this—come where I can breathe!"

Seizing James by the arms, he half dragged, half carried him into the brightly lighted hall.

Instantly the man began to struggle. "Hands off!" he cried sharply in a commanding tone. "How dare you touch me?"

In astonishment Ford Robinson thrust the man away from him. He saw that a startling change had again come over the automaton. The eyes flashed, the hands were clenched, the voice was full of rage: "Who are you, sir? What do you mean by laying hands on me in my own house?"

Robinson looked at him sorrowfully. "Now, James, be sensible. Come, like a good fellow—"

"James! Don't you James me, you young whipper-snapper. Don't you dare 'good-fellow' me, sir. I'll teach you—" Then, for the first time, he caught sight of his yellow clothes. "Why—who—what—" he gasped. "Did you put these things on me?"

Robinson shook his head and held up a warning hand.

"Hush! You'll alarm the servants, and Mrs. Badger will—"

"Mrs. Badger!" almost screamed the man. "Oh, that woman! I'll have her out of this house! And you, you puppy, what are *you* doing here?"

Robinson, of course, had always read of the policy of soothing maniacs, and replied in a conciliatory manner, "I didn't know it was your house, sir. I thought it was Mr. Griswold's."

"Oh, you *did* know it, did you? You merely thought you could come and make a monkey of Amos Griswold in his—"

"Amos Griswold!" broke in Robinson. "Why, *you* can't be Amos Griswold,—he's—"

"Can't, hey? Well, I *am*, and I'll soon show you that I'm master here!"

Robinson thought rapidly, and his thoughts were accelerated by the sound of a footstep in the hall below. Probably the old man was a harmless lunatic, but *if* he were not—if there was in reality a game on foot as deep as he suspected—the player must be securely trapped, and this strange creature must assist, but there was no time for explanations now. Clapping a hand over the old man's mouth, Robinson picked him up and carried him bodily back into the yellow suite, closing the door behind them. He did not pause till he had set the pygmy down at the farther end of the drawing-room, that the sound of the explosion of wrath he expected might not penetrate to the main portion of the house.

To his amazement the man stood motionless as before. The personality had vanished.

Fifteen minutes later, having left word with Jenkins that he was obliged to take the air on account of a raging headache, Ford Robinson was in excited conversation with his real employer, the elder Prosé, in a house near Fiftieth Street.

"Well, Robinson—any news?"

"Yes, sir, very important, I think. What sort of a man is Mr. Griswold in appearance?"

"Small, with sloping shoulders, but a fine head, with broad, intelligent forehead, a clean-cut mouth, gray side whiskers. Holds his head like a drill sergeant. What of it?"

Robinson rapidly told all that had happened in the Griswold mansion. Prosé sat with finger-tips together, listened and nodded.

"It must be the yellow colour," he said at length. "I've read of such a thing, but never believed it possible. You get right back now, before she returns from the theatre. I'll be on hand in the morning, with a detective. Cured of your love for that she-devil, aren't you?" he added.

The clock had struck ten the following morning, and Jenkins had but just informed Robinson that Mrs. Badger was ready to begin with the morning's work when he returned to announce a caller for the private secretary, and ushered in Prosé.

Robinson hesitated but for a moment. "Come with me," he whispered. "You will see the servant. If it isn't Mr. Griswold, you can probably withdraw without attracting Mrs. Badger's attention. If it *is*—we can draw the lioness's teeth at once. Your plain-clothes man?"

"Is at the door below."

As the two men entered the door of the yellow suite, and Prosé caught sight of the liveried automaton standing with head bowed to receive Robinson, he smothered a sharp exclamation, and, pressing the young man's arm, gave a nod of intelligence. The

little yellow man turned and held back the portière for Robinson to pass, and then walked immediately behind him, coming into violent contact with Prosé, whom he evidently did not see, and entirely disregarded. The lawyer understood, however, and fell in behind. Then he lifted the curtain and passed through. Mrs. Badger spasmodically grasped the table's edge.

"I should prefer to be informed when I am to expect your calls, Mr. Prosé. Please wait in the library. James! Show the gentleman to the main hall."

The old lawyer wavered a moment under her steady gaze and authoritative air.

"You will excuse me, madam—there has been a great crime committed." Then, his indignation returning, he almost shouted, "What are you doing with Mr. Griswold? What magic do you employ that I find one of the shrewdest financiers in New York dressed up like a monkey, taking orders from you? Out with it!"

"Sir! You forget yourself. Mr. Robinson, if you are responsible for this madman's presence, take him out before I call for help."

"Not so fast, madam. *I* am sitting in at this game now, and I hold the winning cards."

Mrs. Badger paled perceptibly—she well knew the difference between the danger to be feared from an angry person and that from one cool and collected.

Placing his finger-tips together in his favourite attitude, Prosé continued:

"I am here to rescue Mr. Griswold, and to punish those guilty of this strange crime. How you got Mr. Griswold under your influence and how you keep him disguised as a servant are questions that—"

A sharp dry laugh from Mrs. Badger interrupted him.

"My dear sir," she said, smiling, "your professional zeal for a client shall excuse your gross breach of social etiquette. I see now what you mean. It is clearly a case of mistaken identity, and one quite easy to prove. James! Tell Mr. Prosé how you came into my service."

The old automaton, stepping toward the person at whom his mistress's finger pointed, said in his monotonous voice:

"If you please, sir, I came to Mrs. Badger while she was in London. Came direct from Lady Surrey, sir."

Prosé watched him closely, and as he finished said sharply:

"Don't you know me, Mr. Griswold?"

The only answer was a shake of the head.

"There! Now, James, show Mr. Prosé to the main hall. If he has any business with me I will attend to it in the library," and Mrs. Badger resumed her seat, as though the interview were at an end.

Prosé now turned to him: "Mr. Robinson, may I trouble you to open that window wide? The pecu—"

The woman was on her feet again in an instant, and broke in:

"Mr. Robinson is under *my* orders. Mr. Prosé, I ask you again to retire!"

"Go ahead, Robinson," exclaimed the lawyer. "Be quick!"

In a moment the window was wide open, admitting a flood of pale winter sunlight, and Prosé pushed the little man in yellow forward into its full glare. A tremor ran through the man, he drew a deep breath, and then, drawing himself to a height not devoid of dignity, exclaimed:

"What is going on here? What is the meaning of all this yellow flummery? Hah! Prosé! Explain, sir!"

For a moment the three principal actors stood facing each other. Then the woman—whatever her name was—perched on the edge of the table by which she had stood, swung her feet and smiled at Lawyer Prosé as she said:

"Well, the game is up, and you *did* have the cards—but I had a good run with the old man's money first!"

THE PREVENTIVE OUNCE

By Lennington Steinmetz

"I GUESS I—I say, you must excuse me, Tenson. I should keep my troubles to myself."

Tenson had achieved a more or less inadequate response, and Macey had taken himself away. It was an ugly story. Tenson sank back again in his chair, and gave himself to it. If he hadn't always thought so much of Macey, he might have turned aside from it, as one does —as one has to, in fact—if one does not want to be swamped with all the ugliness of life.

It was a common enough story: Macey, his wife, the two kids, and then the other woman, in this case, Macey's stenographer. Ugh! An infinite disgust swept over Tenson.

The fault, however, was not apparently hers. Macey had been quite clear, quite explicit. "A fine girl—a dam' fine girl." Macey had been full of gratitude, in his way. Straight she was—"played the game like a man, like a gentleman." Tenson had been caught by a fleeting sympathy for this unknown, unseen girl, who played a rôle so obscure. Not so obscure, evidently, to Macey; a source of light and inspiration, rather: helpful. Macey had stopped just short of the word "help-meet".

As for Helen Macey, his wife . . . Tenson's teeth went hard on his cigar. He disliked above all things listening to men talk about women, but he supposed Macey had a right to speak of his own wife if he wanted to. Not that Macey had spoken very much of *her*. Rather, her part had been indicated by her absence. She had agreed to live at the country place, two miles out, for the sake of the little boy and girl. Good for them. Macey said it with enthusiasm . . . "fine in the country". He himself would just escape being fined speeding out there after the office closed. "The greatest little codger, that Jack. . ." Macey had almost digressed into the usual domestic anecdotes.

Apparently, most days Helen Macey was not at home to welcome that speeding automobile. Tenson thought it rather decent in Macey that he avoided mentioning his wife; her part was rather to be inferred. He knew silly, frivolous, pleasure-loving Mrs. Macey well enough to know the afternoons of bridge, the dinners, the eternal round, which was literally heaven to her. If they played late, her friends kept her over-night, the children being in the care of the servants.

Apparently, too, Macey accepted her lack of interest in him. Tenson analyzed it brutally: she didn't have to take the trouble to hold him, and didn't. And yet Macey was the sort of man of whom any woman might well have been proud.

Then came the stenographer. Macey had been detailed; Tenson thought he had wanted to put the case to clear her, at least. Phrases of Macey's narrative came back to Tenson—"she had been in my office three years—took no notice of her—a lady, and capable, like a machine."

One day, Mrs. Macey being absent as usual, little Jack had called his father up on the telephone. Hudson, the gardener, was going into town in the wagon for some plants; and he, Jack, wanted to know if he and sister could come and visit father, and would he perhaps take them to see the moving pictures or the menagerie. Jack had hardly waited to say "Thank you". Then, before they had reached the office, an unexpected development of the May Case—"You know how important it was"—(Macey seemed anxious to meet any criticism)—had extended office hours indefinitely. And there were the children. "And I just naturally asked Miss Mary" (Macey never named her otherwise) "to take them. Couldn't disapoint the youngsters. I remember asking her if she'd mind, and she said—first time I ever really noticed her—*'Mind? A Holiday?'* I didn't see her again that day, sent the kids home in the car, but—Gad, that night, I heard nothing but her. She'd told them stories; you know what youngsters are. The next morning I had to thank her." Tenson was sorry for Macey; he seemed to labour continually to offer an apology for himself.

It was then that Macey's stenographer had taken the opportunity to ask him to allow her to read law, to begin the course in his office. She could afford, she said, to accept less salary to do that, as she had saved enough to help. "Save from a stenographer's salary—" Macey had made a funny grimace over so grim a circumstance.

Macey had tried to bluff the idea out of her head. He didn't approve of women in law. "No one else does. What am I to do?" she had asked. Macey had remarked that reading law was not the only occupation for women. "You seemed happy yesterday afternoon," he pointed out, with the ever-present idea of marriage as *the* occupation for women.

He went even further and asked, "Would you choose between *that* and law?"

To which she had given him for the moment no reply but a look from brown eyes of amused contempt—"impersonal, y' understand; she wasn't thinking of me—" just contempt for a stupid world, in which she could not have what she wanted. Macey understood more clearly than she knew.

What she said was merely, "I like law."

Macey had given in. That was the beginning; but the end was yet to be.

The end—Tenson stirred uneasily in his chair. His cigar had quite gone out; and as his reverie ended, he considered that inevitable end.

For Helen Macey—distress, such distress as even she might feel. She would have money. That was the ugliest thing about Macey's altogether ugly story, his detached, impersonal, slow remark, "Let me tell you, Tenson, if you're going to marry, marry when you're poor. Then you'll know at least that whatever you've been accepted for—" and there Macey had broken off. Yes, Helen Macey would have money: generosity was one of Macey's failings, and, indeed, he seemed willing to purchase freedom, if it were possible, at the price of all he had.

That was not the trouble. The real difficulty was so poignant that Macey had avoided even mentioning it. Their first expedition with "Miss Mary" having proved so successful, the children had begged for others, which had been, at intervals, granted. "Miss Mary," at last sighting the rocks of the coast ahead, had withdrawn, startled, appalled at the inevitable conclusion. To no avail. The mischief—"mischief" in absence of a

more distinctive term—had been done, and she, with a will the best in the world, was powerless to alter feelings, thoughts, words, relations once made actual.

But could he be freed? There were no grounds for a Canadian divorce—Tenson realized that Macey was quite prepared to begin his life all over again, if it were necessary.

Why? Was it necessary? Would the divorce be necessary? Tenson had only to frame the question to know its answer. In the first place, there was Macey, who, Tenson realized, would not allow "Miss Mary" to sacrifice herself for him or, rather, for the woman who was called his wife. Yes, that would be Macey's stand, at least at first. Then there was also the girl herself, whom Tenson figured faintly as "playing the game like a man and a gentleman." Evidently. Looking at it one way, Macey, poor devil, was caught in the power of two women. And that was marriage.

The thought of it sickened Tenson.

He got up, found that it was quite eight o'clock, and that he had not dined. The effort being made, was unsuccessful, and at nine he found himself almost unconsciously turning the Avenue corner to Edith Wolffingham.

He chose to remain in the verandah sitting-room, and the maid went to announce him to his fiancée.

Edith, even to his for the moment uncritical observation, was palpably not herself. Immaculate from white tip of buckskin shoe to the last point of lace at the throat of her white gown, she presented to him an aspect of listlessness as indifferent as her hand-clasp. She did, indeed, cast one considering glance at the brilliant overhead lamps, which revealed too clearly traces of tears and suffering that no amount of cold cream and powder could cover. Not, however, apparently caring enough to have their brilliance reduced, she sat down and gave to her lover an attention that, including him, obviously also went backward and yet beyond him. Later she gravely considered his ring, which she moved once or twice on her finger almost nervously.

It did not seem to Tenson possible that he had ever touched that brown hair or kissed the cold face it framed. Nothing had happened to account for her apparent illness, or he would have been telephoned. Her brother, he inferred, was not at home.

Presently, he asked frankly, "Is anything the matter, Edith?"

"About what?"

"Anything. You seem troubled."

"Troubled?" Her listlessness was gone. She spoke shortly and nervously. "Is there anything but trouble? Should a woman trust any man? Mrs. Macey was here this afternoon. Her husband—" she stopped.

Tenson caught briefly at one point of the affair:

"I didn't know you knew Mrs. Macey well."

She said, "We were at school together."

"Your activities have not had much in common since, I should think." Tenson cursed himself for his coldness, his curtness.

Edith lifted a proud and indignant face.

"How dare you—"

"I'm sorry. I meant merely the bridge-playing, the general futility of her existence."

"What is wrong with bridge?"

"Wrong with it?" cried Tenson. "Nothing with it, but with women who turn an amusement into pastime. You don't do it; you know it's not right. What," he asked, "could you do for Mrs. Macey? Her fault—"

"*Her* fault." Edith echoed intensely. "Her fault! Oh, why," she cried, "do women ever marry, to expose themselves to—I cannot say it. But I can't get married; I can't."

Tenson turned a startled face.

"You've only heard one side," he protested.

"It is true, isn't it," she demanded: "his stenographer—"

His silence assented.

"Such shame," she said firmly.

"Such shame," repeated Tenson; "but you don't see the situation broadly. Mrs. Macey has only herself to blame."

"For her husband's unfaithfulness?" Edith, at last speaking frankly, was bitter. She was standing, now, and the ring was slipped from her finger. "Oh," she said passionately. "I cannot hear any more. I have heard all I want to hear. Marriage never succeeds. It can't. I cannot be married."

She left the ring on the table, turned abruptly, and went into the house.

Tenson stared after her disappearing figure as a man awakened from a dream. His inarticulate thought was, "Confound Mrs. Macey. Is she to make trouble everywhere?" Edith was upset, after such a scene as he could imagine. He thought she might return, and sat down. As he considered what she had said, he realized the impression Helen Macey's story must have made, and he grew uneasy. Glancing at the ring lying on the table, a mechanical thought for the safety of the diamonds made him pick it up and put it in a pocket. Presently the lights on the verandah were snapped off from the switch inside, and the maid locked the front door.

It couldn't be late, he thought—not ten. Bob apparently was not expected early. Well, he would sit there a few moments and then go. He felt tired; and then a feeling of loneliness and dread swept down upon him, a feeling so utterly novel that it brought him to a pause.

What had Mrs. Macey said to Edith? First, why had she come to Edith? Easy. Because Edith could be trusted. In his sudden shut-outedness on the verandah, Edith's to-be-taken-for-granted virtues leaped into brilliance. You could trust Edith. Again, why? Because Edith would share her unhappiness and sympathize as none of her own worldly, shallow set would. Confound the woman, worrying Edith with her troubles.

Her troubles? Did it trouble her, then? He could not guess at all what might follow from the Maceys' differences of character and temperament. But it would be enough. Confound Macey for a thick-headed donkey. What a woman like Helen Macey needed was a master, not a good-humoured, jovial chap like Jack Macey. She ought to have been *made* to live properly.

Tenson straightened with determination. Macey had made a mess of his own marriage. That was enough without spoiling another. One thing was sure: whatever might be the outcome of the Maceys' troubles (there were two possibilities as he saw them) tomorrow morning he would telephone Edith, and then call. He could at least undertake to keep things well between himself and Edith.

He was on the point of rising to go, when he heard a patter of slippered feet on the side verandah, a figure passed him in the shadow, and flung herself on the swinging seat across the verandah It was Edith, sobbing.

Tenson moved.

"Edith," he said gently.

A sob was strangled by a frightened gasp.

"It's only I," he said, going across to her.

"I—I thought you were gone—gone forever—oh, Jack," she began to cry again, sitting beside him in the seat. He said nothing but stroked her hair until the sobs ceased.

Then he said quietly. "But I still don't see how it could have upset you so."

"Jack—that was it. Don't you see, she kept saying that always—Jack—Jack—Jack. Whatever he had done, she called him Jack."

"It's his name," Tenson argued.

"Yes. But I thought of you. It seemed as if she had meant you. Jack is your name. Oh, it seemed as if it had all happened to me. I couldn't bear it."

Tenson spoke more lightly than he felt:

"That's hoodoo, sweetheart, forbidden by the law."

"I was silly."

Kisses pardoned her. But something was missing. She sat up suddenly.

"My ring? Where is my ring?" Her shame at having given his ring back so easily, muffled her voice.

Tenson held the ring and her hand. But as as he slipped the ring on her finger, her other hand stopped it halfway on.

"Jack," she said earnestly, "do you *want* to put it on?"

The simple question held a world of pathos, of seriousness, of suffering. Tenson considered it, not because he did not know the answer, but in order that he might realize—that he might have the deep, exquisite joy of realizing what it meant to her.

"God knows I do, darling." His voice was not quite steady, the words faltered.

With measureless content, she laid her head against his shoulder. But Tenson caught the tired sigh, and after a moment, lifting her, stood her on her feet.

"You're tired, sweetheart," he said, "go to bed."

The enormous pride she took in him came back to Edith.

"Jack," she leaned to him, just breathing his name, and as he kissed her, there came between them agreement and unison so absolute that Tenson knew that nothing in their engagement itself had brought them as closely together as that moment of reconciliation.

MY MISTRESS

By CARROLL AIKINS

I HAVE lived with you in and out of season,
In sweat of cities where the strongest swoon,
Not in the mild and amourous unreason
Of idle midnights and the August moon;
But in the long, hard sunlight have I loved you,
Partly in pain and more than half in hate,
And often as I courted, have I spurned you,
Denied your name, and taken you to mate.
And in the visioned night, unnerved, unsleeping,
Caught in some balance of immobile time,
Have breathed the music of some wordless rhyme.
Such is My Mistress—would that I might choose
One less unfaithful than the rhymster's muse!

Mr. Merton's Little Bit

By Leslie L. Floyd

MRS. "BILL" MERTON was very slim, very trim, and very pretty. But when she said jump, everybody jumped—except Bill. When she considered it necessary for him to take any exercise of that sort, she would point out the obstacle, but speak scornfully of jumping as undignified and impossible. Within twenty-four hours he would disregard the protests of his anxious spouse, and, clearing the obstacle, return to an admiring family in the triumph of a discoverer. All of which is as it should be—when the woman is Mrs. Bill. For she was worthy her influence.

Consequently, when Bill returned from a trip to the country with the announcement that he intended to exchange a five-thousand-dollar berth with the Government Survey for a commission in a regiment he had raised up north, Mrs. Bill was overwhelmed with admiration. So great was her pride and pleasure that she retired to her room to give it free vent, and there soaked three handkerchiefs and used a flask of Cologne in removing the traces of her jollification. From this orgy she emerged smiling and eager, and would have become an army nurse in five minutes "if it weren't for the children".

One evening, a few days later, she was sitting in the dining-room preparing for dinner. She had been out, and affairs were in some confusion; but she marshalled her forces with the skill of Grand Duke Nicholas conducting a strategic retreat. Now, if there is anything more difficult than conducting a strategic retreat, it is the making of a competent waitress out of a raw Swedish girl. So that when I tell you that Mrs. Bill accomplished it without nagging, you may have some idea of her quality.

The maid had gone to the kitchen and she was bustling about the room, humming to herself, when she became aware of someone behind her. Turning with a start, she saw her husband standing, very quietly, in the doorway.

"Why, Bill," she said, "how quietly you came in! What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," he said, crossing the room to kiss her. Then he slumped into a chair unconcernedly. But this wouldn't do for Mrs. Bill.

"Bill Merton," she cried, taking a broad shoulder in each hand and shaking herself in an effort to shake him, "you tell me, at once, have you seen your father?"

"Yes. He won't consent."

"Won't consent to your going? What business is it of his? I'm sure if I—"

"No, no, won't give up the money."

"But it's your money. Your mother left it you."

"Yes. Mother left me her little pri-

vate fortune, to come to me when I should be twenty-five. That's all right. But I have never bothered, particularly, and father has put off handing it over, on one pretext or another. Mother's—mother's trouble complicates matters."

Mrs. Merton, senior, shortly before her death, had gone mad, after twenty years of her husband's society. In that, as Mrs. Bill was wont to remark, she showed her good sense.

"But what did he *say?*"

"What didn't he say? Made me almost ashamed of asking. You know him."

From Mrs. Bill's face it was evident that she did know him.

"I simply can't take it into court. There would be doctors to give evidence about poor mother; and he would be quite capable of dragging it all out, and posing as the devoted, martyred husband. Oh, Clara, I can't."

"No," said his wife quietly, "you can't."

"I suppose," he went on doubtfully, "I couldn't—"

"No, indeed, you couldn't give up going. If you do I'll—I'll tie a dish cloth to your coat tails. Oh, Bill, dear," she went on, sitting on his knee, her soft cheek against his, "when you go the best part of me goes with you; but they need men like you, and all the boys are trusting you. I'd give my right hand to go with you."

"A lot of good you'd be at the front, without your right hand'"

"I would, too. I'd—I'd bite the Kaiser, even if it did poison me."

"But you'll have only a captain's half pay," said Bill, coming to earth after this blissful vision. "You can't live on that, you know."

"Thousands of women do!"

"We must give up this house, if anyone will take it."

"What dooes that matter?"

"Dick and Molly must come home from St. George's and Boscome Hall."

This was more serious, but Mrs. Bill received it then without a blink.

"Always did think they were teaching Dick cricket as the supreme end of man," she declared stoutly. "We can economize as well as anyone else."

Her husband looked at her soberly.

"It's not quite as simple as all that," he said. "I gave a machine gun, and there were expenses in raising the regiment, and so forth. I have literally not one cent in the world beyond next month's pay, and —and"—with a desperate plunge— "there's little Ralph, you know."

Mrs. Bill gasped, and her husband put a steadying arm about her. Ralph! How could she have forgotten him, about whom her life had seemed to centre since his birth. Poor little Ralph, with that slow, dreadful malady that sapped all his strength.

"I can do nothing for him now," the doctor had said. "The time has not arrived. Let him run wild this summer, and bring him to me in the fall. We may be able to operate then. It will have to be Clark, of New York, I think."

Before her mind's eye came the picture of the journey to New York, the expensive hospital, the high-priced specialist, and against that—a captain's half pay! For a moment she clung to her husband, and then rose firmly to her feet.

"Well?" he asked, looking up.

"Well, we're going through with it, Bill—"

But at that moment there came a noise as of a baby earthquake in the hall, and all private conversation came to an end, as Dick and Molly, just home from the holidays and in a high state of effervescence, burst into the room. After them came five-year-old Ralph, filling his usual rôle of admiring audience.

"Bill," said his wife, a little later, "I'm always so glad that you had a mother, even if she is dead, poor dear."

"Ugh!" said Bill, looking up from his soup.

"If you'd had only your father, I should never have married you!"

"No," said her husband quietly, "I don't suppose you would."

Little more was said, but when they bade each other good-bye next morning, Mrs. Bill's face wore that expression which Bill was accustomed to declare made it necessary for him to "go out and hide behind the woodpile."

*

Mr. Archibald J. Merton, Ex-M.P. P., had been in Parliament, and had lost no money by that. His real business in life, however, was "land." That is to say, Mr. Merton sold a great deal of experience to certain trusting individuals in return for fifty dollars down and ten dollars a month for the rest of their lives, with the reversion to their heirs. Besides experience, the unfortunates received doubtful titles in certain "townsites" far from the madding crowd out upon the western prairie.

Mr. Merton was wont to enlarge upon the benefit thus conferred upon society, and had once, after a public dinner, referred to himself as "one of those pioneers who have done most to open up the country."

As a side line he sometimes promoted companies, which having rendered up all the money there was in them, came to a watery end, leaving the proverbial crowd of widows and orphans as chief mourners.

In appearance Mr. Merton was pompous, and his manners gave the impression that he had studied under the best masters. On first acquaintance the word "statesman" seemed to float about him like an aura, changing subtly to "politician" upon further experience, and ending uncompromisingly in "fake" as the shorn lamb slunk away before the tempered wind of Mr. Merton's urbanity.

However, when Mrs. Bill came to his office the day after the conversation with her husband, she didn't slink —much. It was not her usual mode of progression. At her entry Mr. Merton turned with a start of surprise that was almost genuine; and, rising, welcomed her with what he had once heard called "his delightful old-world courtesy." Mrs. Bill was tolerably familiar with this exhibition; but she responded amiably, and, for a time, conversation flowed smoothly enough. They agreed, I believe, that this was a terrible war, that this great Canada of ours was in it to the end, that it behooved all good citizens to do their utmost.

"We must," said Mr. Merton, clasping hands over his paunch, "we must agonize to attain!" He leaned back in his padded chair and rolled the words about his tongue, "Agonize to attain!"

Mrs. Bill looked him over carefully and agreed that a little agony might do a world of good.

"William," he went on, "is doing his part as Colonel of—"

"Bill is not to be a colonel. They wanted him to be, but, being inexperienced, he has taken a lieutenant's commission. I believe that he is to have his captaincy soon."

"Indeed!" The tone was rather sour. He had counted on "my son, Colonel Merton, of Merton's Horse," as a valuable asset.

"But, as I was saying, William has done his part, I am endeavouring to do mine."

Mr. Merton's part was the providing of the Government with horses, at two hundred dollars apiece. Considered as curiosities,

"But that is not what I came to see you about," Mrs. Bill went on.

"Indeed?"

"No. I want to find out your real attitude with regard to Bill's legacy."

Mr. Merton assumed a smile, amused, tolerant, superior, as if a pretty child had asked to have an intricate piece of machinery explained. He had frequently found the expression useful in business dealings with women.

"I am afraid that you would

scarcely understand the issues involved."

"Try me."

"There are many considerations—"

"Tell me some of them!"

"He could not very well comply, for the excellent reason that he was not provided with any to tell. So he repeated:

"There are wide issues involved."

"Yes, Patriotism, and Life, and Death, among others!"

"The condition of my poor wife's mind—"

"But she made the will before her trouble."

"That is a question which I alone can answer. Ah! No one knows what I went through!"

If no one knew, it certainly was not for want of telling. But Mr. Merton's expression was perfect. One could almost hear the stage manager, "Register grief!"

"But," Mrs. Bill went on, "if you don't recognize the justice of it, couldn't you be generous?"

"I should be glad to be so, but there have been losses, of late—great losses."

This was so far true, that while the noble race of geese was by no means extinct, there being no close season, geese with golden eggs were becoming rather scarce and shy.

"Then you will do nothing?"

"I cannot see my way—"

"Have you thought what it means?"

Mr. Merton gave a fine imitation of a magnificent brain pondering.

"I have."

"Have you thought of—of little Ralph?"

For a time he had nothing to say to this. Underneath the alternate layers of leather and fat, with which his patriotic labours had covered it, there lay hid, perhaps, some vestige of a heart. Certainly there was a kind of pride, and Dick and Ralph were the only men children to carry on his name.

"Ralph is very dear to me," he said at last. "Possibly—it might be just possible, that should any need arise, I could assist you."

The warm-hearted little woman had flushed at the first words, but there was distinct patronage about the word "assist," and a gleam almost of triumph in the gray eyes, set rather too close together in Mr. Merton's face.

"No," she said decisively, "if you must rob the father, you shan't feed your self-righteousness on charity to his son!"

For a while they eyed each other levelly, then Mrs. Bill apparently changed the subject.

"I saw Bob Sanders to-day. We went to school together, you know."

"Indeed!"

The tone was distinctly cold. Sanders, of *The Square Deal*, made a profession of collecting land sharks, promoters, and goose hunters in general, and preserving them, as it were, in vinegar, for the edification of society. His relations with Mr. Merton had never been personal, chiefly because that gentleman was, in technical terms, "a pretty slick coon".

"Yes," continued Mrs. Bill, brightly, "we talked about his work. I was so interested!"

"I cannot approve—"

"Oh, you misunderstand him, I'm sure. Perhaps you would like to look these over," and she pushed over to him a bundle of papers.

Mr. Merton them with the tips of his fingers. A moment later he sat up suddenly as if someone had stuck a pin in him. The topmost paper bore the heading, "The Goose Hunter". It was a complete exposé of Mertonian land methods, built around the story of the goose with golden eggs—a magnificent performance. Mr. Merton missed none of its fine points. Not a peg was there on which to hang a libel charge; but all the illegal shifts, all the legal iniquity, all the cunning folly of a

scoundrel was, by the aid of Mrs. Bill's inside knowledge, laid bare, and unmistakably fathered upon Archibald J. Merton, Ex-M.P.P.

With shaking fingers he turned over the papers.

A Canadian Funeral, New Style, dealt with his defunct companies. The Step-father of His Country had a great deal to say about his parliamentary career. All were in rough notes; but effective—very.

"Surely," he gasped, "William would never allow—"

"When these appear in *The Square Deal* Bill will be on his way to England."

"Have you no thought for the honour of our name?"

"The honour of *your* name!" She leaned forward and tapped the table at each word. "Did you think of Bill's honour? What would it mean to him, if he must shirk a danger that he had induced others to face? What if Ralph had died while he was away?"

Merton's long training could not help him to keep back all emotion, which was for once, genuine. He almost groaned aloud. In imagination he could hear a shout of laughter from all over Canada. In every city, every town, there were men who would know that he was aimed at; men who would take pleasure in passing their knowledge on. His enemies would be emboldened. He saw himself slinking away to avoid arrest, or dropping into the obscurity of some contemptuous mercy.

Mrs. Bill, her bolt shot, had risen to go. In his own humiliation he could not resist one cowardly stab at her.

"You seem very anxious to get rid of your husband," he said with a ratlike viciousness.

She turned and looked at him pityingly. When she spoke it was with a little break in her voice.

"You don't understand," she said. "If you understood, you would be a better man!"

A few days later, *The Evening Shout*, a paper with an infinite capacity for enthusiasm, of which Merton was part owner, burst into song somewhat as follows:

PATRIOTISM. PATRIOTISM.

Well-known Citizen Does His Little Bit.

Archibald J. Merton, Ex-M.P.P. for Droolburg, Gives Half Fortune to Wife and Babes That Son May Fight the Foe.

Mrs. Bill winced at the method, but accepted the surrender.

*

When the regiment left the city, Mrs. Bill did not go to the station. She and Bill bade each other goodbye at home, and what they said to one another is neither your business nor mine.

Merton, Senior, was at the station, and he played the Spartan father to the very life.

HER HERITAGE & IDEALS

By Susan Keating Glaspell

OF course—git up there, Adam!—there's nothing good you can say about him. Nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of every thousand there's something good you can find out about a man to put in his funeral sermon, but you'd have pretty hard work hearin' anything good about Charlie Stacey round this country. Looks like we might have snow 'fore night."

"It's pretty hard to believe," said the young minister, a trifle sharply, "that there's any human being about whom *something* good cannot be said."

"I admitted it wasn't the usual thing," commented the old farmer dryly. "Git up there, Adam!"

"You see," he resumed, when they were about half way up the long hill, "you've only been here six months, and I've been here since the day Charlie Stacey was born—yes, and long before that. Our place and the Stacey place joins, and all I can say is that if there was anything good about Charlie Stacey that thing somewhow missed my observation. Gettin' pretty windy, ain't it?"

"If there is nothing good to be said about the dead," said the minister, striving not to speak hotly, "we can at least show them the courtesy of saying nothing at all. There is something—oh, it doesn't seem just square to speak against any man—no matter how big a villain—after he has lost the power to defend himself."

"That sounds well and good," agreed David Lowery. "I'm not saying these things generally. Generally speaking, I'm saying nothing at all. But I was just trying to make you understand that in preaching the funeral sermon of Charlie Stacey you've got no easy job on your hands."

Stuart Linwood knew that was true enough. When word had come to him the day before that Charlie Stacey had been killed in a drunken brawl, and that it was requested he conduct the funeral services out at the Stacey place the following day, he knew at once that he was to get his first real taste of the hardships of his profession. Charlie Stacey was the village tough. He was leader of the crowd which occupied the chairs in front of the saloon and commented on the passers-by. The young minister, who knew a thing or two of the world, and of human nature, had been quick to see that Stacey was not what might be called a good, square tough. He had a sullen, tricky kind of face, which made one feel that even his best friends might become his prey. He was a young fellow, younger than the minister himself, but for so long a time the phrase "as bad as Charlie

Stacey" had been current around there that the length of his record seemed to add to the number of his years. The minister had stopped him on the street one day and asked him, jovially as he could, if he wouldn't drop in some time and see what they were doing up at the church, and Charlie Stacey had replied with a swagger and a leer that it would be a cold day when they got him at any such show as that.

"He was mean from the time he was able to walk," went on David Lowery. "It's not a case of a high-spirited young fellow bein' led astray. He was just born bad, and it's hard to figure that out, too, when you consider that his father and his grandfather before him were deacons in the church, and that his mother is as good a woman as ever lived, and come of good stock at that. The two oldest boys has got farms of their own now, Josie—that's the girl, married Joe Free, one of our best young farmers 'round here, and Will—he's two years younger than Charlie—is a good, steady young fellow who stays home and looks after the farm. Seems like Charlie got all the meanness of the family. Git up there, Adam!"

"How much farther have we to go?" asked the minister.

"Only two miles more—git up, Adam! They call the Stacey place seven miles from town, and this school house here is the five-mile point."

They jogged along for some time in silence. The minister was anxious that the long drive come to an end. It was not that he minded the raw wind, but something in the companionship of David Lowery irritated him. And yet he knew the old farmer was spoken of as one of the best men of the community.

The Iowa farms, stripped of their substance, had a forbidding look that November afternoon. The leaves had fallen from the trees, and there was a bareness in everything. There was something in the bleak stretches more chilling even than the strong east wind. Stuart Linwood wished with all his heart that the afternoon was well over, and that he was back in his little study at home.

They turned a corner, and a long, straight road stretched out before them. "That's the Stacey barn," said the farmer, pointing with his whip, "and the house is just beyond."

The young minister was growing very nervous. He felt he would rather face a large city congregation than get up before that handful of country people and say something about Charlie Stacey.

"How does his mother feel about it?" he asked, suddenly.

"She ain't got nothing to say."

He turned to his companion inquiringly. "Just what do you mean by that? Do you mean she doesn't care?—or that she is crushed?"

"Well, for a long time Mary Stacey tried to cover up Charlie's meanness. She was always making excuses to the neighbours for the low tricks he played on them. She'd say that his pa didn't understand him—she'd say anything she could think of. Some of the excuses she made was pretty senseless. But when he got to carryin' on so in town, and it was known all over the country that he was a general disgrace to his family and the community, why then she couldn't think of anything more to say, and so she just kept still. Of late years she never mentioned him to the neighbours, and when they spoke of him to her she'd give them to understand it would be more agreeable to talk about something else. So far as I know, she hasn't said one word about his bein' killed in a saloon. She just goes round making preparations, and saying nothing at all. Now, Josie and the boys is more outspoken. They don't hesitate to say they're outraged and disgraced, and they don't know what they've done that this blow should come on them. Everybody round here feels great sympathy for Josie and the boys. But Mary Stacey—I've known her all my life—don't seem to

want no sympathy. I must say she's actin' queer."

The minister started to say something, and then closed his mouth tightly. "I never noticed until last night," went on the farmer, "how fast she has aged. She's not a day over sixty, but last night, after they'd brought Charlie home and she was puttin' the finishing touches to him—she tied his necktie over again, and combed his hair—why, it just struck me all in a heap that she was an old woman. I started to say something to her about the cross she had to bear, but she broke right in and asked me if I'd mind fetchin' you out to-day. Well, here we are, and I don't suppose you're sorry. It's turned raw in the last hour. Hope it won't snow 'till the funeral's over."

Within was the sombre excitement, the kind of hushed bustle characteristic of such an occasion. It was within an hour of the time set for the funeral, and many of the neighbours had come early to "help". They stood stiffly around in the dining-room and sitting-room, whispering to one another. To the young minister there was about them all a look of having come because they felt it their duty to do so. Their mien seemed to be saying—what he was sure they were saying to one another in words—that they wished to show the proper spirit and give a decent burial to even Charlie Stacey. Josie and the boys were meeting newcomers at the door, and he was somewhat surprised to find himself resenting their looks of grieved resignation.

He had been there only a few minutes when Mrs. Stacey came in from the kitchen and spoke to him. The woman's face was hard to fathom. She spoke very quietly, almost coldly, and yet, despite the homely dignity of her voice and bearing, there was a hunted look in her eyes, and about her mouth a kind of wistfulness—a something which caused a tightening in the young minister's throat. He found, after a minute, that she was looking at him strangely. He could not forget the look, and after she had turned away, it came to him that it was a look of appeal.

Josie and one of the boys ate dinner with him. They spoke freely of their brother, of how great a trial he had been, and of how they did not know why this blow had come to them. Something about them irritated him, and when Josie advanced the idea that perhaps it was the hand of God took Charlie before worse calamities could come, the Reverend Stuart Linwood was moved by an altogether unclerical desire to throw a plate at her. He knew they were disappointed in his not saying comforting things about the bearing of their cross. The giving of professional sympathy, just because it was expected, was one of his hardest duties, and he always found it difficult to talk with people about their crosses when he felt they were taking a pious satisfaction in the bearing of them.

He was sitting in the big rocking-chair in the sitting-room when Mrs. Stacey came up and spoke to him. In spite of the bent shoulders, the wan face, and the tightly pulled-back iron-gray hair, there was something gave a strange dignity, a kind of queenliness to the spare, unlovely figure. "It will soon be time to begin," she said. "If you will come in the front room with me now you can see him."

He barely repressed a start of surprise. He knew that what she suggested was the custom at funerals around there, but he had not thought of it in connection with this one. As she walked ahead of him and opened the parlour door, his eyes grew a little dim. He was quick to see the pathos in her demanding for Charlie those formalities of respect she had many times seen enacted for others.

Her dignity did not fail her. As she pulled back the cloth and exposed the face which in death bore plainly the stamp of the life the boy had led, she gave no sign, by word, look, or move that there was any incongruity,

any need of explanation, in what she did. It was the hardest moment Stuart Linwood had ever known. He knew it was deemed fitting at such times to say something of the dead, but he looked down into the dissipated, heavy face before him with an utter helplessness. Something told him she would not care for platitudes or professional condolence, and he knew of nothing else to offer.

He was sure she felt his embarrassment, for after a minute she said, a little haughtily: "You notice what beautiful hair he has, Brother Linwood?"

"Yes, indeed," said the minister, eagerly, "It's beautiful hair."

"He had the prettiest hair of any of my babies. It was beautiful before he was a month old."

"I'm sure he must have been a very pretty baby," said the minister.

"He was," she answered, quietly.

There was another hard pause. "He was very fond of apple pie," she resumed, her voice quivering, but charged with a hauteur not free from defiance. "I've never known any one who was as fond of it as he was. And he thought no one could make apple pie right except me. The last time he was out home I made one for him —I always did when he came, and as he got up from the table he said: 'I tell you, Mother, if there was a medal for apple pie, you'd get it sure.' "

The minister could not speak. His throat had tightened up. His hair, and his fondness for her apple pie! But she had fulfilled with dignity the custom of the hour. Something good had been said of Charlie.

When they began upon the opening hymn he was moved by an almost irrepressible desire to turn and run away. He wondered if they knew how plainly they were telling, in the way their hands were folded, the way their mouths were drawn, that they were there, not as mourners, but as men and women doing what they believed their duty. There was but one mourner at that funeral. She sat there between Josie and the boys—her head erect, her face very pale. It was the lines about her eyes which gave some faint idea of the struggle she was making.

At last he rose to speak. He read a few verses of the Scripture, and then he said a few things about how it was one of the laws of the universe that death should come in the midst of life, and of how hard it was to fathom the ways of God. He intended saying very little, and making that little very general. It was when he was about to make his closing remarks that his gaze fell full upon the face of the mother.

She was looking at Charlie's coffin. Something about her—he could not have told what it was—made the minister draw in his breath sharply and lean heavily against the table. He did not know just what it was the fond mother had expected of him, but he was sure that in some hidden corner of her heart she had—perhaps unknown to herself—nurtured the hope that at the very last there would come something to bring a semblance of the human, bring a little of feeling and of sentiment, to this burial of her Charlie.

And in her folded hands and despairing face he read the tragedy, the heart-break of it, all anew. He saw, as he had not seen before, how all the years which awaited her would be lightened—glorified—by one good word said of Charlie. She would stand that one good word over against the black years of the boy's life, and by the mystic logic of a mother's heart would some way make that little crumb of goodness outweigh the sodden mass of bad. About one good word she would weave an ideal and build up a memory. Little [illegible] the hateful things would slip [illegible] and there would remain only that one thing—enlarged, illumined, all-pervading. With a deep, warm rush of feeling it came to the young minister that, night after night, this mother had lain awake thinking of and pray-

ing for Charlie. He remembered what David Lowery had said of the persistence with which she made excuses to the neighbours. And then, when driven to bay, when it had grown beyond all hope of talking it away, how glorious had been the pride—the courage—of her silence!

The resolution to do it swept over him all in an instant. It came overwhelmingly, with a force not to be turned aside, with a clearness of insight not to be questioned. He had ever been a passionate lover of truth, but, standing there now in the presence of that lonely, hungering, defeated soul, filled with a consciousness of the fight she had made, and with an appreciation of the barrenness that was before her, it came to the young minister, came as a voice from God himself, that a lie which was poured as balm upon a breaking heart could not greatly offend even the spirit of truth.

It was strange how it all formulated itself for him. He did not think out the thing he would say. It simply rushed in upon him, and he could no more have desisted now from uttering it than he could have stopped the fast falling of the snow in the world without.

"My friends," he began, folding his hands behind him and taking a step forward, "I have decided at the last minute that I will say something which I had intended to hold back."

The mother shot a frightened glance from the speaker to the coffin of Charlie, as though she would guard against any ill word the one who was sleeping there. She was quivering as an animal quivers when, after a long chase, it sees its pursuers closing in about it. The rest of them were leaning a little expectantly forward. He was going to speak now —they thought—of the life of Charlie Stacey. He felt it his duty—probably—to draw a lesson from the awful example.

"I have not lived in this community a long time," he went on, "but I think perhaps I knew Charlie Stacey better than you who have been his neighbours for many years."

He said it slowly, and a curious look overspread the faces of the listeners. The mother turned her gaze from her son's coffin to the minister's face. Doubt and fear and hope were in her look. Her lips were parted. Her breath was coming heavily.

"I had not intended to say it publicly. I thought I would tell it to his mother after this was all over. But I was decided now, in spite of my promise, that I owe it to him to tell you all."

He paused, and no sound broke in upon the stillness save the moaning of the wind about the unprotected farmhouse. The eyes of the young minister swept the little crowd before him, and then turned and rested upon the face of Mary Stacey. Two red spots had burned into her withered cheeks—her head was held high—her hands were clasped tight in her lap. He could feel the awfulness of her tension—that is why he said it so abruptly:

"Charlie Stacey had it in his heart to do better. His better nature was beginning to assert itself. He wanted to lead a different life. I *know* it, because he told me so himself."

Each sentence fell clear-cut and decisive—fell with the force of a blow. Every eye was riveted upon the minister's face, and from the woman who had all her life stood between Charlie Stacey and the world, there came one quick, throbbing cry.

"He came to my study one night just before he died, told me how he hated himself for the evil he had done against his will, and that he wanted me to help him to get away from here where every one thought of him as bad, and I agreed that would be best."

Mary Stacey had pulled her chair a little closer. The light of a wonderful joy illumined her face. Her clasped hands were stretching themselves out toward the minister. It was

as if body and soul were drinking in the long-fought-for and long-denied breath of life. Half rising in her seat, she uttered a strange cry. It was exultant—triumphant, as though a something had burst around her heart and was letting out a flood of feeling. The neighbours were casting startled looks at one another. It was hard for them to credit it, but they were not given to questioning the word of a minister.

"I know that a fight such as he proposed to make does not admit of an easy victory, but I know that in the end Charlie Stacey would have won."

For a minute Stuart Linwood stood there, looking straight ahead. The tumultuous sobs of the mother, the first which had come from her, filled the room. He opened his lips as if to say something more, and then, instead, he turned and walked to the coffin, rested his two hands upon it, and prayed in low, appealing voice:

"O God, who knoweth the hearts as well as the deeds of men, deal in great kindness with the soul of Charlie Stacey. He was cut off before he could fulfil the better promptings of his heart, but we pray that you will reckon with him, Lord, according to what he had it in his heart to do, rather than in accordance with what he had already done. He suffered for his weaknesses, but he hated his sins. And that is why we pray that you will give him the chance in the hereafter to make the fight he was just beginning upon here. Comfort the sorrowing mother to-day with the thought that her boy, despite the slipping of his feet, had within him the promptings which make for manhood. Take this poor, storm-tossed soul unto thyself, Lord, and deal with it in the love and the mercy and the understanding which ever temper thy justice."

The words died away—the passionate sobs of the mother were stilled—and there was over them all a strange hush. It was out of that hush that there came to the minister,—suddenly, staggeringly—the consciousness that in a prayer to his God, a prayer uttered over the dead, he had voiced an absolute lie. Everything swam before him for the minute. And then something drew his eyes to the face of Mary Stacey, and the things he read there took from him forevermore all feeling of guilt. Upon the face which had been frozen with despair there rested now a kind of holy tranquillity. There was about her an uplift—an exultation. There was thankfulness, pride, and joy. The long fight was at an end, and over her features was stealing the softening veil of peace.

As he turned from her then to the rest of them his heart warmed to the thought that they were, after all, a kindly people. Their moist eyes and softened faces told that they would be quick to forget the wrongs Charlie Stacey had done them, would be eager to say the boy had never been understood.

And while the November wind piled the snow in fantastic heaps about the old farmhouse that night a woman sat in an upper room fingering a little basket of baby clothes. Charlie seemed to her as pure to-night as in the days when he had worn the little things she held so tenderly in her lap. She had already forgotten all she did not wish to remember. She had come into her heritage.

THE GREASED POLE

From the Painting by
Gaston Balande

One of the French Exhibits at the
Canadian National Exhibition

THE CASE ALTERED

By Murray Gilchrist

MRS. FEARNEHOUGH, the hostess of the "Bold Cloudeslesy", served Amos Slack with a pint of home-brewed in a blue and white mug. As the huckster drank, slowly and dreamily, the good woman eyed him with as much compassion as if in very truth he were the village idiot. Now and then she frowned and shook her gray head, and made a strange little noise that began in a high note and seemed to descend to the depths of her throat.

"Too conscientious he be for our times!" she said to herself. "As good hearted a little chap as ever this parish did see; but, as for gettin' on i' th' world—well—one might as well expect it fro' a block o' stone! Hand to mouth, hand to mouth, an' he'll be so till he's wropt up i' a wooden cloak! Now, if only Harriet were th' man, an' him Harriet!"

Amos finished his drink, took from his waistcoat pocket a greasy black pipe, and after several attempts, struck a match on the strained cloth over his right hip. He held it over the half-filled bowl till the flame scorched his horny forefinger; then he rose and moved slowly towards the door.

He was a fellow of small stature—but one inch over five feet; but his weight was considerable, since he was round in the body as a twelve-gallon barrel. His legs were thin, and his feet small as a woman's. There was something fine about his head and profile; the curate, who came from Oxford, declared that he reminded him of a portrait on some ancient coin. His nose and mouth were very cleanly cut; his forehead was smooth and rounded as a girl's. Many years of outdoor life had not marred a fair complexion; he could still blush as vividly as any hobbledehoy. The hair upon the upper lip and cheeks had never been marred with the razor; it pressed close to the skin in the tiniest and softest golden curls. His teeth were well-shaped and white, in spite of almost continuous smoking.

There was an old barometer—one of Vannini's manufacture—hanging beside the door; he tapped the stud gently with his thumb nail.

" 'Tis a queer thing is a weather-glass!" he said. "A very queer thing! Nay, Mary, you'd not believe me if I told you how oft I think about it!"

His voice was soft and pleasant enough; but before he spoke it was necessary for him to gasp slightly, in the manner of one with an "impediment". He turned innocent eyes upon Mrs. Fearnehough, and hummed until she replied. "Why, Amos," she said, with a little impatient laugh. "I've told you again an' again as yon glass is no use. You

may tap an' tap an' tap, but 'twill do no good. There's been no quicksilver in't for welly thirty year!"

"Ay, an' so 'tis. Lordy me, what a memory I've gotten! If 'tweren't for my book I couldn't keep e'en business i' mind!"

"Th' glass'ld be no use to me, anywise," said the hostess. "I go by a corn as I've had ever since I was a wench o' fifteen. Twenty-four hours afore rain sets in it prittles like to a thorn—"

"Dear! dear!" cried Amos. "Well, 'tis convenient, there's no doubt—"

"I wouldn't part wi't for a pound," she said proudly. " 'Tis more useful nor I can say, particular in July when haymakin's a-gate. Old Parson he used for to say as 'twas a gift o' Providence!"

"An' he was right," said Amos. "Always think well o' whatten's useful. Weigh, I must be off—Harriet'll be waitin' for supper."

"Is she well?" inquired Mrs. Fearneclough. " 'Tis a good while since she came down to Milton."

"Middlin', middlin'," said the huckster. "She's none one as ails much is my wife—never ought bu' what a brew o' buckbean tea'll set aright. Well, good-day to you, Mary."

"Good-e'en to you, Amos, for to be sure day's past, it bein' seven by the clock. Tell Harriet as if she wants a kittlin', my tortoise shell's gotten four—as pratty as pratty can be."

Amos left the inn and very slowly mounted into his cart, and sat down on the well-stuffed sack of straw that filled one corner. The rest of the body was piled with clean, scoured baskets, empty save for the neatly folded white cloths. He clicked to his rough pony, a chestnut of great age, and then drove through the quiet village at a snail's pace.

As he reached the lichgate a hoarse calling sounded in his ears, and he pulled up, to see a stout old woman hurrying forward.

"Ah, Amos, do you look quick, an' get home!" she cried. "Your poor missus——" The huckster turned very pale; whilst the woman paused to recover breath he strove to speak, but no sound would come. The muscles of his slender throat rose and writhed like living cords.

"Has—has had an accident. (Oh, deary me, this stitch i' my side! Oh, deary me!) Poor Harriet, she's slipped goin' into the pantry an' has broke her leg! I'm off for doctor, an' you'd best get on as sharp as e'er you can!"

He did not wait to hear any more, but took his whip, gave the pony a surprising flick, and was soon driving at a greater speed than he had ever known up the narrow lane that led to his little homestead in the hollow of the hillside. Two of the baskets with their napkins were jolted from the cart, but not for the loss of all his worldly possessions would he have paused to replace them.

When he reached the orderly farmyard, where the flagstones were white as though fresh from the quarry, sweat was pouring down his cheeks, and his eyes were veiled with a mist of tears. He descended from the cart so awkwardly that his left ankle was twisted, but scarce feeling the pain he stumbled indoors, calling "Harriet!" in a tremulous voice.

A woman with a goitre, sister to the one who had told him the melancholy news, met him in the houseplace. She was an old maid, who lived in the next farmhouse a few fields away—a busy creature who had little patience with men-folk.

"You've come back to a nice kettle o' fish!" she said severely. "I don't know whatten'ld ha' happed if 't hadn't been as Lizbeth found as we were short o' candles, an' came to borrow one an hour or so agone. Poor Harriet—poor wench—lyin' senseless at th' foot o' t' pantry steps—such a sight as you never did see!"

Amos, after staring wildly at the

spotless hearth, where his wife was wont to be waiting to fill the teapot at the moment of his return, lurched forward to the door of the parlour, and found her lying prone on the squab of an oaken settle. Her round face was ashen gray, and a deep frown crossed her forehead; nevertheless she tried to greet him with a smile.

"'Tis a pickle is this," she said faintly. "I'm sorry, Amos, lad, as I shan't be able to look to you for a while."

He fell on his knees beside her, and kissed her, and stroked back the wet disarranged hair from her temples. "My wench! my wench!" was all that he could say.

Harriet closed her eyes and bit her lips. She had "mothered" him for twenty years, and she was not going to add to his trouble by "givin' way".

"'Tis a bit hard to bear, Amos," she faltered; "but 'tis naught to what befalls some folk. Prythee, go an' ask Emma to mash you some tea —I'll be all right by mysen till doctor comes."

But Amos would not budge. The neighbour came into the parlour and stood watching, her arms akimbo. "Drat th' fellow!" she muttered to herself. "He might ha' been her bairn, 'stead o' her man, carryin' on yon soft gait!" She raised her voice. "I've taken it on mysen to get you a pot o' tea, Amos," she said. "You let Harriet be—you're only excitin' o' her!"

He rose very reluctantly, repressed a groan when his ankle twinged, then went to the houseplace and gulped down the hot tea, returning before five minutes had passed.

From the window Emma saw the doctor's gig returning into the lane.

"I shall hate bein' laid up," sighed the unfortunate Harriet. "'Tisn't as if we'd been able to save ought and could hire a servant. Th' place will get into a fine mess, that it will —an' me so particular——"

Amos bent and kissed her again. Such tenderness was not usual with him: to Harriet it brought the queerest pleasure.

"Amos, lad, I'm glad thou'rt wi' me," she said.

"Never you fret, wench, never you fret. While you're abed I'll do my work an' yourn too—e'en if I've to stop up all night."

The gig entered the yard. "Doctor's come, thank th' Lord!" murmured Harriet. "Oh, Amos, lad, never mind—things'll bide till I'm about again. . . . I can't fancy you blackleadin' an' scourin', none I—"

The doctor and his assistant entered, followed by the spinster Lizbeth, whom they had given a lift from the village. The two women insisted on the husband's absence during the operation, and he sat by the fire sucking his unlighted pipe, and listening fearfully for any sound. But he heard only footsteps and low voices. Harriet pressed her lips together and endured in silence. "Amos, lad," was not to be further grieved by any outcry of pain. The time seemed interminable; twice the clock struck before Emma came out to say that all was well.

"Doctor tells us as 'tis a clean break, an' she'll be all right again i' time," she said. "We've got a bed set up i' the parlour, an' I shouldn't be surprised if she fell asleep soon an' had a good night's rest. He's given her a draught, I reckon. Bu' here he comes, an' he'll tell you hissen."

The doctor, who had tended Milton folk for more than thirty years, entered and laid a hand on Amos's shoulder. "She'll be on her feet again in a month," he said. "Cheer up, my good man, don't let her see you with such a long face—bright looks are as good as any medicine I can offer. You'd better go and see her now, but be sure and not talk much. Emma Vickers is going to stay all night, so there's no need for you to worry. I'll tell you what,

Ambrose, you've a wife in a thousand—she never as much as moaned, poor soul."

Amos shook his hand as though he would never let it go from his grasp. "I know you used her as tender as you could, doctor," he said. "I don't know how to thank you——"

"Nonsense, it's all in the day's work. I'll come along to-morrow, some time in the afternoon. Good-night, Amos—bear in mind that it might have been very much worse, though it's bad enough."

So saying, he followed his assistant to the gig; and Amos went into the parlour, where Lizbeth was devising a clumsy lampshade out of an old cardboard box. Harriet lay quietly on the narrow bedstead; as she saw him approach a tired smile crossed her face.

" 'Tis a good job, as I've gotten it set," she said. "Eigh, bu' I do feel sleepy. Sit aside o' me an' hold my han'. I mak' no doubt as I'll be fast asleep i' less nor five minutes."

Amos obeyed, nursing her worn hand until her eyelids sank and her breath came evenly. He was somewhat perturbed because she did not snore according to her usual wont; but his neighbours assured him that all was well, and that, for this night at any rate, he had better have a good long rest.

They were exceedingly hard working women, and it was improbable that they could afford to spare much time in attendance to the invalid. The huckster expressed his gratitude, rose, and limped to his chamber, to lie down alone for the first time in all his married life. He could not sleep, however, and the next few hours were spent in melancholy thoughts. At four o'clock he dozed for a few minutes, then slipped from the bed, gasping as his injured foot touched the floor, and began to dress. As he pulled on his stocking he noticed that the ankle was already swollen and discoloured. After eyeing it with amazement for some minutes, he went down to the yard, and supporting himself on one leg, pumped ice water on the sprain. The pump handle squeaked; Emma came from the parlour, rubbing her drowsy eyes.

"I thought as you were callin'?" she said. "I'd a dream as summat were amiss, an' you called 'Emma!' as loud as loud could be!"

" 'Tis th' old pump handle as wants a good oilin'," he said. "I'm sorry as I disturbed you. I'd no notion as 'twould mak' such a noise. How's Harriet?"

"Still sleeping like a baby, "Why, Amos, whatever be you a-doin' o'?" She stooped, muttered in surprise, then pressed her fingers into the puffed-up skin. "My word on't, bu' you've gotten your foot i' a sad way! 'Tis a wrench, to be sure, an' as bad a one as I ever did see! Doctor ought to ha' been told, that he did!"

"I never thought o' botherin' him," replied Amos. "He'd gotten quite enow to do, an' that's truth. I reckon 'twill be all right soon."

"Well, I can't promise that. You'd best come inside an' let me rub it wi' some o' Harriet's white oils. I know where th' bottle's kept, for I seed her puttin' it away last time I borrowed it for my sister's lumbagy. There's nought like white oils for rubbin'."

He followed her into the house-place, where she made him sit in an armchair, chose another for herself, then took his foot in her lap and rubbed until the skin burned as though scalded. Then she bandaged it with a long strip of linen, and bade him lie on the settle and not stir till he felt free from pain.

"Eigh, bu' I can't," he said. "I've gotten to drive down to Grassbrook for a young gent as I promised to take to Hallowes Farm to-day."

"Never mind business to-day," said she. "There's a time for all things, an' this is for rest——"

"I must go," he said, "I've never broken my word to a customer i' my life."

" 'Twould be best to break it now,"

she said. "If you go on using that there foot, belike you'll limp for life!"

"Nay, nay, now, Emma, 'tisn't so bad as that. An' I must set off quick; for I know as you'll soon ha' to go home for th' milkin'."

"That is so. Lizbeth she can't stoop for th' work, her havin' Derbyshire neck. Bu' drat th' pig! You bide indoors, an' don't bother."

But Amos would not be gainsaid. He donned a pair of stout and clumsily patched leather slippers, limped out, and harnessed the pony; then, paying little heed to Emma's counsel about the unwisdom of leaving home with an empty stomach, drove to Grassbrook, fulfilled his promise, and returned just as the clock was striking six.

Harriet still slept, and Emma left immediately after his coming, declaring that she would appear again during the morning to do what little offices lay in her power. Amos, who knew that her housewifeship was not of a very high order, and knew also that Harriet would be content with nothing short of perfection, set to at once and began to clean the houseplace just as she herself was wont. The ashes on the hearth rose almost as high as the lowest bar of the grate; he went down on his knees and raked all over the "purgatory"—as the iron grill in the great flagstone was called, then threw the cinders on the fire back. Afterwards he found the black lead brushes and polished the stove; then very carefully whitened the hearth with potmould. The jarring of the fender awoke his wife; she called him to the parlour.

"Why, lad, whatever ha' you done to your nose?" she said. " 'Tis as black as a plum!"

He looked into the mantel glass. "Lord, so 'tis!" he exclaimed. "I've been black leadin', just as you do every morn!"

Harriet smiled and nodded, as though greatly pleased. " 'Tisn't man's work," she murmured, "an' yet I'm glad you're a-doin' it. I do believe 'twould break my heart if th' house were to get mucky while I lie abed. If we only could afford to hire somebody—but we can't, so there's no use talkin'! Poor Emma's a rough cleaner; she thinks nought of neatness. I'd liefer she didn't meddle wi' my work. But to be sure she's as kind a soul as ever breathed, and so's her sister."

Amos brought her a cup of tea and some toast; since she was not able to stir he soaked the latter and fed her with a teaspoon. He laughed a little, although the tears ran down her cheeks.

"I might be a baby just weaned!" she said. "Now, Amos, you must tak' things easy; you've gotten enow to do to earn our bread an' cheese wi'out doin' ought else. After all, you'd best let indoor things alone. When I'm up again, I'll gie th' place a good riddin' out, just same as 'twere spring cleanin' again."

But Amos, after she had taken the food, went to the houseplace again and washed the stone floor, very slowly and carefully, and dusted the brasses, and watered the geraniums in the window, so that none could have told that ought untimely had happened. Then he returned to the parlour, and whilst she watched him with half-closed eyes, set everything to rights.

"Seems to me as you're a bit lame," said Harriet, as he was straightening a crochet antimacassar on the big ear-screened armchair which had been her father's favourite resting-place. "I do trust as you're none hurt yoursen?"

" 'Tis nought at all, nought at all," he replied. "Leastwise nought bu' a little stiffness. Don't you bother about me, lass; I'm spry as a grig!"

Emma's heavy footstetp was heard in the other room. Amos went to meet her, and found her gazing around with admiration and astonishment.

"You've been cleanin' up!" she said. "To think o't! Why, 'tis done

as well as if Harriet were a-gate hersen!''

Amos smiled proudly. ''Ay,'' he replied. ''I've seen her do't so often, as 'tis no trouble—no trouble at all.'' He touched his lip. ''Emma,'' he whispered. ''now don't you go tellin' her as I twisted my ankle—'twould only grieve her, that's certain.''

She promised, then went to sit beside Harriet's bed. It was collecting day for Castlefields market; after the doctor had come and declared that his patient was doing as well as might be expected, Amos drove away again, leaving his wife in the care of her friend. It was mid-afternoon when he returned, to find Emma in the scullery, valorously turning a wooden ''peggy'' in a red stoneware washing tub.

''I remembered as 'tis Harriet's washing day,'' she said. ''She's asleep, bless her, so I thought I'd do th' job for her.''

But when his wife awoke and learned from him of the woman's kindness, she sighed in the most melancholy fashion.

''I do wish she hadn't,'' she muttered. ''I'm sure as she means well, an' I wouldn't for th' world hurt her feelin's; bu' th' things'll be worse nor if she'd let 'em alone! Th' colour o' her sheets when they're hangin' i' th' loft is as gray as gray can be—she rubs the dirt in, 'stead o' rubbin' it out! An' my linen's ever been my pride, that it has!''

When Emma retired to her home, poor Amos re-lighted the boiler fire and did the work over and over again, rubbing and scrubbing and rinsing until even Harriet might be content. And after the clothes were dried on the ''winter hedge'' before the fire, he heated irons, and, imitating his wife's manner, finished everything quite to his wife's satisfaction. It is true that the linen was scorched in places, but no real mischief was done.

''I've washed 'em over and over again,'' he said triumphantly, ''an' I'm sure as I used elbow grease enow. 'Tis true as Emma hadn't got 'em a good colour.

Harriet's face was radiant. ''I don't know how you come to ha' such ideas o' pleasin' me,'' she said. ''Ay, I'm sure they'll be done thorough. There never was ought you set yourself to do, but you did wi' all your might. I should ha' felt very bad usin' things as poor Emma thought clean, though she's one of th' kindest wenches i' th' Peak. We must take care as she doesn't find it out; I were never one for hurtin' folks' feelin's.''

''I've put 'em back i' the basket ''Bein' short-sighted she'll never know. . . . Why, what art crying for, Harriet—is the pain very bad?''

'' 'Tisn't th' pain at all, 'tis rather pleasure i' havin' such a man to look after me. I al'ays knowed you were good an' kind bu' I scarce thought you'd be able to do my work as well as your own!''

''Tell you whatten, Harriet,'' he said, ''I declare as I do't better. Seems to me, whilst I'm a-gate as I'm more fitted for such nor for buyin' an sellin. Tha's been my fault all my life as I can't beat folks down, nor hold my own i' the matter o' prices.''

''That's 'cause of your tender spirit, Amos,'' she said gently. ''I al'ays held, an' al'ays shall hold as you were cut out by nature for a gentleman. I've never heard o' you doin' a mean thing or takin' advantage o' anyone. Ay, you're a fine lad, Amos, an' I'm proud o' you. Bu'——t.''

Her lips closed tightly.

''Bu' whatten?'' he asked in some surprise.

''Bu'—why, Amos, if I must out wi't—bu' you were never cut out for hagglin'. I wish as my feyther had left us enow to live upon—we'd ha' been th' happiest couple!''

''Why, Harriet, we ha' been an' are!'' he cried. ''There's no more contented chap treads in shoe leather. That is but for your poor leg!''

His wife's fond eyes closed now, and she pretended to sleep, although

all the time her brain was teeming with a fine project.

Next day, when she discovered that Amos was lame, she spoke her mind.

"I could almost find i' my heart to be angry wi' you," she said. "You ought to ha' told me, lad. I know why you didn't—'twere just to keep me fro' grievin'. Well, thank th' Lord, there's no cause for frettin' about th' business—i' th' morn I'm a-goin' to climb into th' cart an' go collectin' eggs an' butter mysen!"

"You can't, surely," he stammered. "I must get someone fro' th' village."

"We'd ha' to pay em, an' belike get into debt," she replied. "Nay, lad, I'm as strong as ever I was, save for a bit o' stiffness, an' I'll be vastly careful o' mysen. 'Tis my turn to work now—I'll none hear a word again it. To think o' you keepin' house an' hucksterin' a-goin', wi' never a word o' complaint!"

"Bu' you can't go," he said. I'll none tak' any heed o' doctor."

"We'll see, lad, if I'm any good," she said. "Now, for goodness sake, hold out no more. You an' me's none a-goin' to start branglin' after all these years. Can you trust me, or can you none?"

"Trust you wi' my life an' soul, Harriet, bu' you're as weak as——"

"Fiddlestick! Now as I know I've gotten to help you, 'tis just as if my leg had never been broke. Sithee, Amos!" She threw the stick through the doorway to the yard, and then, whether the exertion pained her or not, walked straight as she had ever done in her life. "Say no more, lad; I'm set and stern on ha'in' my own way i' this."

Then she made him lie down on the settle, and filled his pipe for him, and bade him be cheerful of spirit. "Turn an' turn about," she remarked, "an' 'tis my turn now!"

Later that evening she asked for particulars of his round, and with considerable difficulty got possession of his little pocket-book. After they had retired to their own chamber for the first time since the accident, the out-wearied husband soon fell asleep, and did not waken till long after the sun had risen, when he found Emma standing at the bedside with a cup of tea. The slovenly old woman was chuckling as if at some very good joke.

"Harriet, she started more nor an hour ago," she explained. "I come up to see if I could help wi' ought—when I saw her bonneted and shawled, you could ha' knocked me down wi' a feather! 'If you'll tak' my man a cup o' tea at eight o'clock I'll be thankful,' says she. ' 'Tis for him to rest now!' Well, I don't doubt as she's doin' a wise thing; I've held as th' gray mare here were th' better horse!"

*

Mrs. Fearnehough is wont to speak of Harriet's broken leg as the finest piece of good fortune that ever befell any of her friends. "For go where you will—an' I dare lay my life on it—you'll never find a better business woman! Straight an' honest as th' day, bu' keen as a knife edge. 'Tisn't to be wondered at, as once she'd gotten th' reins she kept 'em, since th' first month she was a-gate—whilst Amos was restin'—she turned over more money nor he ever did i' a quarter. Truth to tell, Amos was quite willin' for her to do th' job—wi' his onpractical nayture th' housework suited him best. I've heard as they're makin' arrangements to buy th' spot. Ay, if ever you want to see a miracle o' cleanliness, just you go up an' look at th' huckster's home. There isn't a board or a stone you couldn't eat your dinner off. . . . Happy? Ay, that they are—as happy a couple as you need to see. Like birds on a bough when their day's work is done, an' they can sit afore th' fire an' talk!"

CURRENT EVENTS

By Lindsay Crawford.

FIVE thousand killed and twenty-five thousand wounded and missing in a single week in the fighting on the Somme front is the average British toll. The figures are appalling. Add to these the losses of other nations engaged in the war and some estimate may be formed of the staggering blow to humanity which this war entails. To hope for premature peace is to display a callous indifference to the feelings of those who have been forced into this orgy of blood by the war lords of Germany. As I write Roumania is reeling under the fierce thrusts of the invading enemy, and Russia is hastening to the rescue. The situation in the Balkans is somewhat unfavourable for the Allies at the moment, but there is no doubt as to the ultimate issue of the conflict. Germany, in the opinion of close observers, is fighting up to her maximum strength. As this does not avail to stay the progress of the Allies on the Somme front, it is unlikely that Germany has men to spare for the campaigns in the other theatres of war. Germany may be able to hold her own for a time in the Balkans, as Russia and Roumania are still short of big guns and general supplies. But the gods are warring against the Central Powers. The ring of steel is closing in. No one in England looks for an early cessation of the conflict. In financial circles it is hoped that the strain will be relieved in six months' time, but in military quarters men shake their heads enigmatically and decline to prophesy. The job is bigger than even Kitchener anticipated. Germany is revealing unlooked-for reserves of strength and shows no signs of economic exhaustion owing to the blockade pressure. Mr. Lloyd George voiced the feelings of the British people when he warned neutrals that peace efforts at this stage would be regarded as an impertinent intrusion. Germany cannot be allowed to escape the consequences of her mad enterprise.

What of France? The strain upon the vital resources of this gallant nation must be telling, yet there are no signs of weakening. Russia and Britain must find the men to finish the war. France has no reserves on which to draw. Race suicide brings its own penalties. But France, in the magnificent spirit of her army, has been the surprise of the war. Nor is this wonderful spirit confined to the army. French economic activity is evidenced by the large increase in exports during the last six months, amounting to twenty-one per cent. over the previous half-year. German submarine warfare has not lessened the shipping trade in French waters. It is in the value of her fighting men, however, that France will be judged in this war. Their achievements rank with the greatest exploits in military history. A young American poet, Alan

Seeger, who had enlisted at the very outset of the war in the "Foreign Legion", and his since been killed in action, wrote to his parents after the offensive in Champagne as follows:

"You will understand me, certainly, when I say that to find myself on the winning side is nothing compared to being on the side of those with whom we sympathize. This affair has increased my affection and admiration for the French more than ever. If we have not wholly succeeded, it is not the French soldier's fault. He is superior to the German man for man. Whatever may be the exact importance, in international conflicts, of having justice and right principles on one's own side, the fact remains that this possession gives the French soldier the strength of ten men, against an adversary armed by brutal violence alone. You cannot conceive any Frenchman, compelled to surrender, behaving as I saw some German prisoners do, shaking and trembling on their legs, just like criminals who had been caught at last and brought before a magistrate. For men of this sort to be able to attack, either they must be driven to it, or else intoxicated beforehand. But the Frenchman who goes to an attack, is filled with such passionate ardour as puts any other impulse, which makes life worth living, in the shade; such a soldier is the like the models of antiquity History offers for the admiration of whoever loves liberty, and knows how to appreciate the heroism which defends it. It is an honour to march side by side with such men, and nothing would make me wish to be anywhere else in the world than where I am!"

France is getting ready for the economic struggle after the war. An official report of the Paris Chamber of Commerce announces that steps in this direction have been taken by the manufacturers. The large factories in the suburbs of Paris, in the neighbourhood of Lyons, St. Etienne, Roanne, Annonay, built for the preparation of acids, powders and explosives, will be, after the war, converted into works for the manufacture of perfumes, chemicals used in photography and pharmacy, and dyeing materials, both organic and inorganic. The engineers and workmen who are now making melinite and trinitrotoluen will be, with the same machinery, able to manufacture silk, nitrobenzine and aniline. These transformations, which will be of great assistance to French manufacturers in their struggle against German competition, are already on the way to being put into execution, and powerful associations—such as the *Syndicat national des matières colorantes,* grouping together different societies in the coal, metal, paper, dyeing and weaving trades—have been formed with a view to concentrating all their efforts for this purpose.

In England a controversy is raging as to the advisability of allowing its rising men to run the risks of war and so impoverish the nation. Should the conscription law lay its hands on eminent actors, artists and writers? *The Manchester Guardian,* for instance, deplores the necessity of adding England's finest Shakesperean actor, Henry Ainley, to the list of conscripts. His military value, it is contended, could be but slight compared with his value as an artist. Mr. Granville Barker, the rising dramatist, is also in the army. Can England afford to lose such men? It is argued that "great artists only appear at intervals in the history of nations", and that "experts in all branches of art should be preserved". It speaks well for the English artistic world that the protests do not emanate from the experts. On the contrary, Mr. Milton Rosmer, an actor, objects to "the unfairness of singling out the men whose genius has brought them into considerable prominence, and sacrificing those artists whose possible equal talent has for some reason or other failed to make the same mark." Mr. Rosmer says:

"One of the most delicate artists on the English stage is at the moment lying seriously wounded in France; the author of the most beautiful play I have read since Masefield's 'Nan' is picking up match-sticks between the lines at Farnborough; a young playwright has been ordered to do 'work of national importance' forsooth! As if imaginative work is not of supreme national importance!—as if a country without it is worth considering, as if imagination is not the most necessary human virtue.

"These men have been sacrificed, so has Harold Chapin, so Rupert Brooke, and hundreds more—great imaginations, struggling imaginations, potential imaginations—or 'artists', if you prefer the word!

"But for their ages, Galsworthy, Bennett, Wells would all have been sacrificed. If the nation is too stupid to value creative imaginations let it not be so unfair as to make such invidious distinction between success and—misprisal. Let it either sweep up all its artists for cannon fodder—so much commodity to be sold for victory—or let it respect even what it cannot understand, and spare all."

But does not this special pleading really mean that war is a monstrous crime? Who will say that the thousands of nondescripts who perish in the fight had nothing of value to contribute to the sum total of human happiness had they not been sacrificed to the death-lust of the guns! If men must go to war in a righteous cause, why deny the right to the best of the breed? Mr. C. M. S. McLellan, the American playwright, who has since died, voiced the real sentiments of the British people when he wrote:

"The sentimental ladies and gentlemen who have lately been writing to the newspapers declaring it to be a national disgrace that certain artists of the stage should be removed from the colossal drama of the theatre and launched into the puny drama of life ought really to go and see the Somme pictures.

"One of them shows a trench in which a platoon of soldiers are lying face downward against the parapet awaiting the word to go over. Presently the subaltern commanding them walks quickly down the trench until he reaches the centre, where, by means of an inclined plank, he steps lightly on the parapet and without a second's pause waves to his men to follow, and disappears toward the German lines, thus making the greatest entrance and exit I have ever seen. The soldiers spring over the top after him like sprinters off the mark, all getting away but one, who slides back again into the trench, still face downward, caught by a German bullet as he rose. No playwright in the world could write a drama like that; no actor was ever cast for such a magnificent part as the one we see that young subaltern playing.

"The finest example of art that the stage has contributed since the war began was when an actor named Lionel Mackinder, before the first great battle, succeeded by understating his age in enlisting as a private soldier, and did it so secretly that even his closest friends did not know of it until they heard he was killed. I am sure that this, like all actions of a deep and simple beauty, had a better influence on art than any play or play-acting done within the area of safety-curtains since Mackinder's death.

"Art will always draw its greatest vitality from the deeds of men, and the more those deeds are devoted to the glory of life the nobler and purer will be the work of the 'artist' who tries to express them. And yet the argument is being freely advanced that a certain group of young artists—more particularly the handsome ones—should be forcibly prevented from risking their lives at the front, thereby exposing the dramatic art of England to the danger of impoverishment and possible decay. It would no doubt be fruitless to ask the advocates of this despairing theory to take a broader view of their subject.

"The best part of an actor was always his manhood, and in these perilous times it is the only thing of interest or use to the nation. Art is a lie on his lips unless he is worthy of life, and he is not worthy of life until his spirit is great enough to lead him, as Mackinder's led him, across the seas to where real men are fighting for England's existence. There he will find the world and all that matters in it now. The rest is darkness, with strange, unaccountable people in the midst of it talking of untimely things like art."

To their credit, be it said, the protests against sacrificing the lives of experts has not come from the men themselves.

Are the churches in earnest? One often hears the question, but the questioner is rarely able to give an intelligible or satisfying answer to the vexed conundrum. It is easier to pull down than to build, and most reformers stop short at the destructive stage. This is my grievance against the Committee of One Hundred, and the clerical sleuth who was caught in the gallery of a vaudeville house wearing false whiskers and a pious smile. There is so much tearing down and so little construction going on! The question as to the churches has been raised by the high cost of living. What are the pulpits doing to mitigate the evil? Has Christianity ceased to be a practical every-day creed? The churches

have not been silent in the past when great issues affecting the rights of humanity have been raised. It is true the average clergyman is not an authority on economics and fears to enter where better-informed men will not tread. But they can at least make their voices heard above the clamour of Demetrius. To whom will the people turn for leadership in the war upon immoral methods of business if not to those who profess to be the custodians of faith and morals? There are newspapers in Canada that refuse to print liquor advertisements. Who ever heard of a minister of the Gospel returning a subscription sent by a man who has grown rich on the poverty of his neighbours? A missionary who recently returned home from the foreign field, and who declared that "Christendom is not in earnest about Christianity. Christendom is merely playing with Christianity." This, he further declared, was also the opinion of thousands of those in the foreign field. The reason for it all, we are told by Mercer C. Johnston, in *The Forum*, lies in the fact that "the Christian Church is as much under the unholy spell of Mammon as *Trilby* was under the unholy spell of *Sevengali*". And because of this, he further alleges, "she throws the weight of her influence against, rather than on, the side of the mighty democratic movement sweeping through human society at this time toward a kingdom of God on earth such as the Church was created by Jesus Christ to establish". The attitude of the Church as the workman visualizes it is put in words by the Reverend Charles Stelzle in saying: "To the average workman the Church seems more concerned about the sweet by and by than about the bitter here and now." Mr. Stelzle is quoted further as remarking that "to most of the toilers the Church is merely a great institution or machine, going through the motions, but never actually producing anything: it is a hotbed of officialism, filled with a company of self-seekers". Mr. John Graham Brooks is next invoked, and Mr. Johnston quotes his version of "one of the most honest and intelligent labour men I have ever known":

> "This labour man told Mr. Brooks that so long as he really believed what he understood his pastor to preach he was fairly content. 'The sermon,' so we are told he said, 'always appeared to me to reconcile things I couldn't understand. Mysterious religious authority was always given which I accepted. When I talked to the minister about definite cases of suffering in a hard strike, where he and I both believed the men were not to blame, he still insisted that somehow it was all right, and somewhere in the future it would be set straight. Now, my experience has taken that belief out of me, or, at any rate, the kind of authority he gives for it I cannot any longer accept. Nor do I believe the Jesus he talks so much about would have accepted it or acted on it either. The successful classes, even if they didn't know it, or mean it, have used religion and heaven to keep the peace and to put off a lot of troublesome duties. When I found this out I threw it all over.' Here is the comment Mr. Brooks makes upon this statement: 'That individual experience, without one shade of heightened colour, stands for the position of a great multitude of the more intelligent workingmen in every country.''

Mr. Johnston asks if any one has ever heard of any church or denomination espousing the cause of labour in any of their fights for a living wage or improved sanitary conditions:

> "Did the Church in New York city advocate the cause of the locked-out workers in the cloak and suit industry during their fourteen weeks' struggle that has just come to an end? Here was a perfect opportunity. There was no question as to the justice of the cause of these workers. From the Mayor down it was declared to be just by those who took the trouble to inform themselves about the matter. Did the Church in New York city advocate this just cause? No! Of course, it did not! The Church in New York had nothing to say. The Church in New York was damnably dumb, as it has always been damnably dumb, and as it can always be counted upon to be damnably dumb whenever the interests of Mammon are at stake."

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE CHRONICLES OF CANADA

Edited by G. M. Wrong and H. H. Langton. Toronto: Glasgow, Brook and Company.

THE last ten volumes of the "Chronicles of Canada" now lie before us. Like the first twenty-two they combine an extraordinary variety of interest. They show, moving life-like across the stage, a vast throng of historic characters—Catholic and Protestant, French and British and Indians. Here play their part warriors and diplomatists, forward-looking politicians and self-seeking politicians, trappers and miners, settlers and railway builders. Through a bewildering thicket of almost virgin historical material the writers have cut a path, in which even the inexperienced reader can hardly go astray. Edited with unusual thoroughness, the volumes maintain the uniformly high standard of scholarly accuracy and candour, combined with literary skill and discrimination, which was noticeable in the other books in the series. The value and interest of the narratives are enhanced by an attractive format, distinct type, and an admirable set of illustrations.

Canada's debt to the Jesuit Missions of the seventeenth century is the theme of a lucid and impartial study by Mr. T. G. Marquis. Not everyone realizes that but for the labours of the self-sacrificing Jesuits the colony of New France might have been thrown aside by the mother country as a worthless burden. "The priceless contribution of the missionaries" is their example of utter self-sacrifice and unflinching courage. On a lower plane, but of immense value to mankind, was their daring work as explorers and pathfinders in regions which till then had been trodden, if indeed human feet had ever reached them, only by the moccasin of the red man. Another stage in the evolution of the colony is reached in the story of Frontenac, the "Fighting Governor", who to personal bravery in arms added the daring imagination of an empire-builder and a rare power of dealing with men. He kept peace with the Indians, but, as Mr.

"The Jesuit Missions: A Chronicle of the Cross in the Wilderness," by T. G. Marquis.
"The Fighting Governor: A Chronicle of Frontenac," by Charles W. Colby.
"The Acadian Exiles: A Chronicle of the 'Land of Evangeline'," by Arthur G. Doughty.
"The Father of British Canada: A Chronicle of Carleton," by William Wood.
"The 'Patriotes' of '37: A Chronicle of the Lower Canadian Rebellion," by Alfred D. DeCelles.
"The Cariboo Trail: A Chronicle of the Gold-Fields of British Columbia," by Agnes C. Laut.
"The Railway Builders: A Chronicle of Overland Highways," by Oscar D. Skelton.
"The Fathers of Confederation: A Chronicle of the Birth of the Dominion," by A. H. U. Colquhoun.
"The Day of Sir Wilfrid Laurier: A Chronicle of Our Own Times," by Oscar D. Skelton.
"The Winning of Popular Government: A Chronicle of the Union of 1841," by Archibald MacMechan.

Colby points out, it was by a moral ascendency. His greatest contribution to the service of France and mankind was his consistent support of exploration in the West, perhaps the most important feature of the latter half of the seventeenth century, for which La Salle and Du Lhut deserve most credit.

The tragedy and the crime involved in the chequered history of the Acadian Exiles is told with extraordinary skill and restraint by the Dominion Archivist, Dr. Arthur G. Doughty. Acadia, the scene of the first real attempt (in 1605) of the French to colonize the New World, was dispersed as a colony by the British in 1613, restored to France in 1632, and finally given back to Great Britain by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. From this date onwards the Acadians were ground beneath the upper and the nether millstone. The French wished to keep them as a thorn in the side of the English. The English would neither deport them nor let them remain without taking an oath of allegience, which their consciences refused. Under the tyrannous regime of Lawrence, although instructions from home were on their way to him that the Acadians were not to be molested, the defenceless inhabitants were expelled with many circumstances of cold brutality and their property confiscated, with the exception of what they could carry with them. Out of an immense mass of bibliographical material Dr. Doughty has set out in order this page of British colonial history, which shows up all the more effectively because in the main he leaves the facts to speak for themselves.

From Lawrence to Carleton is a far cry, and it is a relief to turn from the despotic and corrupt Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia to the brave and chivralrous warrior, the self-sacrificing leader, the far-seeing statesman, the just administrator who served Canada and the Empire from 1796, and who has come to be known as the "Father of British Canada". William Wood's varied gifts as a writer have a congenial theme in the noble figure of Carleton, whose hand, almost unaided, saved Canada for the Crown in an hour of supreme peril, when Great Britain was menaced not only by her old enemy, the French, but also by other European foes, by her North American colonists, and by the Indians. Yet even this great service was outshone by a greater still. The same hand laid broad and deep the foundations of a Canada wider and richer in promise than either the French or British explorers or warriors of an earlier day had ever dreamed of.

A much-misunderstood and misrepresented episode in the history of the relations between French and British in Canada is set in its true perspective in "The 'Patriotes' of '37". The rebellion in Lower Canada was, as Mr. DeCelles points out, one of the few breaks in a period of nearly one hundred and fifty years, during which French and British Canadians have lived together in peace and mutual respect. This harmony and mutual toleration were the result of British policy, the general aim of which had been to secure the French in the possession of their religion, their language, their civil rights, and their property. Papineau, the outstanding figure of the rebellion, is justly but sympathetically described. Mr. DeCelles's analysis of a tangled situation goes to show that notwithstanding the extravagances of Papineau and some of his followers—who, it is well to remember, were a minority, for the majority of French Canadians, in obedience to the instructions of their Church, declined to be associated with the rebellion—the French Canadians were not mere irreconcilables, but had a long list of genuine grievances. Most important to remember is the fact that out of the rebellion sprang the Durham Report, which bequeathed to the Empire the fundamental principles that afterwards guided British colonial policy.

In any just estimate of the builders of what we now know as the Dominion, some space must be left for the miner. In "The Cariboo Trail" Miss Laut, with vivid pen, recreates the perilous life of the old-timers of the mining trail, who sixty years ago cleared a way through the forests of giant hemlocks and braved the hazards of snowclad mountain peak or treacherous canyon in quest of gold. The name Cariboo excites no more emotion now than Klondyke or Transvaal, which forty years later held out hopes of boundless wealth, but the Cariboo Road, one of the most remarkable highways in the world, and the Province of British Columbia, remain as memorials of the labours of Sir James Douglas, and of the prospectors, many of whom became honoured citizens of the Province of which he was first Governor.

The trapper, the miner, and the settler have all played their parts in the evolution of Canada. It was reserved for the railway builder to bind Province to Province from ocean to ocean with links of steel. In "The Railway Builders" Mr. O. D. Skelton tells in full detail, yet always without dullness or disproportion, the story of the development of Canadian railways from the sixteen-mile line between La Prairie and St. Johns of the year 1836 to the Canadian Pacific of the present day, the largest transportation system in the world. The difficulty of the task of description and analysis was all the greater because, perhaps more than in any other country, in Canada railways and "politics" (sometimes of the basest kind, for which highway robbery would be a mild epithet) were inextricably intertwined; but Mr. Skelton has told his story without fear or favour, and provided the material for a just estimate of some of the most prominent figures in the list of Canadian nation-builders.

Hand-in-hand with the railway builders in the process of constructing the fabric of a united Dominion went "The Fathers of Confederation", whose work is described by Mr. Colquhoun in a book which is a model of dispassionate writing. The joint efforts of Brown and Cartier, Galt and Macdonald, Tupper and Tilley, McGee and Macdougall, in evolving a workable plan of government, which would unify the Provinces and preserve the Imperial tie, are impartially described. These protagonists of an earlier day were life-long and sometimes bitter opponents, but when the hour came they were strong enough and great enough to forget mere ties of party and the foolish consistency which is "the hobgoblin of little minds". The event has proved that they builded even better than they knew. The constitution which they devised has stood the shocks of fifty years. Its elasticity and adaptability give promise that it will be equal to even greater shocks.

A worthy companion to Mr. Colquhoun's volume is Mr. Skelton's on Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the statesman who has carried on a stage further the work of combining liberty and self-government with attachment to the British connection, which Macdonald and his colleagues had begun. No truer statement of Canada's contribution to that splendid paradox called the British Empire has ever been made than the words of Sir Robert Borden in 1902, which Mr. Skelton quotes: "Step by step the colonies have advanced towards the position of virtual independence so far as their internal affairs are concerned, and in all the important instances the claim has been made by Canada, has been resisted at first by the Imperial statesmen, and finally has been conceded, and has proved of advantage both to the Mother Country and to the colonies."

The ten volumes before us have been written independently by writers dealing with different times and personalities, and with minds concentrated upon their own special subjects. Yet a consecutive reading of the whole has left upon the present

writer a single clear impression, of a disconnected number of units slowly, sometimes painfully, taking shape, and gradually being drawn together into one great whole. The attainment of popular government, which was one result of the Durham Report, and which was completed by Sydenham and Elgin, founded the constitution on a basis of liberty and toleration. Mr. MacMechan has given us a masterly treatment of the Union of 1841; but most of all we are indebted to him for these eloquent words, which may fitly describe the spirit that permeates these volumes, and which we commend to all who rejoice that the unity of Canada has been achieved.

"Canadians of this day see what Howe foresaw—the eye among the blind. Let it be repeated. In those old days there were no Canadians of Canada. Confederation had to be achieved, a new generation had to be born and grow to manhood, before a national sentiment was possible. These new Canadians saw little or nothing of Provinces with outworn feuds and divisions. They saw only the Dominion of Canada. Their imagination was stirred by the ideal of half a continent staked out for a second great experiment in democracy, of a vast domain to be filled and subdued and raised to power by a new nation. In spite of many faults and failures and disappointments, Canadians have been true to that ideal. The Canada of to-day is something far grander than the Mackenzies and Papineaus ever dreamed of; she has disappointed the fears and exceeded the hopes of the Durhams and the Elgins; and she stands on the threshold, as Canadians firmly trust, of a more illustrious future."

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TESTORE

By Pat Candler. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

IF there are sermons in stones it is quite possible that there may be stories in violins—at least, Pat Candler, author of "Testore", declares that he has found one there. In an interesting preface he tells us that, having purchased the fiddle, "1707", he became the recipient of many and very vivid dreams revealing the life history of the artist who made and played upon it. However, this may be, the idea lends spice to the romantic tale of love and intrigue, passion and sacrifice, in Italy at the time of the Borgias. The story is told simply, but there is a variety of interesting incident, and sufficient of the personality of the artist escapes to lend that savour of life without which the most thrilling happenings fail to interest. One of its unusual features is its authenticity, which is attested by the author.

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THE QUEEN OF THE SECRET CITY

By Joseph J. Doke. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

THE author of "The Secret City", a novel that achieved more than the ordinary success, here outrivals that performance in a tale that might be classed as a sequel to the other. The Queen is a very entrancing creature, of Egyptian type, a kind of sorceress, one that weaves spells and sets pitfalls into which mere man is prone to fall. There is a great amount of mystery and enchantment about this Queen, and the story itself contains many exciting and melodramatic moments.

*

A WOMAN'S DIARY OF THE WAR

By S. Macnaughton. Toronto: Thos. Nelson and Sons.

THE recent death of Miss Macnaughton, due in no small degree to the hardships and privations of a Red Cross worker in Belgium, gives an added interest to this fascinating little book. In it we get none of the

pomp and glory of war, but vivid flashes of light on the cheerful courage in suffering of the wounded, and on the doings of those noble women who devoted themselves to the work of giving relief and comfort to men broken by war.

*

GERMANY BEFORE THE WAR

By Baron Beyens, Belgian Minister at Berlin. Toronto: Thos. Nelson and Sons.

THIS is a book which in the years to come will be quoted for its authoritative character sketch of Kaiser Wilhelm II. Baron Beyens had exceptional opportunities for observing the attitude of the German Emperor towards political and diplomatic affairs, and describes the egotism of the man, his passionate love of power and belief in his divine kingship, with unerring judgment. Amongst other important subjects the Army, Navy and War Party are fully dealt with, as is Germany's diplomatic defeat on the Moroccan question.

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BOY OF MY HEART

Anonymous. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is a book that is not a noval, but rather the outpouring of a loving heart. It is written by a mother whose son has gone to the war, and it is announced by the publishers as a book of absolute fact. Some of it is in the form of letters from the son to the mother, and some of it is dialogue, such as this:

"Why ever do you think such a heap of me?" he (the son) had asked me more than once. And I had always answered him:

"Because, my boy, you are that strangest and most wonderful thing in the whole world—an interesting young man. As a rule, the masculine person isn't worth taking the least notice of until he's thirty—except for athletics . . . It takes one's breath away to find a boy who is athletic and fascinating at the same time. One feels that a drum ought to be beaten through the town."

*

—"Creole Sketches" is the title of an attractively published collection of music for the piano (Boston: The Oliver Ditson Company) by a Canadian composer, Mr. Cedric W. Lemont. Each selection is accompanied by a pencil drawing, which adds much to the attractiveness of the book. The music is tuneful without being obvious, and gives the reader and performer plenty of inspiration for temperamental playing. The pieces are really just fragments of words and are, on the whole, interesting work for intelligent and sympathetic players. A few of the harmonic progressions are a trifle obvious, and the composer has a tendency to overwork an apparently pleasing musical figure. But there are a great many musicians who will enjoy the work thoroughly. "A Drowsy Afternoon" is really charming.

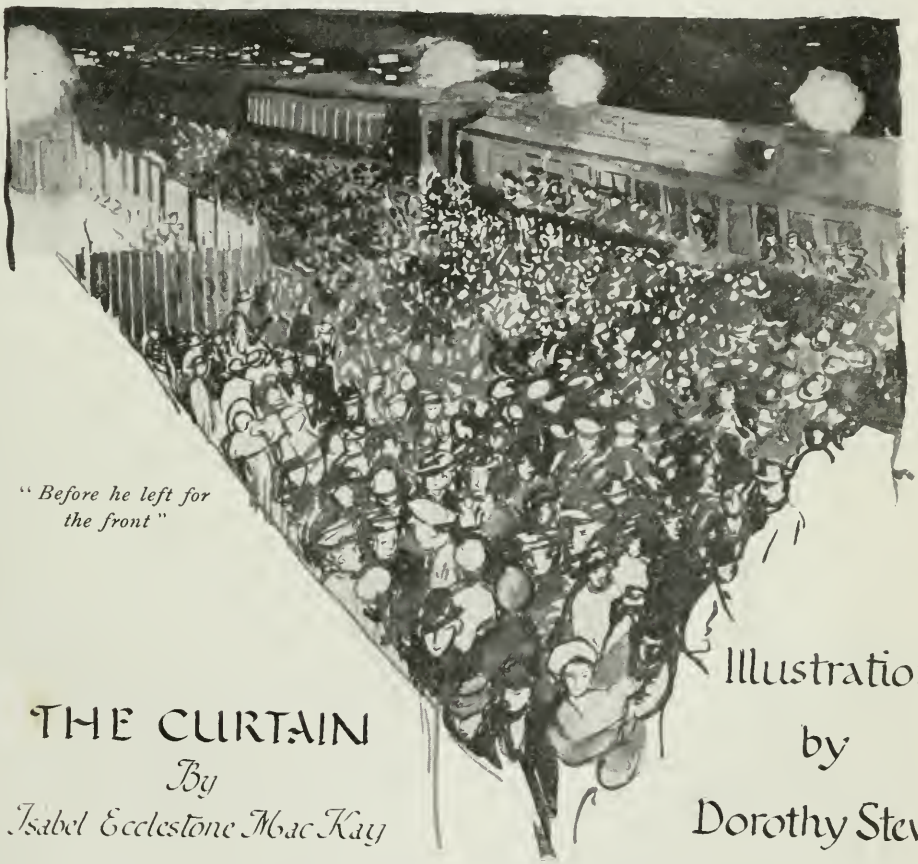
From the Etching by H. Ivan Neilson

TIMBER SHIP IN QUEBEC HARBOUR

Showing (on the right) the Citadel

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVIII TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1916 No. 2



"Before he left for the front"

THE CURTAIN

Illustrations by Dorothy Stevens

By Isabel Ecclestone MacKay

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS," ETC.

ALERIC JUDSON came home from the Great War a changed man. There was nothing strange in that, since every man who came came changed. But the change in Alerie seemed especially dreadful to me, because we had been friends since boyhood—and there was also the fact that he had married Betty. They had been married just two months before he left for the front. Everyone but Betty had been against the marriage. Even Alerie had not been quite in favour of it, under the circumstances. But Betty said that two months' happiness was a whole month or two bet-

ter than no happiness at all. She wanted it, and she was going to have it. And she did.

Betty came of a race of soldiers. She was brave, and she knew how to smile. She smiled when she said good-bye to Alerie, although she must have had small expectation of ever seeing him again. Nor, as a matter of fact, did she, for the man who came back was not the man who had gone away. The Alerie Judson who married Betty was young and brave and debonair. He could be best described as an incurable optimist with a nice sense of humour. The Alerie Judson who came back to his wife was a man who looked as if he had never been young, a man with an odd trick of shrinking, a man who never smiled, a haunted man astray in a haunted world.

Alerie went with the Sixth Contingent and served through the last and hottest part of the war. He led his company in that great final offensive whose record already reads like some horrific fable. He was wounded four times, once in the arm, twice in the leg, and once in the head. This last injury left him definitely incapacitated for further service, and after a tedious convalescence in an English hospital he was invalided home.

I have always thought that if Betty could have been with him during his convalescence things never might have come to the pass they did. In his weakness he might have told her of the horror that oppressed him before its hold became too strong. Or, listening to his raving, she might have guessed. But Betty could not go to England, because just at that time Betty the second was entirely too new and fragile to be taken on so long and dangerous a journey. Neither could she be left save in extreme necessity. So Betty stayed at home and tried hard to smile so that the family might not shake its head and say, "I told you so".

She did manage, however, to go as far as Montreal to meet him on his return journey. Alerie was to rest there, so husband and wife had a few days together away from the fondly curious eyes of their special little world. What happened in those few days no one knows. Betty wrote only one letter, and in it she did not say what she felt when she first saw Alerie, nor what Alerie felt when he first saw Betty the second. She said very little, save that they were travelling back very slowly. But she managed to intimate that Alerie was still far from strong and that it might be wise if the family and friends would give him a little time to recover himself before welcoming the returned hero. In fact, she made it fairly plain that the returned-hero business would have to be omitted altogether. Alerie, it seemed, did not want to talk about the war.

Naturally, this attitude did not find favour. It savoured of pose. The family felt that its tact had been questioned. It agreed that if Betty and Alerie wanted to act "like that" they could jolly well do it! Far be it from them (the family) to go where they were not wanted.

This fine aloofness persisted for almost a week after the soldier's return, and then, realizing the wrongness of dissension in a family, they forgave Betty and went to call on Alerie.

The verdicts were various. But all agreed in one thing—Alerie was changed. This was only what everyone had expected. The trouble was that they had not realized that they had expected it. Change, they agreed, was inevitable. A man may not go through hell and come out an incurable optimist with a nice sense of humour.

It was not really strange that Alerie did not smile any more; neither was it strange that he stooped or that he limped or that all the gay and youthful bravery of face and bearing was as if it had never been. It was not even excessively strange, when one came to think of it, that he

"The Aleric Judson who married Betty was young and brave and debonair"

should fall into trancelike silences, thinking heaven knows what thoughts.

But as the days went by what the family asked was, Didn't Betty the first think it strange that Aleric was so odd about Betty the second? As his health improved and as the baby grew older everyone had confidently expected that Aleric would "rouse himself", that he would adore his delicious morsel of babyhood, reveal himself the doting father, and so forth. But he didn't. The family were careful not to say much about it, but it could not hide from itself that Aleric avoided Betty the second. And he did not rouse himself at all.

Whether Betty the first realized this and other strangenesses, no one could say. If she did one would never have guessed it. She was always busy and cheerful and unceasingly careful for Aleric's comfort and peace of mind. The odd thing about this was that he did not seem to want her to be. The family resolutely declined to notice this. It would have been too disloyal. They could only hope that Betty would notice that they did not notice it.

But unfortunately Betty was clear-sighted. I am not very certain as to how long this state of things continued, but it was a very cold day in early December when Betty herself came into my office and attacked the subject without preliminaries.

"Tom," she said, "when you and Aleric were at college didn't you rather go in for that William James kind of thing—psychology, and all that?"

"Rather," I admitted. "Not much."

"And are you terribly busy?"

I said I was busy, but not terribly.

"Because," she went on, "I want you to come to us on a visit. You may be surprised at my wanting a visitor just now, but I do want one. You are the only visitor that Aleric would stand."

"You flatter—"

"Oh, don't be silly, Tom. You know what I mean." She loosened her furs nervously. "And you must have heard about Aleric—about his being so—different?"

I nodded.

"I expected that he would be different," she said. "It couldn't be otherwise. I knew he would be older, sadder; his letters prepared me for a big change. I could understand his silences, his fits of brooding, his nervous tricks of manner. And if these things were all, I would not worry. Time would heal all that. Little Betty and I could win him back to youth. For he is young and youth is so wonderful. But, Tom—"

She paused, throwing open her coat as if its warmth oppressed her, and her clear voice began on a lower note.

"There is something else, Tom. Something definite, I mean. Something unnatural—poisonous. I can't get at it, but I know it's there—an invisible barrier—impassable—"

Her breath caught, and her eyes looked large and frightened behind her veil.

"Tom, why does he shiver when the curtains sway in the wind? Why does he start and tremble at the rustle of my dress across the floor? What is it that turns to ashes all his love and pride in our wee Betty? It is not my fancy, it is cold and hateful fact. I tell you he never touches her if he can help it. He is uneasy if she plays about the room. There are certain little baby sounds she makes which disturb him incredibly. He shudders and his face turns gray. It isn't that he doesn't love her. I know that. It's more as if he were afraid to let himself love her. He looks at her, poor fellow, and his eyes are so miserable! But why? There seems no sense in it—no key—no possible reason—"

"One can't wonder at a lack of reason," I began somewhat lamely. "Aleric has come through terrible things. The after-effects of shock and suffering are incalculable. Men have been known to turn from their nearest and dearest—"

"You mean that Aleric is not quite sane?" Betty's blue eyes met mine straightly. "You may put that out of your head at once. He is altogether sane. Whatever it is, it is not that."

"But—"

"That is why I feel so certain that there is a definite cause somewhere. If I didn't believe that, I couldn't go on. The thing is to find the cause. Hysterics won't help. And I have been perilously near hysterics several times of late. I need help, Tom, and I want you."

"You can have me," I said sincerely. "But I am not so sure about the help. He may resent my coming. As he has not asked me, he is almost sure to think my sudden arrival odd. He will probably wonder what in the deuce I mean by it."

"I hope he does!" Betty's return to her usual manner was simultaneous with the readjustment of her furs. "It would do him good to think about anything rather than the things he does think about. Is my nose too red, or may the atmosphere be safely held accountable?"

I suggested a little powder because I always enjoyed seeing Betty powder her nose. The discovery that she had forgotten her vanity-case struck me as the most significant thing about our interview. I made no further objections when she arranged the date and details of my visit.

Next week saw my arrival at the pretty bungalow which I had helped to furnish in days already incredibly remote. What Aleric thought of my unlooked-for appearance it was impossible to say. Without being ter-

"A man who never smiled, a haunted man astray in a haunted world"

ribly enthusiastic he welcomed me cordially and did his best to fall back into the familiar ways of our long friendship. But from the first it was evident that he could not do it. He spoke to me; he looked at me across some intangible gulf. At times I surprised a kind of wonder in his eyes, a puzzled question, as if he asked himself what once we might have had in common. As to myself, I felt acutely uncomfortable, as one must who shakes the dead hand of friendship. But I allowed none of my discomfort to appear.

On the contrary, I tried to be as much in his company as possible. Finding that the war was never mentioned in his presence, I made a point of mentioning it. For, I argued, the last thing which Alcric should be allowed to do was to shut himself and his experiences away from the common light of day. The best way of finding out his trouble was to treat him as if he had no trouble at all. Of course, my position as guest gave me an unfair advantage, for however stupid and tactless a guest may be, a good host must be politely blind and blamelessly patient. Alcric's traditions were those of a good host. But at times I pressed him hard. I couldn't even explain that it hurt me as much as it did him. I could not allow myself the luxury of being decently sensitive. I simply could not see that he wished to be alone, that instead of my talk and tobacco he wanted solitude—and the privilege of staring unseeingly into the fire while time slipped past unheeded and his unlit cigar fell from his listless hand.

I sometimes think of that visit of

mine to Aleric as one long third degree!

After all, granting my invulnerability to hints, it was natural enough that I should want to know all about the war. Everyone knew that my being turned down on account of an old football strain had been a severe blow. General references would not do for me. I wanted details. I craved personal experience. In fact, it soon became apparent that I had the war so greatly on my mind that no matter how often the subject was changed, sooner or later I drifted back to it.

This went on for nearly a fortnight and no breach had appeared in Aleric's impenetrable barrier of reserve. I might crave personal experiences, but I certainly did not get them. It began to look as if I had failed completely and that a prolonging of my visit would result in nothing save a straining of our friendship beyond recovery. I was ready to give up. But Betty wasn't.

She declared that she noticed a slight change, a little lightening of Aleric's heavy mood.

"Dogged does it!" said Betty, setting her red lips firmly. "One of these days his silence will wear thin. Then he will speak, then—"

"He will hate me forever," I declared morosely.

"What if he does?"

"Your insinuation of my insignificance is plain, but all the same one does not like to lose one's friend—"

I happened to be looking into Betty's eyes and saw their brightness suddenly dim.

"One doesn't like to lose one's husband, either," she said quietly.

So, of course, there was nothing to do but to pack up my finer feelings and go on.

These uncomfortable days had not been entirely fruitless, however, for my study of Aleric had convinced me that Betty had been right when she declared that his trouble was due not to general conditions, but to some definite matter over which he brooded. We were working in the right direction, I felt sure. It was a case of the "fixed idea" combined with an instinct for secrecy. If we could overcome the secrecy much, perhaps everything, would be gained. Once let him bring his obsession into the light of day and much of its power would be gone.

"Suppose," said Betty suddenly one day, "suppose that you change your tactics. Stop talking about the war altogether and see what happens?"

"Why?" I asked stupidly.

"Because I think he will miss it. Don't you notice that although he is as brusque as ever in his answers, there is a subtle change in his attitude. I believe he is beginning to want to talk—try him and see."

Betty was a keener psychologist than I, for, although I had noticed nothing, her observation proved to have been entirely correct. Under the new treatment Aleric became decidedly restless. It seemed that in spite of himself he had found a certain relief in my questioning. I became very hopeful and after two days' rest I began again my persistent probing for the hidden wound. Aleric was not nearly as brusque now, but he seemed more miserable than ever. Little by little our talks became more intimate, a breath of our old warm friendship came stealing back.

Yet when the crisis came it was proved that Betty was right once more, for it came suddenly and when I least expected it. Betty had gone to bed early (the strain was telling on Betty), Aleric was in an especially unresponsive mood. He wanted to go off by himself, but as I headed cheerfully for the den he had perforce to follow me, banging the door as he did so and starting nervously at the bang.

Paying no attention to his mood, I lit a cigar and began to mask my approach to our usual subject by a few carefully-prepared observations of a political trend. Taxation, I think, was the theme.

"You see," I said didactically, "it's

"'War is a Vampire'"

not as if there were any fear of another war. Never, from generation to generation, while the memory of this frightful strife endures, will there be fear of war. Men will not look that horror in the face again. War has killed itself."

"Killed itself?" Was it Aleric speaking? I looked at him in wonder, for his voice was suddenly the voice of a stranger. Hoarse and broken, it might have come from the lips of an old man. His eyes, a moment ago apathetic and sullen, were burning wells of hate and horror.

Betty would have known at once that her predicted "breaking through" had come. But I sat wondering.

"Never another war?" went on this strange man in his strange voice. "You think her dead, do you, because —well you may think that—you who never saw a battlefield. But let me tell you a secret—war is alive! Bah! You talk of polities. It makes me laugh. Kings and presidents, powers and conditions, war has nothing to do with these. They exist for her, not she for them. Let me tell you"—his voice took on a low note of horror—"war is a vampire. She lets us play awhile when she is gorged with the blood of her victims, but when she stirs again, when she wakes, when she is ravenous once more—"

Had he suddenly gone insane, I wondered? Had his mental state been worse than we had feared? The thought must have shown itself in my eyes, for Aleric's frenzy suddenly checked itself. He held me for a moment with his blazing eyes and then continued in a more natural voice:

"You think me crazy? Of course you do. I knew you would if I ever spoke what I really believe. But other men would not. The men who went through that hell with me would not think me mad. They *know*. What I tell you is the simple truth."

I managed a puff or two at my cigar.

"I see what you mean, old man, I think I can follow you, speaking figuratively—"

"Not speaking figuratively. Listen. One night I lay wounded and unable to move on the strip of land between the trenches. There were many around me. I won't tell you of them. Our language was not made for such tales. What did Shakespeare know of night made hideous? Had he lain for a while, wounded, in No Man's Land he might have known! . . . There was a faint moon, and by its dim light I saw her. Like a black wind she came over the field, crouching low. The man beside me saw her, screamed once, like a baby screams, and died. She came swiftly, silently, running like a hound on the scent. . . . I saw her face. . . . I thought I died then. Part of me did die, I think; although I was still alive when our men got to me."

I pushed back my chair, glad of the scraping sound it made upon the floor. As an excuse for the sudden damp upon my forehead I remarked that the fire was rather hot. It began to appear that Aleric's silence had covered some curious things. In the meantime he waited for me to say something.

"A horrible experience!" I said, "delirium, of course—very vivid and all that—horrible!"

Aleric interrupted with a short laugh.

"You think it wasn't delirium?" I ventured.

"Oh, I saw her all right. I wasn't delirious. But I am not surprised that you think so."

Now, I felt, was the time for me to move carefully, to use wisdom. But somehow I couldn't. Aleric's eerie story had shaken me and I blurted it all out without finesse of any kind.

"Even supposing," I stammered, "that doesn't account for things—a swaying curtain, the rustle of your wife's dress, the—the child—"

I had done it now! I knew by the look on his face that he understood me instantly. He knew that what he had tried to hide had not been hidden. My stumbling words had laid bare all our futile secrecies.

Aleric was gazing at me thoughtfully. The wild light had died out of his eyes. He appeared almost normal save that he looked white and shaken. I had expected a new outburst, but none came. Instead, after a moment's scrutiny, he turned away with a gesture of intense weariness.

"No—it doesn't account for that." There was a kind of flat finality in his level tone which told me plainer than words that my only chance of helping him was slipping away. The knowledge steadied me. For Betty's sake I must not let him leave it so.

"Old man," I said, "you think I'm hatefully, meanly curious. God knows I'm not. But you are in a bad way. If you could talk about it, it might help. You can't go on like this: I tell you plainly that madness lies at the end of the road."

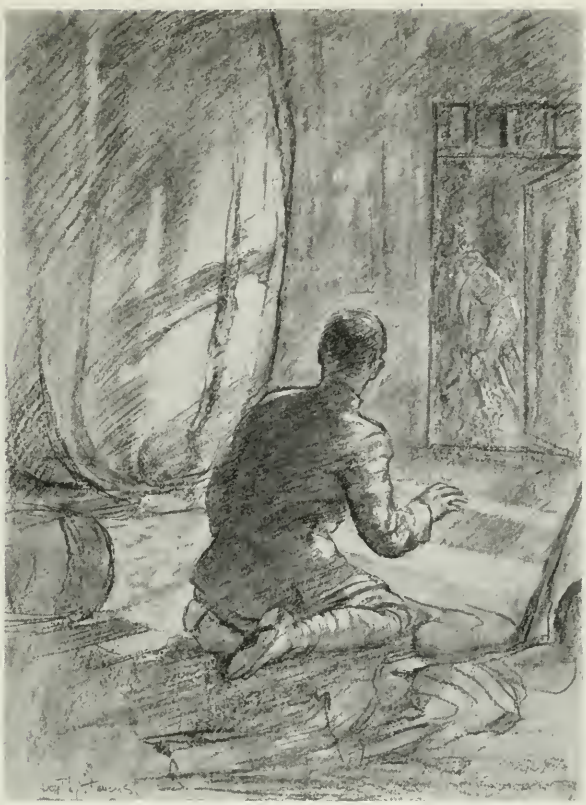
"I know that," he said and fell heavily silent.

I waited.

"Talking about it won't help," he went on. "Common sense doesn't help. Reason doesn't help. There are things outside of common sense and reason. I've always considered myself a reasonable man. I have reasoned over this. Reason tells me I torment myself needlessly. Common sense laughs at me. I have observed myself quite calmly and called myself a fool. I have pointed out the absurdity of being obsessed by what is past, by what was not, after all, any fault of mine. But nothing has any effect—nothing."

"You are ill, man," I said eagerly. "A man's sick mind seldom cures itself. The impulse of healing must come from without. You need help."

With an upleap of hope I felt his hand tighten a little in mine. Presently he spoke again, using short, halting sentences with pauses between. It was as if he dragged the words



"'I made a little movement, and the curtain stirred'"

from the depth of tragic self-communings.

"Well, I'll tell you. . . . It's a short story, after all. . . . The second time I was hit, it happened, in the leg that time, and not so badly, but enough to put me out of action. I fell in a street. . . . I mean what had recently been a street . . . of what had been a village. The sensible thing seemed to be to get to cover. I could crawl, after a fashion. . . . There was a shell of a house not far off. I crawled there . . . crawled right in, over the ruins of the shattered door-sill. I wasn't in great pain. The first effect of some wounds is numbing. But I was faint, loss of blood, reaction, weariness, and so thirsty! . . . But I was glad. I began to think of Betty and the baby. I had just heard about the baby. It was good to think I was going to see them both, maybe. . . . That I wasn't lying dead out there . . . likely to have another chance. But I was so thirsty- I began to look around, and there, almost opposite, where a rag of a curtain hung, something caught my eye, paralyzed me! . . . It was behind the curtain, making it bulge . . . an odd, irregular bulge. I knew in a moment what it was . . . a man, crouching! . . . and there was something else . . . something glittering . . . it was right in my eye . . . I knew he had me covered! . . . There would be no Betty . . . and I would never see the baby . . ."

"My first and last thought was, 'Why the deuce doesn't he shoot?'—a kind of rhyme. It got singing through my head, over and over. But he

didn't shoot. . . . He just held me there, covered. . . . Presently the idea came to me that he might be dead. The relief of it made my head swim. . . . He was so still . . . after all, he might be dead. I made a little movement . . . and the curtain stirred . . . someone moved behind it . . . hope fell dead. Then I thought I saw the pointed muzzle shift a trifle. In a moment it would spit out death. . . . But it didn't . . . it seemed that the hidden man was a humourist . . . he wanted to play with me . . . so amusing.

"I don't know how a mouse feels when a cat plays with it. I've heard it squeal and seen it try to run away. But for me, I grew suddenly cool. All at once, I wasn't afraid. I felt nothing save a kind of steel-blue anger. . . . I don't want Betty or the baby or life. . . . All I wanted was to kill the man behind the curtain. . . . I lay very still. . . . It is wonderful how keen eyes are in face of blank-eyed death. I let my eyes search everywhere. . . . Presenly they found something. . . . Well within reach of my flung-out fingers lay a piece of broken bayonet. He wouldn't be afraid of that . . . a bayonet presupposes close quarters, and he could shoot me dead a dozen times before I could get within reach.

"But there was one chance. It would not occur to him that I might find another use for it. That I knew how to balance and aim and hurl . . . if I could only get the right hold . . . and be quick enough . . . before he guessed."

"I was cool enough. The thing resolved itself into a matter of player's skill. I was always a cool player. I began to move very carefully . . . very, very slowly . . . then, just as I had my fingers properly around the steel . . . there came a curious sound. I didn't know what it was . . . a little, funny gurgling sound . . . it startled me so I almost dropped the bayonet . . . then I thought it was the hidden man, making game . . . laughing! Anyhow, it gave me the extra strength I needed . . . with a sudden movement, I lifted myself, aimed . . . and let fly. . . . The aim was good."

Aleric's voice, which had been steadily failing, seemed to die away altogether. He sat humped up bending low over the fire, a very figure of tragedy. It seemed he could not go on, nor could I utter another word of urging. Not even for Betty's sake could I so much as breathe upon the unknown heart of his suffering. But I was to hear the end of the story. Aleric's voice began again, taking up the tale, a little further on, as if his pause had told me of unspoken things.

"When the curtain was quite still," he went on, " I felt a great leap of exultation. My enemy was dead . . . and he had not fired! I felt nothing save satisfaction. . . . I rested. . . . But the muzzle of the gun still pointed. . . . I thought it might be well to have that gun. Little by little I dragged myself over the littered floor . . . at last I could touch the curtain . . . it was a rotten thing. I tugged, and it came away in my hand. There was a dead man there, a peasant . . . he had been dead some hours . . . it was not he who had moved the curtain, nor had he died by my bayonet. Who then? I felt frightened . . . sick . . . I had *seen* the curtain move and the gun shift. . . . Summoning all my strength I pulled the curtain completely away . . . and then I saw. I thought it was an hallucination at first, that I had gone a little mad thinking so much of Betty and the baby . . . for it was a *child* that lay there, its tiny fingers caught in the curtain's fringe . . . a little, fair-headed baby thing. . . . Oh, God! . . . I began to laugh. I was shouting with laughter when they took me to the hospital."

Aleric's face was hidden in his hands. His story was told. And I

had nothing to say. What could I say save those things which he had said to himself so fruitlessly? Accident! He knew it was an accident. Blameless! He knew himself blameless.

For all that I could say he would still shrink at the swaying of a curtain, and turn his haunted eyes from the sight of his little fair-haired Betty creeping about the room. I knew now what he saw when he sat alone staring into the fire! Reason and common sense were indeed helpless here, and for the first time since Betty's coming to me at the office I could see no hope for Alerie. A miracle might save him, but miracles do not happen.

Then, into the ghastly silence which held us both, stole a new sound, the sound of sobbing. I looked at Alerie. His huddled shoulders were shaking and between his shielding fingers shone the gleam of tears. For a long time he wept and when the worst of it was over, and he looked up I saw that miracles do happen sometimes!

I slipped away and presently Betty stole in to comfort him.

YOUTH

By BEATRICE REDPATH

YOU . . . oh, you . . . low lying there,
So still-handed, steeped in sleep,
Lover, too, of earth and air:
Know, oh, know, I cannot weep
When the wind is in the hills
And the skies are soaked with blue,
Even when the raindrop spills
Over you . . . all over you.

I must laugh and I must sing,
And at times I must be glad.
Oh, is at a cruel thing?
They would have me always sad.
They would hang before my eyes
Veils to blot out all the sun—
Muffled in a black disguise
I might neither dance nor run.

You . . . oh, you . . . low lying there:
Know, sometimes, I must be glad.
Well I love the earth and air,
The adventure of the day . . .
I cannot be always sad,
Sometimes I must sing and play.

Petit Jean Pierre

BY MARGARET BELL

THE Petit Jean Pierre lived above a shop in Sous le Cap. In the door of the shop sat old Batiste, calmly smoking a stubby pipe.

Every one knew Batiste. Tourists who visited Quebec, every summer, learned to look for the old man, who sat outside the door. Very often they would stop and have a few words with him. When they heard his voice come across the cobblestones, in a shrill, piping monotone, *"Tabac! tabac! tabac à vendre"!*

The pungent stuff hung above the door in small bundles. It waved back and forth on its grimy string, as if exhorting the passers-by to take it down.

Batiste was Jean Pierre's grandfather. The little boy had never known any home but the attic above the tobacco shop. Very often he would peep through the cracks in the roof and wonder what was going on in the big world above. The world which was sprinkled with twinkling points of silver.

And he would form wonderful stories about that world. Each star was the soul of someone who lived up there. There was one star much brighter than the rest. Jean Pierre called it the Queen. He imagined that she must be very good, for she shone so much brighter than the rest. And sometimes, in the winter, when Jean Pierre would shiver and draw the tattered quilt over him, he would imagine that the Queen star shone down more kindly at him. And he would fall asleep with the brightness filling the crack in the roof.

The neighbours in Sous le Cap called him a funny little fellow.

Jean Pierre was lame. He could not remember how it had happened, but there was a fire, one time, Jean Pierre lay in a white room for many weeks, and when he came back to the tiny attic in Sous le Cap, he carried a crutch.

Since then a lovely lady came every Sunday afternoon to see him, at the *magasin de tabac.*

Soon he began to associate the lovely lady with the Queen star, which watched over him every night.

Sometimes his lameness would make him very sad. He could not run and play like the other boys in Sous le Cap. And when strangers drove through, in their motor cars, he could not run after them to get the coppers they sometimes threw into the street.

Now and then, one of the boys would give him a bit of candy, or a slice of orange which he had bought with his coppers. And this would make Jean Pierre very happy.

He often lay awake thinking what he would do for the other boys, if he had a whole pile of coppers, if the corner of the attic suddenly became full of them. He would buy Paul a new pair of shoes. His always had holes. And Gustave needed a cap. He went to school every day in his bare head.

The winters are cold, in Quebec, and one cannot go bareheaded very long.

He would buy old Grandpere Batiste a big muffler, and a new pipe. Jean Pierre had seen a whole windowful of pipes, one day, when the lovely lady took him up on the hill. And he often thought he would like to buy Grandpère a hat like the Archevêque wore. Jean Pierre was in great awe of the Archevêque. He was so great and mighty! But he had a kind face. Jean Pierre wondered what he did with all his old hats. What would the Archevêque do if he asked him sometime?

There was a great parade one day. A whole regiment of soldiers were marching from the big steamer, up the hill to the Terrace. Jean Pierre heard the drums. He asked Grandpère Batiste if he might go up to the Terrace to see. Batiste was nodding on the doorstep. He yawned, and answered *"Oui"*.

Jean Pierre went as quickly as he could, along the narrow street, past the little shops and stifling doorways. Everyone seemed to be in the street. They ran past him, pushing him this way and that. It was hard for him to keep from falling. All the boys from Sous le Cap had gone down to the docks to see the big ship come in. They would follow the procession up to the Terrace.

The boards in the sidewalk were rickety. They would shoot up suddenly, at one end, when Jean Pierre stepped on them. And his crutch would catch in the holes.

He could hear the bands playing. The procession was coming nearer. All the boys were following it. Jean Pierre was away down below the Terrace, with the roofs of the houses shutting out everything.

He walked along till he came to the little railway which goes up to the Chateau. The elevator was at the top. True, it cost five cents to go up, but Jean Pierre thought the man might let him ride free.

He could hear the soldiers up on the Terrace.

For a long time he stood there, waiting for the elevator to descend. He seemed to be all alone. Everyone was up on the Terrace. Everyone but old Grandpère Batiste, who nodded in the doorway of the *magasin de tabac*.

But the elevator did not come down. The Petit Jean Pierre stood looking up toward the Terrace. He could not climb the hill, for the streets were full of carts. And there were gendarmes, who kept little boys back.

Big tears fell from Jean Pierre's eyes, and a lump came in his throat. He started to walk back to the shop.

That was what made him wish, more than ever before, that he were not lame.

The brown tints from autumn faded, and left the trees gaunt and thin. Snow filtered down between the houses, and the wind whistled around Jean Pierre's attic.

People began to talk about Christmas.

Jean Pierre lay awake, one night, looking up toward his Queen star. Suddenly he sat up in bed. He felt for his rosary, and began to pray. The Queen star seemed to be the Kind Virgin. He prayed to her. Prayed for a long time. That she would take his lameness away and give him strength. It was the only Christmas gift he asked for.

And he fell asleep, with a smile on his lips.

It was the day before Christmas. The lovely lady was coming to take Jean Pierre out in her sleigh. He would see the big stores, up on the hill. They were bright and dazzling in Christmas finery. And Santa Claus was to be there, with a great load of toys.

No wonder the Petit Jean Pierre was excited. Even old Batiste appeared brighter. He put on a red tie, and fastened a few sprigs of holly to the swaying bundles of tobacco. Jean Pierre had found them on the street. They fell from a big load, which was

drawn up the hill to the Chateau.

The lovely lady came about two hours after mid-day. She had a red sleigh filled with great robes. And there was a string of bells around the horse.

Jean Pierre was radiant. He laughed and cried, and clapped his hands. The lovely lady looked more beautiful than ever. She was muffled up in furs.

It was a great time for the Petit Jean Pierre. All the boys from Sous le Cap ran screaming after the scarlet sleigh, which carried him up the hill, to the dazzling mysteries of Christmas.

He had never seen so many wonderful things. There were hundreds of little Christmas trees, all tinsel and stars. Jean Pierre thought of his Queen star, and wondered if she had not sent the other stars down to tip the treetops.

And there were tin soldiers and drums and toys. Jean Pierre thought of the procession to the Terrace and of his disappointment.

But what was that disappointment now? Now, when he was being driven around in a scarlet sleigh, by the loveliest lady in the world?

She left him standing beside a tableful of toys, and went to speak to a man who walked up and down the aisles of the store. Then she came back, and patted Jean Pierre's head. There were so many beautiful things!

It became tiresome, after a while. The stores were full of people, who pushed and crowded. Jean Pierre found it hard to walk. His crutch seemed to be in everyone's way.

Out in the street, tiny fragments of snow had begun to filter down between the rows of houses. All the lights were lit, and the streets looked gay and festive. People stood about, laughing and talking.

Jean Pierre's head was in a whirl. He had never seen so many beautiful things. But his little heart was sad. For he could not forget the crutch, and how it seemed to be always in people's way.

It was quite dark when they drove back to Sous le Cap. Old Grandpère Batiste had hung a lantern in the doorway. A red candle sputtered inside it.

The boys stood round the door of the *magasin de tabac,* waiting to see Pierre come back. When they saw him, they shouted and called and waved their arms in the air. They ran to the scarlet sleigh, and caught hold of the robes. Jean Pierre was angry. They were begging for coppers. He could not understand how anyone could beg for coppers from the beautiful lady.

She threw them a few coins. They began quarrelling over them. And she kissed the Petit Jean Pierre, and wished him a Merry Christmas. He stood in the doorway of the *magasin de tabac* and watched her disappear down the tawdry narrowness of Sous le Cap.

Jean Pierre did not eat any supper that night. He crept up to his attic, and looked out through the hole in the roof. The Queen star seemed to shine more kindly than before. Jean Pierre knelt down by the little bed and prayed:

"Oh Beautiful Virgin, Mother of Our Lord, take away my lameness and make me strong. Help me, in the morning, to leave my crutch behind, when I go down to Grandpère Batiste. I do not ask for any other gift, Blessed Virgin, only this. Bless everyone, Grandpère and all the boys, but most of all, the lovely lady who is kind. Give them all a *bon Noel* and much happiness.. Amen."

For a long time, he lay open-eyed, looking up at the Queen star, which seemed to flood the bed in kindliness, and when he fell asleep, he dreamt that the lovely lady had come and cured him of his lameness.

The sun was smiling in through the crack in the roof. Bells were ringing everywhere, and joyousness filled Jean Pierre's tiny attic.

Jean Pierre rubbed his eyes. He must have slept a long time. Then suddenly he sat up in bed. He remembered. This was Christmas Day.

A fear came over him. His prayer! Had the Queen star sent his message to the Virgin?

For a long time he lay there wondering. He almost feared to get up. He could hear old Grandpère Batiste, moving about downstairs. He was preparing breakfast.

Jean Pierre always placed his crutch in the corner, just back of the head of his bed. It was easy to reach in the mornings when he got up. The lovely lady had told him, once, that some day he might be able to walk without his crutch. That was a long time ago. He wondered what she was doing. She must be very happy on Christmas Day. She gave so much happiness to others.

He sat there in bed, thinking of all these things. Then he reached for his crutch. He could not feel it, but his hand touched something which pricked. He looked toward the corner and uttered a little cry. For there stood a beautiful Christmas-tree, all glittering in toys and tinsel, just like the trees he had seen in the shops the day before.

He jumped out of bed, and stood in the middle of the tiny room, shouting and clapping his hands. Very carefully he turned to go toward the Christmas-tree. His leg did not hurt him. He felt quite strong.

Old Grandpère Batiste came clattering up the steps to Jean Pierre's attic. He wanted to see if the prophecy of the doctor had come true. That Jean Pierre would be able to walk, if he found he had no crutch, but a joyful surprise instead. He saw the little fellow jumping around the beautiful tree, which, in the morning sun, looked like a thing of silver.

"Bon Noel, mon petit," said Grandpère Batiste.

"Oh, Grandpère, I can walk, I can walk! The Queen star gave my prayer to the Blessed Virgin and she has turned my crutch into this lovely Christmas-tree. And I'm sure the lovely lady knew the secret too."

"Maybe, maybe," said Grandpère Batiste, with a smile.

EDITH CAVELL

THE KAISER: "Now you can bring me the American Protest"

The first of a series of remarkable drawings by the celebrated Belgian artist Louis Raemaekers

GIRLHOOD

From the Painting by W. Bouguereau

CHRISTMAS FOIBLES

By Ashley Sterne

ON first reading the above title you will think it's a misprint; for you will say to yourself that Christmas is all peace and good-will, and turkey and mistletoe, and that the man who argues that the festive season has its anxieties must be one of those impossible misanthropes who when (if ever) he gets to Paradise will complain that the harps are out of tune or that his halo is not a perfect fit.

But if you will pour a little cold, strong tea upon your head, a few moments' reflection should serve to demonstrate to you that there is a thorn in every ointment, a fly in every rose, and that even Christmas with all its joys and gaieties is not entirely devoid of those petty annoyances that have been known to reduce strong men to the verge of tears, and to drive weak men to the brink of drink. Take, for example, the fact that Christmas Day is also always rent day. I don't know what playful satirist was responsible for this sorry and unseemly booby-trap. I wish I did. I would inveigh him with all the recognized curses known to the world's most fluent bargees, so that he would not merely turn in his grave, but positively gyrate. For when I require money to spend on presents for my near and dear ones, it seems to me to be the height of irony that a prior lien upon my resources is already legally established in favour of my landlord who (fortunately) is not near, though (unfortunately) he is abominably dear.

The direct result of this tactless and heartless arrangement is that for at least a week before Christmas I have to exercise the most rigid economy—only two glasses of port after dinner, *The Daily Mail* instead of *The Times*, and nothing in the collection on Sunday—in order that I may be able to afford to send my annual sixpenny packet of milk chocolate to my Aunt Louisa, a sixpenny Keats calendar to my Uncle Jasper, and a couple of sixpenny pocket-diaries (containing valuable accident-insurance coupons enabling the holder to lose one or more limbs in several attractive ways entirely free of expense) to my two cousins, Mildred and Grace.

On more than one occasion a financial panic has only been averted by my utilizing for my own ends Christmas cards of the previous year upon which the senders had happily omitted to write their names. You, gentle reader, with your fifty or sixty thousand a year, who send your cheque for seven pounds ten to your landlord punctually every quarter with no more concern than if you sent him a doughnut or a banana, can afford to cavil with me and accuse me of attempting to make a mountain out of a sow's ear; but I assure you (with my hand on Webster's Condensed Dic-

tionary, which happens to be the most solemn tome within easy reach) that the co-incidence of Christmas Day with rent day completely transforms —in my own case, at least—what is glibly termed "the festive season" into what may be aptly termed "the restive season".

Another thing for which I shall always hold Christmas in disfavour is the unsolicited *al fresco* choral performances to which one is compelled to listen. Now, I am very fond of vocal music. I have listened for hours to Pavlova on the gramophone, and for the last ten years I have regularly attended a famous songstress's annual Farewell Concert solely to hear her sing that delightful old ballad, "Here a Sheer Bulk Lies Poor Tom Howling". And I am equally fond of music when circumstances permit of, and are suitable to, its being performed in the open air. I remember one evening at Venice lying in a gondola on the Grand Canal, gazing up into the deep blue of the Italian sky (a hue which Mrs. Elinor Glyn has so successfully incorporated into the modern novel, and Mr. Reckitt into the modern wash-tub), and being moved to a state of lachrymose rapture by the rendering of "Hitchy Koo" by a party of American tourists from Honk (Pu.) who were undergoing one of those ten-day trips through the Sunny South that have inspired so many transpontine literary masterpieces on the subject of the Italian Renaissance by such able and illuminating writers as Mungo T. Bilge, of Piffleville, Pa.; Sadie Q. Figmush, of Mulgiddersprat, Ma., and Urquhart J. Doddle, of Bosh, Ba. Under these conditions you will readily imagine the added enchantment which was lent to the scene by the rhapsody and threnody of these subtle (though perhaps somewhat nasal) harmonies; and as I rose from my horizontal position to assume the perpendicular one in which I invariably walk, and ascending the steps of the quay preparatory to entering my hotel to dress for dinner, I could not help thinking of Shakespeare's beautiful words:

"If music be the love of food, feed on, Macduff."

Contrast this with the sensations you experience on a cold December night when, having just snuggled down into the comforting depths of a well-feathered bed, you are promptly assaulted by the harsh, half-broken voices of the local butcher-boy, the newspaper-boy, the milk-boy, and half a dozen other confederates, acquainting you with the fact that the good (and apparently draught-proof) King Wenceslas once had the temerity "to look out" ("of window," I take it) "on the feast of Stephen" (which—presumably—was held in the garden immediately beneath the window out of which King Wenceslas looked; otherwise, the words are pointless).

Then, when they've croaked their cacophonous way through what seems to your tortured ears to be about forty-seven verses concerning the subsequent adventures of this inquisitive monarch, they have the impertinence to ring a triple bob-major, a straight flush and a jack-pot upon your front-door bell, and continue to peal until you get out of your warm bed, don your chilly slippers and dressing-gown, descend the frozen staircase, and shout through the icy letter-box all the bitterest anathema and most trenchant sarcasms you can think of. At this game, however, you probably find that the butcher-boy and his disreputable colleagues can more than hold their own; so after consigning them, their heirs, executors and assigns, collectively and individually, to a variety of hideous dooms long since regarded as relics of paganism, you return to your room with the words of the Village Blacksmith running in your head:

"Something attempted, nothing done.
To earn a night's repose."

This will be more fully impressed on

you as the night wears on, and further parties of vocalists turn up at intervals of a few minutes to haunt you with relays of carols, and drive you demented with assorted *soli* upon your bell. The climax is eventually reached when the local brass band arrives about two a.m., and launches a selection of ear-splitting melodies full at your bedroom window. Goaded by desperation to your last extremity you once more bound out of bed, and hastily searching your trousers pockets for the morrow's lunch-money, you fling open the window, and hurl the extorted bullion at the head of the ruffian who is putting about seventy-five horsepower down the business end of a bass trombone.

You finally tumble into bed in the firm conviction that if the pandemonium you have endured at intervals during the last three hours is to be taken as an expression of the good-will towards men with which Yuletide is popularly supposed to be saturated, the sooner a competent chartered accountant is called in, and his opinion taken as to the advisability of writing off that same good-will as a doubtful asset, the better it will be for a tolerant and long-suffering humanity.

Lastly, let us briefly consider the extraordinary and inexplicable custom of making and consuming that highly injurious form of pabulum known as Christmas pudding. Everyone admits that Christmas is not Christmas unless the dyspeptic compound forms the *piéce de resistance* at the festive board. But where, I ask, is the authority for including it in an already overcrowded and super-indigestible menu? I have turned the usually well-informed Mrs. Beeton inside-out—I speak figuratively, of course—in my endeavour to solve the problem, but she maintains an obstinate silence on this important point. (She seems to have completely exhausted her investigatory resources in that absorbing and powerful essay entitled "Observations on the Common Hog").

Other culinary authors, too, are as mute as dumb-bells upon this momentous question, with the result that the origin of Christmas pudding is swathed in several thicknesses of mystery, *albeit* some investigators hold that the first appearance of Christmas pudding coincided with the discovery of Portland cement.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that we annually turn out—and subsequently turn in—several thousand tons of this deleterious mixture, and thus help to keep ninety-nine per cent. of the medical profession from swelling the ranks of the unemployed. It is no exaggeration to say that in the majority of households the whole domestic machinery for weeks before Christmas suffers severe dislocation on account of the services of every servant, and all the available cooking utensils, being reserved for the purpose of manufacturing these pernicious puddings. For the average housewife is not content with making one solitary specimen; she must make, not a single spy, but a whole battalion, and this passion for pudding-production has on more than one occasion been the cause of bitter friction arising in hitherto happy and flourishing homes.

Personally, I never touch Christmas pudding as a comestible. I have occasionally used one as a jack at bowls, and another small one (possessed of enormous specific gravity and a pachydermatous rind that has blunted more cutlery than the most slovenly knife-boy) reposes on my writing-table, where it fulfils the useful function of a paper-weight. Its beauties as a food are absolutely wasted on me; and if ever I feel as if a little illness would be beneficial to my health I go about and catch a thoroughly respectable disease that I am not ashamed to exhibit to the family doctor.

SPIDER ISLAND

By Patric Morrison. Illustrations by C.W Jefferys

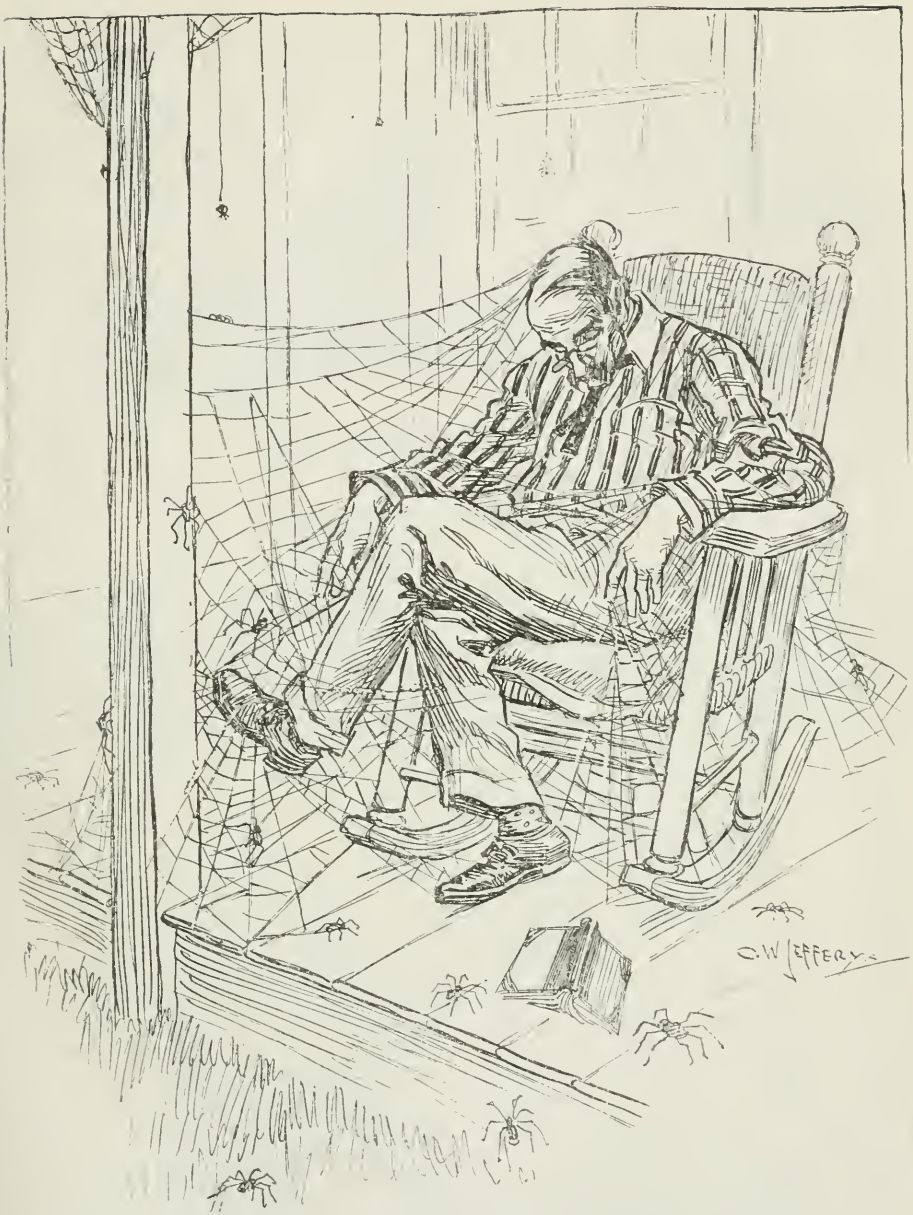
THE advertisement said, "Come and pick your summer cottage", and we at any rate were allured into taking the ferry to see it. If you go so far, and if you are the kind to deserve it, after that the question is settled. The ferry starts off as if it were bound for the Myriad Isles, but one look at the ferry would decide you that it had nothing in common with them. And as a matter of fact, after leaving Port Frontenac, it goes straight across the bay, breasting the current, beginning to set towards the St. Lawrence and waddling from one to another of the low islands between us and the American shore.

We shan't be at our island just yet, so have a look at the ferry steamer. Blunt in the nose and solid in the build, she could tell stories of ice-pans and dark howling nights and the time the big freighter broke the rule of the road. But just now she is a plain, domestic little craft full up with market-stuff, with horses gazing solemnly over her bows, a peremptory toot for a whistle, and a Scots captain, who looks Irish.

But here we are. One must get off quickly, for she bumps on to the wharf, backs water (step lively now), and she's off, with you landed on Spider Island.

Just about a thousand yards long, a sickle in the shining surface of the lake, either No. 1 or No. 1001 of the myriad isles, and all day long the ships go sailing by, lake liners, freighters, tugs, imposing *Toronto*, or the picaroon craft that hang in the offing at nightfall and take down their sails out by the lighthouse and Rock Isle.

Spider Island had once been busy island: they had made ships here, the smart little one-hundred-tonners and the long lumpy lighters. They had made them all from lumber towed to the spot, and then a change had come, and one day the yards were silent, the chains and the iron work began straightway to rust, the woodwork to rot, and in the bay of the sickle the derelict craft lay half submerged, as if some ferocious submarine had reaped a rich harvest in a well filled harbour. The shipwrights had downed their tools and moved to other scenes, and in a long row their shacks stood idle and empty along the single road that ran to the tip of the island, and only one man was left in charge, a skipper of the old school,



"They ran everywhere, weaved their webs in impossible places and in no time"

now skipper of a patch of dry land and admiral of a fleet which was reduced to the little motor launch he ran backwards and forwards through all weathers and all waters to take and fetch the morning and evening mail. And the one link with Canada was the stumpy little ferry boat which, four times a day, waddled alongside the crumbling wharf, bumped, shed a parcel or a passenger, and was off again, snorting vigorously into the thumping waves, fading into the distance, till we heard her cheerful toot

' The toads were the most sociable "

as she reached Big Island on our distant lee.

But as the old life had died in the island, a new life had sprung up. Nature abhors a vacuum, abhors idleness, standstill, and waste of time, material anything. Any garbage pile, any scrap heap, any deserted farm is simply a field on which nature, the great alchemist, at once gets busy. The rag pickers, the salvage-men, the rubbish-sorters get to work on the immediate and obvious scrap-heaps. Nature is making a scrap-heap out of half the world at any given moment. Even the statesman, the captain of industry, the artist, all unknown to himself, often reaches the stage where he is but scrap or shoddy from which something new is to be made. And the island was teeming with activity. For what purpose we cannot say, but surely all nature is a plan, and all creation working to perfect wisdom, in the end without waste or fussiness, or mis-spent effort, or any of the botchery of man.

To us *habitants* this activity could have no special purpose; sometimes even it was a nuisance, as the myriad shad flies came at nightfall to rest in our hair; but soon, very soon, the activity impressed one, and one accepted it, even to our astonishment, liked it. What was it? Well, nothing out of the way. Wilderness of weeds, like the park around the castle of Sleeping Beauty, insects of all kinds in terrific profusion, grasshoppers in such swarms that the landscape swam in a haze of them, toads by the tubful, if there had been a tub to gather them, and spiders, why, as you see at the top, it was Spider Island, and they ran everywhere, weaved their webs in impossible places and in no time. There were big fellows down on the shore with bodies like a large black berry, legs stretching out to the circumference of a saucer. You know that is a lie, of course, but go into your museum and you will see them, with a three-word or four-word name beginning with *arachua* and ending with *Laurentiensis,* which is quite a respectable title for a monster. From these they tapered away down to the mite that threw a web across the cream-jug and could push through the meshes of coarse muslin. Only one thing saved us humans from destruction. If the spiders co-operated like the bees, they would have you, and would weave a web strong enough to see you dangling in it like a carcase in a butcher's shop. Even if they

came at you in numbers, like the flies or the 'skeeters, then you would have to decamp the next morning, but, as a matter of fact, they were mostly harmless, and lived fat and contented on flies and gnats and smaller moths. They and the toads were the check on the voluminous insect life of the island. The toads ran riot in the evening, but were of the most sociable. They came out boating with us in the evening, and dropped into the kitchen at nightfall, and were always the decentest of fellows and the quietest of company.

There were other creatures, however, in our island. These fellows I have spoken of are not the prime favourites of minor creation, not since La Fontaine ceased to sing, but none the less we had our compensations. Mosquitoes there were in plenty, and any of you that have been plagued by mosquitoes could come here and have your laugh at them. The wind blew ever cool and free over our island, and after one week's blooding in June, not a 'skeeter could stir out of the shade of the thickets. There they danced and sang their song of blood-sucking, but there it stopped, and we used to go down to their plantations by the swamp and laugh at them.

I was wandering there because I was on my way to the butterfly fields. If the man who named the island had lived up at the farm he would have called it Butterfly Island. Never were there so many and so beautiful, I should think. With the great spread of their wings they could darken a patch of sunlight as you came through the wood to an open spot, so that you could still be for a moment in shade. And then as they fluttered with their half-halting flight you would see the brilliant hues on their wings, and marvel. One week there came a workman to the island from the busy world without, who at first looked askance at us islanders, and suggested we should go somewhere else and live, but at the end of the week, when his job was done, or rather not done—he had

"'It's a bloomin' marvel'," he said

tried to sink a well, if you please!—I found him in the butterfly field lying on his back and gaping.

"It's a bloomin' marvel," he said to me, and when he left next morning I saw on his face the look of one who leaves the sirens and the lotus-land.

But I know you will be getting impatient. After all, what did you do, you will want to know. Well, let me tell you first who we were, we *habitants*. First in honour were the families of three soldiers, and you will understand that their wives wanted a quiet place, still near enough for us to see at night the lights of the big camp away up on the bluff above the river. The children, of course, made the natural population of the island. It was for them Robinson Crusoe's island, and each would take his rôle. Then there were three scholars on vacation with their wives, three no less, and one of them a philosopher. Often I felt tempted to whisper to Beta McManus, the chubby twelve-year older, "Do you know Mr. Donaldson is a real live philosopher," but I think she half suspected it from his title and description. Yet you would doubt it, for how would a philosopher dive like that, or ask such natural questions, or be so glad to see you, or join in breaking into—but that we must keep from the captain. Then there were the motor-boaters. Three householders came over at evening from the town across the bay with terrific tuff-tuffs, and sometimes when they started at more or less the same time there were dreadful races, followed palpating by us all.

So you can see a little now what we did. There was swimming, and boating, even fishing, it was said, and a rock bass *is* a bass after all, and then, as I have reminded you, it was in a way Robinson Crusoe's island. And so we had the usual fun of campers, the fetching wood and water, the mysterious delving in the stores, the novelty of the wrong people doing the housework and the cooking.

But, above all, there was the sunset. Even the children felt it, not that children do not enjoy sunsets and things of beauty, but they felt here it was a part of the day, a rite not to be omitted, like the daily mass of a devout Catholic, fragrant and refreshing, a long picture gallery of wonderful skyscrapers, shown one at a time, and erected in a half-hour, richer than picture-show, or stage-play, more reverential than orchestra or organ piece, sweeter than children singing hymns by lamplight, reminiscent of time and eternity, life and creation, the end of all, and the new glories of the many mansions.

I am not going to try to describe those sunsets, whether they were the kind that lit the whole sky with their radiance, or whether they were the real Canadian sunset, a long bar of rich light along the western horizon. For though a sunset in words may be a feeble daguerreotype recollection to one who has seen that sunset from just that spot, to others they mean nothing definite or shaped, only conferred futuristic images tiring or untrue. But what I will try to do is to give the moral of them, in our old puritanical way, though that puritanical trait dates back to days of bestiaries and lapidaries, when there was symbolism in everything. And it seems to me it is this: Other countries go by their contours. The shape of their coastline determines them. Italy and Britain you cannot think of apart from their map picture. I would not wonder if what is wrong with Germany is that she has not got a profile. It is not so with Canada. You visualize Canada at once the first time you pass from the Gulf into her shining and majestic waterway of the St. Lawrence. That waterway stretches on through thousands of miles to the far extreme of Lake Superior, and even then so mighty a highway is not complete till you have satisfied yourself where it leads to and how it goes. And that waterway was not complete till it was fully realized how much the end and aim of Canada lay in the

"We used to go down to their plantations by the swamp and laugh at them"

harvest-fields of the West. Still more that way was not fully paved until man took a hand in its making, and when he planned and planted its iron tracks and made all Canada one, and that one the spacious rich lands of a great community stretching from here to the sunset, then the ideal Canada which you visualize at the gateway of Quebec becomes a real thing.

And that is what makes our enjoyment, the reverent hush with which we watch the closing at evening of the gates of the West. That is the legend

and the call which all those who enter our eastern portals see and hear. "Are you stepping westward," said the strange woman to Wordsworth on the strand of the Bristol Channel. "We're *marching* west," or "we're bring east the golden riches of the West," is the true land song and folk-song of the dwellers on the Great West Road. Even here the throb of that marching song echoes. We came here, for we were all rather tired this summer. But we have had our rest, and we are bid begone. The waves have been telling us this long time to be up and doing. They have been coming, surging with their ceaseless activity, beating at our doors, waking us at night with their pounding and the tramp of their feet. And I have heard my companions, with their sympathy that belong to the children of Evie—I have heard them interpret those voices. And now other and plainer voices are speaking. If I fall asleep, and wake when the six o'clock hooters sound across the bay, I hear the patter of feet pass up the old board walk by the road, and catch the murmur of the talk of the workers as they hurry to their evening meal. If I wake at night I hear, too, voices. It is not the sound of the waters, for that I hear apart. It is not the wind in the trees or the creaking of the roof timbers. But somehow it comes to me, like the blended murmur over the wires, all the sounds and talk and actions of the busy little world that was here, the good man throwing down his tool-bag, the call of the wife to the bairns without, the clatter of pots on the range, and dishes from the press, the murmur of talk at the supper table, and the pushing back of chairs, the buzz that rose from the school-room, the shrieking of the pulleys and winches, the clang of hammers, and roar with which a ship was launched from the ways.

I hear it all, and I wonder. Is it somehow that this is the cause of the activity which goes on about me in the daytime? Are the chirp of the grasshopper, and the shrill of the cricket, the drone of the hymenopteræ, the running of the spiders and the toads but an echo of the labour that was here before, a fermentation of those waters now still, and do these noises, just one note in the sphere of music, call to me again to be up and doing to the marching song of the road to the West?

THE CAPTOR CAPTURED

By Mabel Quiller-Couch

AUTHOR OF "SOME WESTERN FOLK," ETC.

I AM awfully sorry to have given you so much trouble, and—and I am very much obliged to you for your help, but," raising two rueful, shamed, but glorious eyes to his. "I—I hope I may never see you again—I beg your pardon, I mean I hope you may never see me again. I—I am so horribly ashamed."

"I am glad to have been of any help," the young man's tone was polite, but painfully formal.

"If only he would not look so shocked," thought Betty desperately, "if he would but take it as a joke, I should not feel half so bad."

"I will return you your shoe," he added, holding it towards her by the extreme tip of its lace. Even the snow and slush on it could not conceal its appalling shabbiness, Betty noticed, and, oh, why did he persist in dangling it so that every dilapidation showed to the utmost. "May I help you to put it on?"

"No, you may not," snapped Betty, "I begged you not to fish it out of the river, now please throw it back again at once, or, if you dangle it before my eyes a moment longer, I cannot be answerable for what I shall do."

For the first time a smile crossed her rescuer's face. "You have put a terrible temptation in my way," he said almost boyishly.

"Nevertheless you have to obey me. Please," pleadingly, "throw it away."

"But you can't walk over this half-frozen snow with bare feet, a bare foot, I mean. You will have to put on your shoe, or let me help you home. If you leaned on my arm and hopped"—he paused to try to conceal the laughter in his eyes and voice, "it would warm you. You will really be ill if you stand about any longer in your wet clothes in this atmosphere."

This roused her. "Ill! oh, I mustn't be ill—I've got a Christmas dance on—" She was thankful afterwards that she had said "I" and not "We," and so given away her identity.

"A Christmas dance! So have"—but before he could complete his sentence he found himself addressing space only, for Betty was flying along the road as fast as her unshod foot would allow her. Her skirts, heavy with water, clung about her legs uncomfortably, hampering her at every step, the broken snow hurt her foot, but she cared nothing so long as she got away from her rescuer and her shoe. By going across the fields to the Grange she would save a ten minutes' walk—but he might be watching her, and not for anything would she have him know that the Grange was her home. So she went the long way round by the high road, though there was the risk of meeting people she

knew, "and, of course," she told herself bitterly, "everyone she especially did not want to meet would be out."

She met only Philippa, however, and at the sight of her Betty sank on to the low wall of the churchyard with a sigh of relief. Philippa would scold, but what one's own sister said mattered nothing. Of course, Philippa's eyes fell at once on the hole in the toe of Betty's stocking.

"Oh, that's a trifle," sighed Betty wearily, "you should see the heel!"

"Well, if you run in stockinged feet over half-frozen snow—"

"Only one shoe came off," corrected Betty, "but, of course, it was the one that had the biggest holes in it. I wouldn't have minded so much though, if—if I hadn't had such holes in my stockings. Shabby shoes look like honest poverty, but holey stockings show—"

"Sheer laziness," said Philippa uncompromisingly. "Betty, you hadn't on those awful old shoes of yours, your pets, had you?"

Betty nodded. "Yes, I had a long way to walk, and I wanted to be comfortable. The worst of it is I have left one in his keeping!"

"Betty!"

"And he was such a toney-looking youth, too," ruminated Betty. "Awfully superior, and painfully polite, and so well dressed."

"I hope he was not anyone we are likely to meet again," Philippa murmured anxiously.

"So do I."

"There are any amount of strangers staying about here for Christmas, a lot are coming to our dance tonight, and I suppose we shall get to know them all."

"He is sure to be one of the 'lot'," sighed Betty drearily. "But he shall not know me, though. I'll wear the Nun's gown, Philly, and he will never guess I am the pig-tailed, short-skirted damsel he found up to her knees in river mud. I pulled my old cap well down over my eyes—what do you think, Phil?"

Philippa looked doubtful. She could scarcely believe that any man would fail to recognize again Betty's blue eyes, black lashes, and copper-coloured locks.

Betty got up and shook out her wet skirts. "Never mind," she said provokingly, "perhaps he will mistake you for me! We are rather alike—Oh, I say, here comes the curate—Good-bye!"

Michael Gregory buttoned himself into his policeman's tunic with a despondent sigh, and as he pulled on his black woollen gloves he anathematized all fancy-dress dances soundly and comprehensively.

"Why on earth people can't dance in their ordinary clothes, but must get themselves up in something hotter and stuffier than usual, it passes my understanding to discover!"

He repeated the problem to Tom Howard when Tom burst into the room to have his pinafore tied about his neck. "My dear Mickey, nobody dictated to you what you should wear. You could have gone as an imp, if you had liked, or an Ice King."

"Well, I couldn't decide what to go as, I never can, and just as my brain was giving way under the strain I came upon this helmet—a relic of bygone Town and Gown row—and that settled it. It's too late now to change. Do you think anyone will recognize me?"

"Oh, no!" ironically, "of course not."

Not recognize him! Betty Brunton, coming down the stairs as he stepped into the hall, knew him the moment her eyes fell on him, and was filled with a rush of deep thankfulness that she had chosen the nun's white robes, and the close-fitting coif and veil, rather than the early Victorian gown and bonnet which Philippa had wanted her to wear. The flowing robe made her look tall and dignified, the coif and veil concealed every bit of her beautiful hair.

That the disguise was perfect she

knew when her host brought her and her rescuing knight face to face, and no gleam of recognition showed in his eyes.

There was a gleam of something else, though, which was much more pleasant to Betty than the grave shocked look of the afternoon, and brought a tint of roses to her cream-tinted cheeks.

"May I have the pleasure of a dance?" he asked gravely, "at least—I mean, you do dance?" he added hurriedly.

"You think my 'habit' will not permit?" Betty's smile was not at all unlike, but it was very compelling.

Michael smiled back. "It seemed wrong, somehow, to suggest anything so frivolous."

"But what of your own? Do policemen dance?"

"Not often, I imagine," with a tug at his collar, "or they would all be dead of apoplexy." He held out his hand for her programme. "May I?"

"I don't know. What should I do if you died of apoplexy in my arm—at my feet, I mean!" Betty added hastily.

"But I will not, I promise you I will not. If I feel the slightest symptom coming on I will ask you to lead me to a cool and secluded corner."

"Very well," agreed Betty, but she spoke absently. Her brain was busy with an idea, a delightful idea promising plenty of fun and a neat little turning of the tables on this young man who had witnessed her humiliation and laughed at her embarrassment. Betty's eyes grew brighter, in her excitement her feet simply flew over the polished floor, her body seemed to float.

"Do all nuns dance as you do " her partner asked in undisguised admiration. Betty looked up at him. He had taken off his uncomfortable helmet and hung it on his arm. "Ah, how handsome he is!" thought Betty. "What a well-shaped head he has—and that ripple in his well-groomed hair—" Her heart gave a curious little throb, and her eyes fell suddenly.

"I—I—what did you say? Do all nuns dance? I don't know. I should think it depended on which they went in for first. You see, I learned to dance before I became a nun." She spoke in broken, nervous fashion. Later on she felt that her embarrassment had helped her scheme, but at the moment she felt only foolish, and angry with herself. It was all lost, though, on her partner. He was conscious only of her sweet face, her grace, her indescribable charm.

"Do you know," he said at last, and he spoke almost shyly, "I cannot picture you as anything but a nun—it shows how well your raiment suits you."

Then it was true he had not recognized her! Her heart beat just a shade faster, but she looked up at him with mischievous taunting eyes, and her laugh rang out gaily. "And I can picture you everything but a policeman, which—"

"Which shows how little my raiment suits me," he concluded for her, "and I am not sorry."

The music had stopped minutes ago, yet still he lingered. Across the room Betty could see the band preparing for the next dance.

"Here come our partners in search of us," she said hurriedly. And before Michael had realized what she was saying, the place at his side was empty, the "sweet-faced nun" had vanished.

The "sweet-faced nun" was at that moment hurrying up the kitchen stairs, on her way to her own room. As she entered it the strains of "Blue Danube" reached her. "There is no waltz in the world like it," she sighed regretfully, and felt sorry for her defrauded partner and herself. "I hope Major Dunn will find someone to take my place, and not be very, very angry with me."

There was no time, though, to waste in regrets. Hurry as she would, the waltz was ended before she descended again. Michael Gregory, wandering

into the hall in the unexpressed hope of meeting his nun again, saw instead a quaint figure in early Victorian crinoline and coal-scuttle bonnet floating down the stairs. Her gown was befrilled and garlanded, a full thick veil carelessly thrown back over her bonnet brim concealed the face so much that it was not until she spoke to him that Michael noticed how curiously the smooth bands of dark hair contrasted with the rosy face they surrounded.

At the sight of Michael the little lady broke into a run, landed with a whirl at the foot of the stairs and almost in his arms.

"Oh, Constable!" she gasped, "I am so glad to see you, I was—" glancing nervously over her shoulder and lowering her voice, "I was looking for a policeman, I hoped there would be some here to-night—so wise—so necessary. I—to tell you the truth," leaning forward confidentially, "I am sure there is something very wrong going on—something extremely painful. Oh, constable—I hardly like to put my suspicions into words—but I must—I must, and then leave the matter in the hands of you and your brave comrades!"

She shuddered so violently that the poke bonnet lurched to one side, and she had to unloose her clinging hands from Michael's arm in order to straighten it.

Michael was almost speechless with embarrassment and annoyance. "I—I am—" he stammered.

"Already watching," she broke in hurriedly. "Ah, I might have known you would not need to be told—but how you must abhor your duty at times—especially when the guilty one is a young and apparently refined young woman, and more especially when she dons the garb of religion."

Her victim looked so perplexed and uncomfortable, that Betty had to pause for a moment in order to choke back her laughter.

"But I—"

"Oh—I quite see that you can give no heed to garb, when duty calls on you to act. You see the criminal, not the woman. Alas, I wish I had your stoicism, but the sight of a guest taking advantage of her host's hospitality to—to pursue her nefarious designs—that sounds well," thought Betty, "I hope it is all right."

"What do you mean?"

"I hardly know, I can scarcely explain, but a woman, dressed as a nun, has absented herself from the ballroom, and I saw her going from bedroom to bedroom in the most suspicious manner. She glided so softly, and —and every now and then she stopped, and listened, and glanced about her—oh, it was dreadful to see her, and she so young and—and with such a good face," wound up Betty, with a sound in her throat like a sob. "You won't be hard on her, will you?"

"Hard on her!" gasped Gregory. "There has been some horrible mistake, I have seen a lady dressed as a nun, I have danced with her. She is no thief," he declared indignantly; and Betty could have hugged him for it. "I will stake my existence she is as—as—" He broke off abruptly, suddenly conscious that he was making himself conspicious.

Philippa, dressed as "Evangeline," came into the hall leaning on the arm of Tom Howard. "Why, Betty!" she exclaimed, "I thought—" But Betty was already skimming away.

In another few minutes the bonnet and crinoline, the false front and beflounced gown were scattered over her bedroom floor, and from under the bed Betty was pulling out her nun's robes.

"Philippa is a perfect idiot at times," she muttered wrathfully, as she arranged her veil. "Of course, he will find out who 'Betty' is. If I hadn't flown she would have gone on to say, 'Oh, I thought you had decided to wear the nun's costume instead of that'—I wonder how my constable is feeling now," she added irrelevantly, a ripple of laughter breaking from her. "He looked so disgusted."

Her eyes softened and fell before their own reflection. "It was—it was rather nice of him to stand up for her in that way. I believe he really hated me for throwing suspicion on her."

"Now," with another glance in the mirror, "am I looking all right? Won't poor Philippa be puzzled, if she sees me, I only hope she will have the sense not to shout 'Betty' again."

But Philippa had departed when Betty once more glided down the stairs, so had Tom, and everyone else, as far as she could see. From the ballroom came the sound of a minuet. "That will keep them for some time," she thought. "I suppose 'he' is there, too—Oh!" For almost the first time in her life Betty screamed as the policeman stepped out of the shadow of a doorway. "Oh—h, it's only you," she added, beaming on him one of her most winning smiles. "Why don't you go and have some refreshments? You will find the room almost empty, if you go now"; and before he could answer she had glided away down a side passage.

Michael stood for a moment staring after her dumbly. At the sight of her again, his presence of mind had forsaken him. How dared anyone accuse her of dishonesty. Hot anger flamed up in his breast at the mere thought. Yet, to his deep annoyance, a wave of common sense surged over him, too. A thief, of course, did not go round labelled thief, nor looking like one. Her garb—well, it did give plenty of opportunity for concealing things—"

The next moment Police-Constable Gregory was making his way softly down the passage, too.

Betty, standing half concealed, yet purposely conspicuous, was growing impatient. "If I dive into the pocket of my old cloak many more times, I shall wear out its edges. I wonder if he did go into the refreshment-room, or if he is watching?" But at that same moment she heard footsteps coming stealthily along the passage. And then—even though she was prepared for it—she could not keep back a scream as a hand was laid heavily on her shoulder.

It took her only an instant to recover herself, with agonized face and eyes wide with terror, she turned on her captor, and as she did so he saw the glint of gold and jewels in her hand.

"Oh—or, do let me go," she gasped, trying to wrench herself from his grip. Something fell from her hand and rolled along the floor. "You are hurting me!" Then growing more righteously indignant as she saw that he had not the faintest idea what he must do next. "How dare you lay your hand on me—and what right have you to enter the ladies' cloakroom!"

Michael had not thought of that: and did not know how to conceal his embarrassment. "I was asked to—I was warned—"

"Asked to! Warned! Told to—to arrest a lady because she takes something from the pocket of her own cloak! From whom did you take your orders?"

Again he saw his mistake. "I don't know," he admitted. "She was a lady in crinoline and poke bonnet, and she was called Betty."

"Oh, kindly bring my accuser, I wish to meet her face to face!" Betty's hauteur was splendid. She was thoroughly enjoying herself.

Michael felt horribly uncomfortable.

"You can lock me in while you are away, if you like."

"No, I can't, there is no key."

Betty knew that, there was never a key in any lock at the Grange.

"I will give you my word of honour that I will stay." But Michael did not hear her, he was on his knees groping for something small and glittering.

"Here was proof conclusive," he thought miserably, and dawdled over his find, in the hope that the prisoner would make her escape. Surely she

would realize, and seize her opportunity! But, instead of the rush he almost prayed to hear, came a peal of laughter, genuine uncontrollable laughter, and from his prisoner.

"Oh, I can't keep it up any longer," gasped Betty. "Do get up, and don't bother any more about that brooch, it is not priceless, it came out of a cracker."

Police Constable Gregory rose stiffly. He felt foolish, angry and perplexed. How was he to know which was the ruse, this or the other! Then he met the heavenly blue eyes, and their glance determined him. She was a minx, but she was straight as a die. He could not yet unbend, though, the thought that he was being laughed at left him uncomfortable, and inclined to be frigid.

"Is it intended to be a joke?" he asked, looking a little sheepish, "and directed against me?"

"You look as though you don't like jokes. Are you very angry?" Betty's face had grown grave, her lips drooped a little at the corners. He hastened to reassure her.

"Angry? No, of course, not! Why should I be? I can stand a joke—"

"Can you? I wish you would look as though you could."

"Don't I?"

"No, you quite frighten me." Betty's eyes were full of concern. "It was very silly of me, I know, and very wrong, but—I did so long to have a little revenge on you."

"Revenge on me? What on earth for? I have never seen you before, so how can I have offended you?"

"Never seen me before? Oh!" Betty looked hurt, "have you forgotten?"

Michael looked foolish. "I—am sorry—but your dress is—is—but how can I have offended you so deeply?"

"You humiliated me—you pulled me out of the river, and—and you were laughing at me all the time, I know you were—there, there you go again!"

A roar of laughter sounded through the room. "Oh, now at last, I begin to understand! You are the lady of the gorgeous pigtail, of the angry eyes, I own it was inexcusable of me to laugh, but—you did look funny. You were so mad with yourself, and with me, and your shoe—"

"You did not look entirely dignified yourself when you were groping on the floor just now," retorted Betty.

He checked his laughter and held out his hand. "Shall we shake hands and cry quits?" he asked. "And, look here, let's go together in search of that early Victorian Betty who played so well into your hands. It would be a lovely revenge to face her, arm in arm—"

"It would," said Betty hastily, "but I am afraid you will never have it—unless we meet a mirror," she added mischievously. He looked at her for a moment with a face full of bewilderment—then suddenly enlightenment came to him. "You don't mean to say—that I—that you—"

Betty nodded. "Yes, I do, I mean that exactly, I am Betty, sister Betty, early Victorian Betty, Betty Brunton."

Her eyes met his defiantly. But there was no answering laughter in his, to her surprise, he was very grave. "The only Betty—" he said slowly, "for me," and Betty's eyes fell, all the laughter and defiance gone out of them.

A sudden silence fell on the room, a silence during which both realized that here and now they had met their fate. It was Michael who broke it.

"Betty," he said, and took in his own one of her trembling hands, "Betty, I came here to capture you, and do you know what has happened?"

"You—you have decided to let me escape," said Betty, but in a voice so small and shaky she herself could scarcely hear it.

"Indeed I haven't. What has happened is that you have taken me captive, Betty, body and soul—"

WINTER LANDSCAPE

From the Painting by
Maurice Cullen

RE-VIEWS of LITERARY HISTORY of CANADA

By J. D. Logan

ESSAY II—CANADIAN FICTIONISTS AND OTHER CREATIVE PROSE WRITERS

IT is unfortunate that hitherto Canadian verse has occupied the centre of the critical stage and has had the spotlight of sympathetic criticism focused upon it. Hardly has Canadian fiction and imaginative prose in other *genres* had even the fringes of the limelight of appreciative criticism thrown upon its evolution and qualities. Mr. Marquis has devoted a considerable section of his monograph to a more or less sketchy, though constructive, review of Canadian fiction. As a bird's-eye view of the history of Canadian fiction, and as a succinct fresh estimate of its literary distinction and value, his review is informing and critically sane. But even Mr. Marquis hastens to state that "the chief glory of Canadian literature is its poetry". The truth is that Canadian fiction, taken in the large to include such imaginative *genres* as novels, romances, tales, prose idyls, animal stories, and creative comedy or humour, has a more distinctively nativistic origin and history, and a more distinctively national note, than has Canadian poetry. Here I may not wait to explain in this essay how the spotlight of appreciative criticism and of consequent fame has been deflected from Canadian fiction or imaginative prose to Canadian poetry. I need all the available space to present fresh constructive views of Canadian imaginative prose, and thus to signalize its real glory—which, let me add, only in fine craftsmanship and sustained inspiration is, at its best, less impressive, if less conspicuous, than the glory of Canadian poetry. Here, however, before passing, I may say that the critical neglect of Canadian imaginative prose has been due chiefly to two causes. Poetry is intrinsically a more inviting and engaging literary species than is prose for critical treatment and appreciation. Aside from that, foreign, as well as native-born, critics of Canadian literature have had no really regardful eye for the historic process. They were concerned only with individuals and literary works, as if both were absolutely discrete entities that simply happened. Their criticisms were merely private appreciations or personal opinions. Whoever, then, considers Canadian fiction and other imaginative prose *genres* strictly with his eye on the historic process in them, disclosing their beginnings and evolution, will do Cana-

dian literature and literary criticism a genuine service. The present essay attempts such a service.

In the history of Canadian fiction and other imaginative prose *genres* I observe a Pioneer, Colonial, or Pre-Confederation period, and a strictly Canadian, or Post-Confederation period; and in the latter, at least so far as the novel and the romance are concerned, first, a tentative period, and, secondly, a constructive, systematic, or renaissance period. As a ready aid to recalling important persons and dates in a historico-critical review of the creative prose writers of Canada, I note that Canadian nativistic fiction began virtually one hundred years after the first genuine work of English fiction had appeared, and that the original creators of fiction, both in England and in Canada, bore the same patronymic, or family name —Richardson. In 1740 Samuel Richardson published his "Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded". It is the first specimen in English of the authentic novel; for though composed in the form of letters, there runs through the epistles a skilfully constructed and coherent plot; and plot is essential to the authentic novel. In 1832 Major John Richardson, born near Niagara Falls, published his "Wacousta; or, The Prophecy", and, in 1840, its sequel, "The Canadian Brothers; or, The Prophecy Fulfilled". They are authentic novels of the romantic type, having, as they do, respectably constructed plots, and being filled with the romance of the passion of love, heightened with thrilling adventure and incident, and coloured with pictures of aboriginal character and life against a background of nature in the wild. We may, then, put it down in our mental note-book that the first nativistic fiction, having the authentic Canadian note and having the right to be included by the literary historian and critic in the *corpus* of Canadian literature as such, appeared considerably prior to Confederation.

The literary annalist, no doubt, would date the beginning of fiction in Canada with the appearance of "The History of Emily Montague" in 1769, a romance written and published by Mrs. Frances Brooke, wife of Rev. John Brooke, Chaplain of the British Forces at Quebec under the Carleton régime. Apart from its matter, which is lively in movement and made sprightly with engaging characterization and with the colour of social life and of wild nature during the decade following the Fall of Quebec, Mrs. Brooke's noval is imitative, being written in the epistolary manner of Samuel Richardson. While, indeed, it affords pleasurable reading, "The History of Emily Montague" is to be valued rather as a social and historical document, in as much as it faithfully depicts the customs and manners of the times in British North America after the conquest of the French. As literature and as history the book is strictly Colonial. There were other Colonial writers of imaginative prose. They are, however, to be accepted as quasi-fictionists; for they had no genius for invention, characterization, and realistic nature-painting in words. Including Mrs. Brooke, all the writers of fiction in Canada, preceding John Richardson, were, as Mr. Marquis phrases it, "birds of passage", and have no right to be considered as producers of a Canadian nativistic fiction. As "birds of passage", they have merely a right to have their existence and work noted in an inclusive Literary History of Canada.

Now, as Samuel Richardson was the creator of the English novel as such, that is, of fiction with plot, and as Sir Walter Scott was the creator of the English historical novel or romance, so James Fenimore Cooper was the creator of the distinctively American historical romance, and John Richardson was the creator of the distinctively Canadian historical romance. Moreover, all four were equally original, independent, and in-

dividual; Samuel Richardson's novels were a pure invention in literary species; Scott's historical romances were also a pure invention in literary species; and as Scott had no influence on the inspiration and the methods of Cooper, so, as I shall show, contrary to received opinion, Cooper had no influence on the inspiration and the methods of John Richardson. Unless a constructive critic can show the originality and independence of John Richardson as a literary creator, the critic cannot mark a true beginning of Canadian nativistic fiction, trace an evolution in it, estimate its literary value, fix its place in the *corpus* of English, as well as Canadian, literature, and thus disclose its relative distinction and glory when compared with British and American fiction, or when, on the other hand, compared with Canadian nativistic poetry. Let us, then, consider the formative influences which shaped and inspired the genius of John Richardson, the first Canadian novelist as such, the creator of the Canadian nativistic historical romance.

Richardson was born near Niagara Falls in 1796 (seven years after Cooper) and spent his childhood and early adolescent days till he was sixteen years of age, that is, up to the outbreak of the War of 1812, in the vicinity of the Falls and of Detroit. On the outbreak of the war, he enlisted in Brock's army. Up to that time, young Richardson, during his most impressionable and receptive years, was entertained by his grandparents and parents with tales of Pontiac's siege of Detroit, and stories of the thrilling and romantic and tragic events in the history of the Niagara and Detroit districts—events which are surely amongst the most enthralling and stirring in the vividly romantic history of Canada and the United States. These early days of Richardson's were thus replete with rare and unique formative influences; they created in him the love of romance, of the heroic past of his own country, and later, when he came to write, afforded him the inspiration and the material really to write authentic Canadian historical novels or romances.

Two other formative influences, besides those exercised over his heart and imagination by his grandparents and parents, have been noted by certain critics as determining Richardson's genius, inspiration, and literary methods. In the War of 1812 he had fought side by side with the noble Indian warrior Tecumseh. Further, on his own confession, he had, as he puts it, "absolutely devoured three times" Cooper's Indian romance, "The Last of the Mohicans". Some critics, therefore, hold that Richardson was a mere imitator of Cooper: that, first, he studied the mind and ways of Indians at second-hand in the pages of Cooper's romance, and that, secondly, he acquired the art of writing fiction from Cooper's volume. There is not any real ground for such beliefs. Mr. Marquis rightly holds that as a historical romancer Richardson was original and independent. I hold the same belief, but I do so for reasons which differ from those that Mr. Marquis and others advance. On the first count, that Richardson got his knowledge of Indians at second-hand from Cooper's pages, I submit that such an opinion requires an absurd anachronism to make it possible and true. The War of 1812, during which Richardson fought side by side with Tecumseh, began fourteen years before the publication of "The Last of the Mohicans", (1826), or long before Richardson could have read a page of Cooper. Richardson's genius was romantically formed in his early days; and during his association with Tecumseh he came to know Indian psychology and character at first-hand. That is indisputable. Again, on the second count, that Richardson acquired the art of novel-writing from Cooper, I submit that the Canadian romancer had learned the art of novel-writing, and had published

novels some years before he published "Wacousta". There was, for instance, his "Ecarte; or, The Salons of Paris", published in 1828. But this is a sort of demi-monde novel, dealing with the evils of gambling, and, of course, far from the romantic passion, thrilling incident, and all the colour of life and nature that appear in Richardson's "Wacousta" and "The Canadian Brothers". Possibly Richardson may have got from his reading of Cooper some "coaching" in the mere mechanics of writing romance. Yet, when we compare the diction, sentential structure, descriptive epithets and imagery, and the general style of the two romancers, Richardson, if not a better plot-maker than Cooper, is the superior craftsman and stylist, a fact which is proof presumptive that the Canadian roromancer developed independently his own mechanics of literary composition. Finally, in the fine art of character-drawing, Richardson is more veracious and incisive than Cooper. When we compare the American novelist's characters with those of the Canadian, we find that Cooper's are more like "studies" from books than pictures drawn from real life, whereas Richardson's Indians are very near to the real Indian, very life-like: the heroic in them is heroic enough, that is to say, human and natural. Richardson's Indian characters, then, are original creations — absolutely his own. Also his own are the other characters (soldiers, fur-traders, French Canadians, etc.), the plots, all the stirring incidents and the colour of the Canadian background from nature. Of his romances, "Wacousta" and "The Canadian Brothers", the only æsthetic criticisms worth while making are that not infrequently Richardson forces the dramatic in them into the melo-dramatic, that he puts into the mouths of his characters utterances which are unnatural or not in keeping with the position and circumstances of the speakers, and that he suits his historical facts to his own purposes.

In sum, then, since Richardson had his genius romantically formed, and had engaged in the art of fiction, long before he had read Cooper, the only possible influence Cooper could have had on Richardson was to incite him to emulate the American romancer. Emulation, incited by a contemporary author, does not imply imitation, and has no significance in original literary creation. Taken by and large, John Richardson was the first creator of Canadian nativistic fiction as such. He had first-rate powers of invention, was a respectable craftsman, and produced at least two original romances that are worthy to be included in the *corpus* of general English literature, and to have a distinctive niche in the *corpus* of Canadian nativistic literature.

Contemporary with Richardson, a man of greater creative genius and versatility, who, in fact, became the foremost native-born writer of his time in British North America, gave to the world a species of the fiction of characterization and of the criticism of society and manners that for originality and enduring appeal to all classes is the most remarkable produced by a Canadian man of letters, and amongst the most remarkable produced by any modern man of letters as such. This man was Thomas Chandler Haliburton, who, if he did not absolutely create a species of fiction without plot interest, at least gave it new form and potency, as he did, in those ingenious volumes which have Sam Slick as their chief inspirer and central character. Though born in Nova Scotia, Haliburton's genius was indigenous, not so much to Nova Scotia or to Canada, as to the world; and the fiction he produced belongs, not so much to Canadian nativistic literature and to general English literature, as to world literature.

It is as a systematic creative humourist, embracing, as it were, in one genius the gifts of Benjamin Franklin, Charles Dickens, Artemas Ward, Josh Billings, and Mark Twain, that

Haliburton has won a unique and permanent place in Canadian, English, and world literature. This is the only angle from which it is worth while for genuine criticism to view and estimate the genius and creative prose of Haliburton. Those who deal in literary dominoes, and who call such diversion criticism, may pother with the fact that Longfellow, by his own confession, actually did read Haliburton's account of the expulsion of the Acadians, or with the possibility that Parkman may have read the whole of Haliburton's "Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia". Longfellow and Parkman merely turned to Haliburton, just as Shakespeare, Scott, and Tennyson turned to Plutarch, the Chroniclers, and the "Morte d'Arthur", as "sources" of material for plays, romances, and idyls: and the "influence" of Haliburton on the creative genius and invention of the American poet and historian was as insignificant as that of the author of the "Morte d'Arthur" on the poetic invention of Tennyson. But it is very highly significant that Haliburton was the author of a distinct—and alas! extinct—type of creative comedy or humour, that he was the foremost systematic humourist of his time on the North American continent, that he was in his day the supreme aphorist and epigrammatist of the English-speaking peoples, and that his wit and wisdom remain part of the warp and woof of modern world literature. In comic character-drawing Haliburton takes a place beside Cervantes, Dickens, Daudet, and Mark Twain. His Sam Slick, and even his minor characters, are amongst the best imaginative creations of modern fiction, Sam Slick himself being as unique—individual, real, human, and fascinating—as Don Quixote, Pickwick, Tartaran or Huckleberry Finn, while being distinguishable from these others by aphoristic speech that in form is brilliant wit and humour, but that in substance is enduring wisdom.

Now, it is this abiding philosophical quality of Haliburton's wit and humour, as we get it chiefly in the utterances of Sam Slick, that constructive criticism seizes on to remove the superstition which Artemas Ward first created by declaring that Haliburton was "the founder of the American school of humour", and which so acute and well-informed a Canadian critic as Mr. Marquis has gone to pains to perpetuate by submitting that "American humour received its first impulse from 'Sam Slick'; and Haliburton was, moreover, the first writer to use the American dialect in literature. Artemas Ward, Josh Billing and Mark Twain are, in a way, mere imitators of Haliburton, and he is their superior". There is not a single grain of truth in any of these claims, except possibly that Ward, Billings and Twain imitated or adopted Haliburton's so-called American dialect, if a manufactured *potpourri* of Yankee localisms and slang and mis-spelled diction can justly be called "the American dialect". Haliburton created the shrewd Yankee pedlar and humourist, Sam Slick, and then put him as a "character", and his wit and humour, uttered in a dialect which virtually existed in New England, into literature. That is all Haliburton ever had to do with American humour. He certainly was not the founder or the father of the American school of humour. The real "father" of American humour—that is, the humour of sheer exaggerated nonsense, having on the face of it seriousness and veracity—was Benjamin Franklin who in 1765, or thirty years before Haliburton was born, produced the first example of what is popularly meant by American humour. The example is to be found in a letter by Franklin to one of the eighteenth century London newspapers to offset the idiotic views which Englishmen then held about the British colonies, including Canada, in America. I quote from the letter in part:

"I beg to say that all the articles of news that seem improbable are not mere inventions. The very tails of the American sheep are so laden with wool that each has a little car or wagon on four little wheels to support and keep it from trailing on the ground. Would they caulk their ships, would they even litter their horses with wool, if it were not both plenty and cheap. . . . Their engaging three hundred silk throwsters here in one week for New York was treated as a fable, because, forsooth, they have 'no silk there to throw'. Those who make this objection, perhaps do not know that at the same time the agents from the King of Spain were at Quebec to contract for one thousand pieces of cannon to be made there for the fortification of Mexico. . . . And yet all this is as certainly true, as the account said to be from Quebec, in all the papers last week, that the inhabitants of Canada are making preparations for a cod and whale fishery 'this summer in the Upper Lakes'. Ignorant people may object that the Upper Lakes are fresh, and that cod and whales are salt water fish; but let them know, sir, that cod, like other fish when attacked by their enemies, fly into any water where they can be safest; that whales when they have a mind to eat cod, pursue them wherever they fly; and that the grand leap of the whale in the chase up the Falls of Niagara is esteemed by all who have seen it as one of the finest spectacles in nature."

That was written by Franklin in the eighteenth century, and it is written in the newspaper style of Addison. Yet any well-read student of the history of literature who did not recognize the authorship would likely credit it to Mark Twain. But Haliburton, Ward and Billings wrote their humour in a specious or perverted dialect. How, then, can it be said, with any plausibility, that Haliburton "fathered" or "gave impulse" to American humour? Moreover, Franklin began early the publication of "Poor Richard's Almanac," a quasi-literary periodical which gave vogue in America to that sort of aphoristic or humorous wisdom which is also uttered by Haliburton's chief character, Sam Slick. It is more than probable that Haliburton had read "Poor Richard". Are we to conclude that Franklin is the literary "father" of Haliburton as a humourist and aphorist, and that Sam Slick's epigrams are an imitation of "Poor Richard's" bits of practical wisdom? There is, in fact, no plausibility in either view that Haliburton is the "father" of American humour or that Franklin is the "father" of Haliburtonian; that is, Canadian, humour. Possibly Haliburton got some "coaching" in the methods of humour from Franklin.

Still, Haliburton created Canadian nativistic humour—and has left no successors. He was the first systematic humourist of the Provinces that have become the Dominion of Canada—original in time and original in inventing the humorous character, Sam Slick, an in being the first to use the so-called American dialect as speech for wit and humour, and to employ wit, wisdom and kindly satire—not, note, exaggerated nonsense after the American manner—as humour. And so Thomas Chandler Haliburton, a native son of Nova Scotia, appears as the foremost man of letters of the Colonial Canadian period who had first-rate creative genius and who has won a unique and permanent place, not only in Canadian and in English literature, but also in world literature. He is the only native-born Canadian writer to whom we can justly apply the epithet "great". As Mr. Marquis puts it: "Of him we can say, as Ben Johnson said of Shakespeare—'He is not of an age, but for all time'".

After Richardson and Haliburton there were no Colonial or Pre-Confederation fictionists of any constructive significance in Canadian nativistic letters. The first stage of the new constructive period in Canadian fiction began with William Kirby's historical romance, "The Golden Dog" ("Le Chien d'Or"), published in 1877, that is, ten years after Confederation, or twenty years before the publication of Roberts's "In Divers Tones", which inaugurated the First Renaissance in Canadian nativistic and national poetry. It may be ob-

jected that because Kirby was born in England, he is not rightfully to be regarded as a Canadian. He came, however, to Canada when he was but fifteen years of age, was resident in Canada for forty-five years before he produced and published "The Golden Dog", and chose the theme, setting, and colour of his romance from Canadian history and social life. Essentially, therefore, Kirby was a genuine Canadian man of letters. But it is not æsthetically or as a work of artistic fiction that Kirby's romance "The Golden Dog" is important, but in its constructive and inspirational influence on other Canadian fictionists. In that regard it is more important than Richardson's "Wacousta", and better entitled than Richardson's romance to a permanent place in the *corpus* of Canadian literature. In "The Golden Dog" Kirby went back for his inspiration to the romantic and heroic past of Canada, and thus brought to the notice of future fictionists the wealth of novelistic material that lay in the unknown or the forgotten Canadian past. In short, Kirby and "The Golden Dog" were the literary progenitors of a series of romances that have a Canadian historical basis and Canadian incident and colour. While his own historical romance was a tentative production, that is, not succeeded by other romances on Kirby's part, "The Golden Dog" was, as it were, the harbinger of the spring and summer that were to be in Canadian nativistic and national fiction.

The systematic Renaissance in the scope, themes and technic of Canadian fiction and other imaginative prose began about a decade after the Renaissance in Canadian poetry, and resulted in an impressive body of Canadian nativistic fiction in all of the chief *genres*—novels, romances, tales, prose idyls, animal stories and social satire and humour. Here I may merely mention the most significant names in the Renaissance period of Canadian fiction. I lead off with Miss Marshall Saunders, who in 1889 published her "My Spanish Sailor", whereas Mr. Marquis gives preference to Sir Gilbert Parker and his "Pierre and His People", published in 1890. Parker is indubitably the most eminent of Canadian fictionists, but in scope he tends to be Imperial, rather than Canadian, even in those novels which have a Canadian historical basis, setting and colour, as, for instance, in his "The Seats of the Mighty" (1896). Miss Saunders is pervasively Canadian, quite as inventive as Parker, and technically a better craftsman than he. I might have led off with Mr. W. D. Lighthall's "The Young Seigneur", published in 1888, were it not that this work is a socio-political study and not a genuine noval. In romantic fiction of the Renaissance period, the salient names, then, are Miss Saunders, Sir Gilbert Parker, Charles G. D. Roberts, Wilfred Campbell, Duncan Campbell Scott, Charles W. Gordon (Ralph Connor), Edward W. Thomson, J. Macdonald Oxley, W. A. Fraser, Mrs. Grace Dean MacLeod Rogers, Miss Alice Jones, Mrs. Carleton Jones, Norman Duncan, and Arthur Stringer; and beginning again with Lucy M. Montgomery (Mrs. Ewan MacDonald), the still later generation of Canadian fictionists, as, for instance, Alan Sullivan, Peter MacFarlane, Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, Mrs. Virna Sheard, the really creative artist amongst them all being the author of "Anne of Green Gables". In another *genre* of fiction, namely, social satire and humour, Sara Jeanette Duncan (Mrs. Cotes), stands by herself as the foremost Canadian woman of letters in her special field, just as Miss Saunders stands by herself in the fiction of the humanitarian animal story, as Ernest Thompson-Seton and C. G. D. Roberts remain *sui generis* in the fiction of the psychological animal story, and as Stephen Leacock remains alone in creative literary comedy or humour and wit. All the foregoing Canadian fictionists, save "Ralph Connor", whatever be the

genre they have essayed, have been moved to write by artistic inspiration and aims, and, on the whole, have succeeded admirably. Some of them have won world-wide reputation for first-rate invention, enlivening incident and colourization, and incisive characterization; others have achieved international reputation; and others are on the way to appreciation wider than what they receive in their own country. Taken all in all, they have created a very respectable body of fiction and imaginative prose, quite worthy, if it does not shine with equal glory, to have an honourable place beside the body of Canadian creative poetry.

In this essay I have applied the historico-critical method to the appreciation and evaluation of Canadian nativistic and national fiction or imaginative prose, signalizing only constructive authors and movements. From Richardson and Haliburton to Kirby, and from Kirby to Miss Saunders and Sir Gilbert Parker, and then onwards to Lucy M. Montgomery and her *confrères* or contemporaries we have noted a genuine evolution in literary species and eventually the systematic production of a body of prose that has æsthetic beauty or dignity, artistic structure, and imaginative and spiritual appeal. Some of it will have a permanent place only in Canadian literature; some of it is worthy to be included, as it is, in the general *corpus* of English literature; and all the best of it, despite the contempt of those myopic critics who find literature only in antique tomes and literary beauties only in the supreme masters, is genuine literature. I hold to that—unswervingly.

THE TEAPOT

By Jessie Pope.

NANCY FOSTER was "broke", and just before Christmas-time, too. It was the war that did it, because, as Nancy said, "How can anyone be contented to be warm while the Tommies are cold?" and what with blankets and socks, and belts and mufflers, there was nothing left for Christmas presents. As a matter of fact, she had to borrow money to contribute to the last fund that was started—but that was just like Nancy. Of course, under the circumstances she knew that none of her friends would feel hurt at not receiving their usual gifts, with the exception of Miss Titmus, a gaunt maiden lady living in the same town, who possessed an ample income, an iron-gray moustache, a fondness for presents, and an extraordinary facility for taking offence. Miss Titmus was Nancy's godmother and had hinted more than once that favourite godchildren who behaved themselves might benefit from certain sound investments in the years to come. It was not easy for a high-spirited, unconventional girl to keep on the right side of an exacting old lady of obsolete views, but Nancy had managed it, and though she didn't bother much about money, the thought of a nice little nest-egg is always comforting.

It was on Christmas Eve morning, while she was worrying over Miss Titmus's probable annoyance at drawing a blank from her godchild, that the teapot arrived. Such a dainty bit of china would have pleased any girl, and Nancy's drooping spirits went up with a bound when she saw that it was addressed to her in Harry Vereker's sprawling hand. Nancy liked Harry more than a little. She had knitted him a helmet when he dropped stock-jobbing and donned the khaki, and if he found that form of head-gear a thought too constricted for practical use he did not mention the fact. Harry Vereker was Miss Titmus's nephew, and might also benefit by his aunt's will if he was a good boy—and he was really such an engaging nephew that Nancy, being rather suspicious by nature, more than once wondered if he was trying to cut her out.

But it was dear of him to send the teapot, and the girl pressed its cold china cheek against her soft warm one and lifted the lid and peeped inside. Harry was by way of being a wag, and on a slip of paper inside he had printed in neat characters:

> Let the water be damp,
> Put tea leaves within;
> But, like old Sarah Gamp,
> Don't substitute gin!

Nancy uttered a little liquid gurgling giggle and murmured something that sounded suspiciously like, "the silly old duck," and then she had to fly to the kitchen, her promise to help cook with the mincepies being much overdue. In fact, she forgot all about her worries till a pair of dark brown kid gloves arrived from her godmother, with the compliments of the season.

A harassed look came in Nancy's blue eyes. Then all of a sudden she remembered the teapot. Better sacrifice Harry's gift than risk her godmother's displeasure; besides, he was stationed with his regiment somewhere in the Midlands. She could write him the sweetest little letter of thanks and he would never know. And thus salving her conscience, she packed up the teapot, posted it, and went to bed with a quiet mind.

It was while she was dressing on Christmas morning that Nancy remembered that she had forgotten to extract the slip of paper from the interior of the teapot. For a few moments her brain reeled. Then she did a little quick thinking. If Miss Titmus saw that verse she would be fatally offended. That her dutiful godchild should hurl such a ribald jest at her gray hairs was an insult never to be forgotten.

"I must get that paper or die in the attempt," muttered Nancy with pale lips. But how? She knew her godmother made a practice of opening all her presents at breakfast-time on Christmas morning. If she could get there first and remove the incriminating document the situation might yet be saved.

Slipping on her hat and coat and leaving the tantalizing fragrance of fried sausages behind her, Nancy mounted her bicycle and rode away to the outskirts of the town as she had never ridden before. The vision of the pretty girl pedalling swiftly along was an inspiring sight that Christmas morning. Little did the passers-by imagine that it was tragic suspense more than the exercise that made her cheeks so pink and her eyes so sparkling.

The air was mild, and the French windows of Miss Titmus's pleasant breakfast-room were open, and, blessing her good luck, Nancy left her bicycle outside the hedge, slipped across the lawn and into the room, unseen by a soul. The breakfast table was laid, but the room was empty, and there was the parcel containing the teapot by her godmother's plate.

With a gasp of thanksgiving Nancy was approaching the table, when the sound of footsteps coming along the hall turned her to a petrified statue. They were masculine, not to say martial, footsteps, and the baritone voice that was humming a line of "Good King Wencelas" sent her heart in her throat and the colour draining from her face. It was Harry's voice —Harry's footsteps—but what was he doing here? In another moment he would be in the room, he would see her—where could she hide? The massive mahogany table formed the only available cover, and she took it. With a lithe doubling-up of her slender body she dived among the chair-legs and crouched—hardly daring to breathe—under the kindly screen of the heavy-fringed tablecloth. Through that fringe in the long mirror opposite she saw Harry, handsomer than ever in his khaki, enter the room, stroll to the window, and then return to the table and peep under the shining covers of the breakfast dishes, until the heavy, warning tread of Miss Titmus made him remember his manners in a hurry.

Cordial Christmas greetings passed between aunt and nephew, and the meal began placidly, though Nancy narrowly escaped a kick on the temple from her soldier boy's service boot. She screwed herself to a position of greater security, and to the tinkling accompaniment of coffee cups and knives and forks gathered that the regiment had been stationed near-by, and the soldier had got a day's leave

to spend Christmas with his friends.

"And so you thought you'd come to your poor old aunt," remarked Miss Titmus's deep voice. "It was very kind and considerate of you, Henry. I shall not forget it, my dear."

"Oh, that's all right," replied Harry. "Yes, I'll have some more ham, it's topping. I thought I'd run round and look Nancy up later on. Seen anything of her lately?"

"I have not," said Miss Titmus sternly. "She has been too occupied to think of me; and really until she gets more material in her skirt and in the neck of her bodice she'd better stay away. I don't know what girls of the present day are thinking of. Now, when I was a young woman—"

"Well, anyhow, aunt, she's sent you a present," interposed Harry. "That's her writing, isn't it?"

"So it is," exclaimed Miss Titmus in a mollified tone. "Open it for me, my dear boy, and let us see what it is."

With quailing eyes Nancy peeped through the fringe, and her heart thumping with apprehension and remorse, she saw the expression of surprise changing to vexed annoyance on Harry's face as he drew forth the teapot.

"Oh, what a charming present!" exclaimed Miss Titmus. "The dear child! It must have cost her a pretty penny, and she has little enough to spare. However, she shall lose nothing by it. But is there no message? Perhaps she has put a few lines inside. Yes, here it is. Read it, Henry; I haven't my glasses."

The crunched-up little figure under the table clenched her fists and listened with the calmness of despair as Harry took the slip of paper and paused.

"What does she say?" remarked her godmother. "Can't you make it out?"

"Oh, yes," said Harry in a quiet voice. She says, "With Nancy's fond love to her dear godmother, wishing her a peaceful and happy Christmas."

Nancy buried her face in her hands, and the little gasp that broke from her was lost in the clamour of Miss Titmus's pleasure at the gift and appreciation of the giver.

At this moment the maid knocked at the door with the tragic intelligence that cook said the turkey was too big to go in the oven.

No sooner had Miss Titmus hurried to the kitchen, leaving her nephew to finish his breakfast alone, than the empty chair opposite to him began to move about in a most unaccountable manner, and next moment Nancy crawled out from under the table, and with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes stood before him.

"Hullo!" cried Harry, springing to his feet, thunderstruck at her apparition.

"It's all right," said Nancy, "I'm not a German. Oh, Harry! I loved the teapot, but I sent it to her because I was absolutely broke and I knew she'd be so vexed if she got nothing. I forgot to take the paper out, so I bicycled over and thought I should be in time to retrieve it, but I—I wasn't. Oh, Harry," she said, "you've been such a brick. I don't deserve it. Can you ever forgive me?" Then her voice broke and her blue eyes suddenly brimmed over. With a tender little ejaculation of pity, Harry took a quick step towards the shame-faced culprit, and next moment she was sobbing on his khaki shoulder. There was no time, however, for more than one kiss. He bustled her out of the window and through the garden, and was eating toast and marmalade with the incriminating document blazing in the fire when his aunt returned.

"But I think," she added, "I ought to ask that dear child to come round this afternoon and drink a cup of tea out of her charming present."

And Harry not only agreed, but he went and fetched Nancy himself, and took her home again, when the Christmas stars were the only spectators.

THE CURSE of REGULAR HOURS

By Vincent Basévi

FORTY-FIVE is the critical age, I think. Some people find freedom of mind at this age of life: others deliberately chain themselves to the treadmill. For the man who can earn just enough in three hundred days to keep his family for 365 days there can be no freedom. He is doomed to the treadmill for life. A victim of circumstances he deserves more sympathy but less pity than the worker who at forty-five years of age might find freedom but fails to recognize opportunity. It is with the latter class I wish first to reason, and when they see light there will be hope for the others.

In a civilized world capable of producing far more than it can consume no excuse can be found for unremitting toil. Golf has proved conclusively that the busiest man has much time to spare. Men on the lower edge or middle age, if they are but moderately prosperous, may discover new avenues of activity that lead gently to the pleasant byways of moderate leisure. I meet from time to time elderly business men who make one think of the Doges of Venice; opulent merchants, portly bankers, solid brokers, and others, who take two hours for lunch and talk of pictures and music and statuary with quiet comfort betokening deep knowledge of the subjects. As a rule they are better merchants and bankers and brokers than their unfortunate associates who live is perpetual turmoil and an atmosphere of overcharged energy.

Men somewhat younger, but still past the hey-day of youth and most vigorous manhood, are to be found interested in municipal clubs and hospital boards and philanthropic organizations. They are busy people. They meet at lunch to decide what shall be done about the unemployed or how they can persuade leading citizens to contest municipal elections. They are irritated if the luncheons and discussions together last more than one hour; for business is business and must claim every precious minute of the day. They rise briskly from the table, put on their coats hurriedly, and very naturally those who occupy adjacent offices walk away from the club together. Perhaps the discussion is continued, and small groups stand at the doors of elevators talking on subjects far removed from trade and finance and stocks. In time these men come to give fewer hours each day to their business and more to their other interests. And they grow no poorer. In fact much of the breathless speed and rigid attendance at work accomplishes little more than self-deception, while it has a tendency to put the mind in at least a straitjacket.

This is not intended to suggest that indolence and recklessness are desirable attributes, but that extremes are dangerous. If an average man cannot support himself and a family in frugal comfort with anything less

than his entire energy, then we have built badly our social organization and must start to build it over again. If a man earning five thousand dollars a year exhausts himself earning so much, he is not worth so large a salary. Leisure is one of the most priceless things one can possess, but it is a drug and must not be taken to excess. A man without leisure knows as little of the art of living as does the man without energy, or he who has never had to struggle for a livelihood.

Business of itself is a poor excuse for existence. Business as a means to acquire real life is worthy of respect. Leisure in old age is a necessity. Leisure in the prime of manhood, when full use can be made of it, is a priceless boon, and one that should be within the reach of all. Men have told me with pride that they have no interests outside their businesses, that they are, in fact, monomaniacs, and that they glory in their infirmity. I venture to think that such men would change their minds if they would but change their habits. It is my firm belief that men of middle age who concentrate exclusively on business do so because unconsciously they dread the unknown paths of moderate leisure, or because they have come to think always in extremes and can see no course between continuation of drudgery and complete retirement. Fatigue can be overcome by stimulants. Headaches yield to the influence of sedatives. And so the business monomaniac struggles on, flogging a jaded mind; keeping alert, but not so alert as he might be; doing well so long as he deals with familiar situations, when he might do better if he braced himself to explore; often failing when confronted with the unexpected and unfamiliar, when a less regular life might have given to his mind perception to profit by all the varying breezes of fortune.

To the average young man an income of five thousand dollars a year seems a fitting goal for which to strive. Having reached this gaol others are seen beyond, and each successive one is decorated with more dollars than its predecessor. I have no quarrel with wealth. My quarrel is with the man (I nearly used a less complimentary term) who is willing to pay any price for a certain income. A very large number of men win the incomes for which they strive, and so give to the platitudes of canting moralists the dignity of axioms. "Wealth will not bring happiness." How often has this shoddy been offered to the public as pure silk! Wealth is a relative term. One dollar brings untold joy to a negro loafer in the south. It brings him more than enough to provide his immediate needs, and he has already the leisure in which to enjoy this surplus. On the other hand a man who earns $50,000 a year by dint of never ceasing toil gets no pleasure from wealth. He may build a palace in which he is but a lodger. His carriages and motor cars are but emblems of his slavery. Give this man three hours real leisure every day, and at once his wealth becomes a visible asset.

One hears much about the pleasure of home life. Nearly every city in the United States and in Canada claims to be a city of homes. In a sadly large number of cases the home consists of a house with two mortgages, a wife who is really a general servant, a husband who works at office or factory for nine hours a day, which means he is away from the house twelve hours, children who work and children who go to school to prepare for work. Sleep, meal hours, work and chores; when these have taken their daily toll how much time is left for family life? The pity is that so much of this ill-directed energy is given an appearance of dignity by wrongful association with ideas of progress. The telephone, the telegraph, steam railways, street cars; these were invented to serve humanity, and they have become our masters. So long as they are servants

they mark advances in the art of living. When they become masters we are at once thrown back to the days of slavery, and we are the slaves. No one who can afford to have a telephone would be without one. I have one acquaintance who will not have the number of his private telephone printed in the directory. He enjoys peaceful evenings.

Time occupied in journeys to and from work should be regarded as part of a man's working day. A few years ago miners in Northumberland and Durham insisted that their time should count from arriving at the pit's mouth and not from the hour at which they reached the scene of their labours. If this practice is just underground it is just overground. Count the hours a man spends travelling to and from his work and see how, in any city, this will increase the average length of the working day. If office hours, the luncheon recess and time spent travelling total daily to one round of the clock, how much time is left for home life, for study, recreation and social intercourse? Eight hours for sleep, bath, dressing and undressing; that is eight hours from the time of saying good-night to the time of saying good-morning is not over generous. Allow an hour for dinner at night and half an hour for breakfast in the morning. We have left two and one-half hours daily for meditation, study, social intercourse, private correspondence, chores and recreation. This is the result o fa nine-hours working day. The clerk and the artisan are doomed to such a life because they are the victims of a faulty social fabric. But employers, presidents of corporations, brokers, dealers in real estate and other free agents who submit to this arrangement seem to be conspiring to place living among the lost arts.

Take a glance at the calendar and see how the ordinary business man fares for holidays. Christmas Day and the New Year bring relief from concentration on work. There follows the long, unbroken stretch to Good Friday. From then until Thanksgiving Day each month has one day for pleasure, and then business goes on without interruption till the following Christmas. Each public holiday brings chaos for a few days before and a few days after. Such chaos is not felt in countries where all the saints' days are observed as public holidays. The explanation is simple. A whole day without work is a great event in our strenuous lives. It casts a luminous glow before it and leaves a dark shadow behind. This is because holidays are unaccustomed incidents. Where holidays are of frequent occurrence they cause no disturbance to business because they fail to create the mental disturbance that attaches to the unfamiliar. Hence arises the thought that possibly we hamper business by reducing the frequency of festal days. So the wheels of commerce are kept turning faster and ever faster, and we pile up more than we can use; we throw men out of work that their fellows may be broken on the wheel of never-ceasing effort; we fill our hospitals and asylums; we build up an army of unemployables who become dependent on our earnings; we drive ahead still harder to meet the growing cost of our own folly, and then we attribute all the misfortunes incurred to "modern economic conditions". This is ridiculous. Political economy is not a science. It is an excuse for some good literature and many mediocre speeches. Economic theories may now be thrown on the scrap heap with the nostrums of astrologists and other fads. Every self-respecting economist proved conclusively in August that the war could not last three months. They have been exercised by their own incantations.

A wealthy manufacturer of motor cars, and one gifted with a rare social conscience, tried recently to make all his employees happy by establishing a very high minimum wage for all deemed worthy of good fortune. This

action shows how our minds have come to focus on actual money rather than on those things for which money is meant to be a convenient note of demand. The employees of this factory, mostly skilled artisans in receipt of good wages, were to be made happy by the possession of more money. They were not to be given an extra hour at home each day, or more time for sports, or ease in the early hours of the morning. They were to have dollar bills. Their wives may spend more on clothes. They may put better furniture in larger houses. And they may continue as strangers to their families; men who board and lodge in the places they are pleased to call homes.

I have no inclination to return to the customs of what are vaguely termed the good old days. I like telephones and a good telegraph service, and fast steamers and express trains. But evidence grows stronger to prove that the advent of power-driven machinery was marked by a wrong turning in the development of society. Steam and electricity have not eased our burden; they have added to it. We have driven ourselves as we have driven the steam engine, and electricity has inspired us to emulate *Puck* and put a girdle around this earth in forty minutes. The quick lunch counter, the rocking chair and the strip of chewing-gum are three notable emblems of wide-spread mental disorder. A very large section of society knows real repose only in sleep.

Labour-saving machinery lacks justification unless it can be shown that it saves the labourer. The train has this much advantage over the stage coach that it saves time in travelling between two places. If the time thus saved is passed in strenuous work with the result that, as in the days of the stage coach, only the required income is earned, then has the train failed to prove its usefulness to humanity? The truth would seem to be that we have tried to use steam and electricity to wring more than a just measure from the world, and we have failed. A manufacturer may earn greater profits in money, and this increase, or more, must be spent to maintain a relative position in society equal to that held by a similar person in the stage coach era. A mechanic earns higher wages to-day than his father could earn. But he works harder and faster, and at the end of each year he finds himself where he started—within sight of the poor house. Judging by appearances it would seem as though we lack intelligence to profit by the discoveries of modern genius.

I have no desire to underrate the advances that have been made in the last century. My contention is that we have failed to reap full advantage from these, and that we have, in our blindness, piled on our backs a needless burden. Life is a fine art. It is not merely work or merely play. Excess of either is nauseating. Light labour, labour, bright homes, ample recreation and moderate leisure to cultivate the tastes; these are the ingredients of real life. Steam and electricity, by reducing our labours, can give us opportunity to enjoy full life. That they fail to do so is our fault and not the fault of modern inventions. Machinery reduces the number of hours required to produce a certain quantity of goods. These hours saved reach the artisan in the form only of unemployment. The employer knows little of leisure, for the pace made possible by steam and electricity holds him hypnotized. He may spend all he makes: he cannot enjoy what he earns.

There are indications that the limit of human endurance has been reached, and that mankind is reverting to a more rational state of mind. Some time ago the miners of Wales refused to work overtime, preferring leisure hours to additional pay. It is noteworthy that two examples of returning sanity come from below the surface of the earth. Golf, as I have said before, is gradually weaning the

average business man from a dangerous obsession. A few of our merchant princes are showing by example that success crowns the man who is able to give his mind needed relaxation. We may hope to arrive gradually at a fuller life by the very means that are now cramping existence. Some day a genius in commerce will discover that he can come down late to business now and again without risking bankruptcy. A daring futurist of the business world will alter office hours from month to month to suit the vagaries of trade and the changing seasons; and variety, even in this small detail, will bring relief from drab monotony. The old belief, unexpressed but none the less real, that the blessings of Providence rest only with those who do duty to the clock will die out, and with less regularity of hours there will be smaller tendency to mechanize human beings. Life, real full life, with zest to work and play and study and rest and meditate will come to the majority when the demon of unalterable hours is exorcised. Some will have to be chained to the treadmill, but they should be the young and buoyant, and there should be for them the prospect of freedom before the joy of living is worn down. When this has been accomplished, the object of work will have been found.

THE HEARTS OF MOTHERS

By KATHERINE HALE

THE hears of mothers are hid things
In these days of woe,
And troops of strange thoughts move therein
Silently to and fro.

They are not thoughts of yester-year,
Or thoughts of you and me,
And that which we have done, or do,
By air, or land, or sea.

But these are thoughts steel-bright with pain,
And death-thoughts bare and stark,
And shining thoughts of armaments
That glitter through the dark.

They move, old passions and revolts,
Fresh-called, yet stiff with scars,
To music crimsoned with the clash
Of endless ancient wars.

And those who summon memories
From pathways of the sun,
When death spoke life most solemnly
Ere new life was begun.

They dream of a strange blooming
That dawns in greater birth;
The frail, bright flower of selfishness
Brought back again to earth.

They feel, the Givers of all Life,
Great need to give again
The utmost dower of womanhood,
All mystery—all pain.

THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS

From the Painting by
Paul Helleu

One of the French Exhibits at the
Canadian National Exhibition

THE FIRST CANADIANS IN FRANCE

By F. McKelvey Bell

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN we awoke the sun was high in the heavens, and through the train windows we could see the steep banks of the Seine as we wound along that picturesque river toward Rouen. From time to time we passed small villages, the red tile of their roofs contrasting prettily with the snow-white of the walls. Some houses were decorated with bright blue or green, and as they swept by the window in kaleidoscopic array, the scene was one of manifold variety.

The French love a dash of colour; it was manifest everywhere, in their clothes, their houses, in their military uniforms. In the larger cities where civilization is over-developed, and humanity is more effête, the bright colours have given place to pale and delicate shades—an indication of that transformation of life which we call art. But in these little country villages, a thousand years or more behind the times, Dame Nature still holds sway, and the primary colours riot in their rugged strength. Centuries from now these rural hamlets, grown to greater size, losing their primitive audacity, will fade as well and looking back will marvel at the boldness of their youth.

Every quarter-mile along the track a lone sentinel, in sky-blue coat and scarlet cap, guarded our path. With fixed bayonet he stood hour by hour, watchful and keen. He had a little thatched sentry-box into which he might retire when it rained, and through the small, round windows watch on either side.

As we pulled into the railway station at Rouen, we could see resourceful Tommy cooking his breakfast on a little charcoal stove. Tommy is always at home, no matter where we find him, whether it be on the battlefields of France or Belgium, or on the rock-bound shores of Gallipoli.

Our men descended from their coaches, lugged out their bags of bread, their cheese and jam and bully beef. The sergeant-cook meted out each portion, and soon the boys were at their morning meal.

A few hours later Reggy and I were seated at luncheon in the *Hotel de la Poste*. The *salle à manger* was filled with English, French, and Belgian officers, with their wives or friends, and to the casual observer the place was as gay as in times of peace. But in spite of the bright colours of the uniforms, in spite of the *chic* Parisian hats and pretty faces of the ladies, one felt over all an at-

mosphere very subdued and serious.

It is true, wine sparkled upon almost every table, but in France this doesn't necessarily mean gaiety. Every Franchman drinks wine, but it is very rare indeed to see one intoxicated. Wine, like water at home, is used as a beverage, not as an intoxicant.

Imbued with the spirit of the time and place, Reggy and I called for a bottle, and under its mellowing influence care and the war were soon forgotten.

Of course, we visited the Cathedral and listened to the old sexton pouring incomprehensible data into our stupid ears for half an hour while we examined the rare stained windows and the carved oak door. When we returned to the train the senior major and the transport officer were deep in conversation:

"But where are your papers?" the latter was asking.

"We haven't any," the major replied. "That French conductor would not hold the train until they arrived. Can't we go on without them?"

"Where are you going?"

"We presume to Boulogne—the rest of the unit is there, but we have no orders. When does the train leave, please?"

"There'll be one at 3 p.m., and if you wish to take that, get your men aboard."

We might have been touring France, he was so nonchalant and there was such an absence of red tape. Imagine in these hyper-martial days being told to take the 3 p.m. train *if we wished!* Now-a-days it is not a matter of volition; units go where and when they are commanded, and a definite system has replaced haphazard. But the old way had its good points—it still let one believe one was in part one's own master.

Having a sense of duty and, moreover, being anxious to reach our destination—wherever that might be—we entrained once more, and travelled the rest of that day and night.

Promptly at 3 p.m. Reggy fell asleep, and didn't wake once, not even to eat, until the following morning at six o'clock, when with a crash he was thrown off his couch to the floor of the train. Thus rudely startled, but not quite wide awake, he ejaculated:

"Torpedoed, by gad!"

We didn't take time to wake Reggy and explain the situation, but sprang to our feet and threw open the door of the train. What had happened? We were at Boulogne; our train had collided with another in the railway yards, but fortunately only one coach was crushed and no one hurt. We descended to the tracks and found other coaches on other trains in a similar condition.

It was not difficult to understand the cause. The German spy leaves nothing undone, and was very careful to attend to such details as changing the railway switches to the wrong tracks. By now they have been almost completely weeded out; but in those days they were very active.

How thorough was their system was well illustrated when, later on, the Western Cavalry entered the trenches. A wooden horse rose instantly above the German trench, bearing this legend: "Western Cavalry, come over and get your horses!" Our boys promptly shot the offending animal full of holes. It fell; but in a moment was raised again with bandages about its neck and legs!

Despite the early morning hour, in a railway car a few yards from us, several young Englishwomen were busy serving hot cocoa and rolls to the hungry soldiers. The interior of the coach had been transformed into a kitchen and travelling buffet. Every man in uniform was welcome to enter and partake, free of charge. We took advantage of this practical hospitality, and, much refreshed, returned to our own train.

At another platform a regiment of Ghurkas were engaged loading their equipment. One came across to our engine, and, drawing some hot water

from the boiler, washed his teeth and mouth with infinite care.

The Ghurka is so like the Jap in appearance that when, later, we saw a body of these brave little chaps, with their turned-up Stetson hats, marching along the street, for a moment we actually mistook them for our Oriental allies. It was only when we observed their short, broad swords (kukris) that we realized it could be none other than these famous men of India.

The colonel was at the station to meet us. How glad we were to see his genial face once more!

"Your billets are all arranged," he said. "The officers will stay at the *Louvre,* and the N.C.O.'s and men at the *Jean d'Arc* theatre."

The men were lined up and, now that the unit was once more complete, formed quite an imposing sight. In those days medical units wore the red shoulder straps; the privilege of retaining these coloured straps has been granted only to members of the First Contingent.

The men marched across *Le Pont Marguet,* up the main thoroughfare, along the *Rue* Victor Hugo, crossed the market-place, and in a narrow street not far from *Le Marché* found the little theatre. It made a perfect billet, the main hall serving as a mess-room and the gallery as an excellent dormitory.

The quartermaster, Reggy and I were billeted in one large room at the *Louvre.* Our window overlooked the *Bassin à flot,* and across *Le Quai* we could see the fish-wives unloading the herring-boats as they arrived in dozens. With their queer wooden shoes, they clack-clacked across the cobble-stones, their large baskets, overflowing with fish, strapped to their backs. Among all the varied odours of that odorous city, that of fish rises supreme. It saluted our nostrils when we marched in the streets, and was wafted in at our windows when the thoughtless breeze ventured our way.

We could see, too, the Channel boats arriving at the dock, bringing battalion after battalion of British troops. These rapidly entrained, and were whisked away in the shrill-whistling little French trains toward the battlefront.

Sometimes convoys of London 'buses, now bereft of their advertisements and painted dull gray, filled with Tommies destined for the "big show", passed by the door and rolled away into the far beyond.

The second morning of our stay at Boulogne Reggy awoke feeling that he really *must* have a bath. Why he should consider himself different from all the other people in France is a matter I am not prepared to discuss. A bath, in France, is a luxury, so to speak, and is indulged in at infrequent intervals—on fête days or some other such auspicious occasion.

He rang the bell to summon the maid. In a few moments a tousled blonde head-of-hair, surmounted by a scrap of old lace, was thrust inside the door.

"Monsieur?" it inquired.

Reggy prided himself upon his French—he had taken a high place in college in this particular subject, but, as he remarked deprecatingly, his French seemed a bit too refined for the lower classes, who couldn't grasp its subtleties.

"Je veux un bain," he said.

He was startled by the ease with which she understood. Could it be that he looked—but no, he appeared as clean as the rest of us. At any rate, she responded at once in French:

"Oui, monsieur, I'll bring it in to you." She withdrew her head and closed the door.

"What the deuce," cried Reggy as he sat up quickly in bed. "She'll *bring in* the bath! Does she take me for a canary?"

"A canary doesn't make such a row as you do," growled the quartermaster, "looking for a bath at six a.m."

I tried to console him by reminding him that it was much better to have

Reggy sweet and clean than in his present state, but he said it made small difference to him as he had a cold in his head anyway. Reggy, as an interested third party, began to look upon our controversy as somewhat personal, and was about to interfere when a rap at the door cut short further argument.

Two chambermaids entered the room, carrying between them a tin pan about two feet in diameter and six inches in depth. It contained about a gallon of hot water. They placed it beside his bed.

"Voici, monsieur!" cried she of the golden locks.

Reggy leaned over the side of the bed and looked down at it.

"Sacré sabre de bois!" he exclaimed. "It isn't a drink I want, it's a bath—*bain*—to wash—*laver*, ye' know!"

He made motions with his hands in excellent imitation of a gentleman performing his morning ablutions. They nooded approvingly, and laughed:

"Oui, monsieur—it *is* the bath."

"Well I'll be d——," but before Reggy could conclude the two maids had withdrawn, smiling.

Reggy explored the room in his pajamas and emptied our three water pitchers into the pan.

"Now I'll at least be able to get my feet wet," he grumbled. "Where's the soap!" he exclaimed a moment later. "There isn't a bally cake of soap in the room."

It was true. This is one of the petty annoyances of French hotels. Soap is never in the room and must be purchased as an extra, always at the most inopportune moment. After half an hour's delay Reggy succeeded in buying a cake from the porter, and his bath proceeded without further mishap. He then tumbled into bed again and fell asleep.

The maids shortly returned to carry out the bath, but when they saw how Reggy had exhausted all the water in the room they held up their hands in undisguised astonishment.

"Monsieur is extravagant," they exclaimed, "to waste so much water!" Fortunately Reggy was fast asleep, so the remark passed unnoticed.

Later we approached the *concierge* and asked whether there were not a proper bath-tub in the place. She laughed. *"Les Anglais* were so much like ducks—they wanted to be *always* in the water.

"But I will soon have it well for you," she declaimed with pride. "I am having two bath-tubs placed in the cellar, and then you may play in the water all the day."

At the time we looked upon this as her little joke, but when, weeks later, one early morning we noticed a tall *Anglais* walking through the hotel lounge in his pajamas, with bath towel thrown across his arm, we realized that she had spoken truth. The bath-tubs were really and truly in the *cave*.

It was ten days before we succeeded in locating the building which we wanted for our hospital. All the suitable places in Boulogne were long since commandeered. Every large building, including all the best hotels, had been turned into hospitals, so that we were forced to go far afield. Finally, twenty-two miles from the city, we found a summer hotel, exactly suited to our needs. It was in a pine forest, and close to the sea shore: an ideal spot for a hospital.

During these ten days the talent of our corps conceived the idea of holding a concert in the *Jean d'Arc* hall.

At this time all theatres, music halls, and even "movies" in France were closed, and music was tabooed. France was taking the war seriously. She was mourning her dead and the loss of her lands. The sword had been thrust deeply into her bosom, and the wound was by no means healed. The streets were filled with widows, and their long black veils symbolized the depths of the nation's grief.

Let those who will admire the light-heartedness of Britain, for Britain wears no mourning for her heroes dead. In Britain it is *bourgeois* to be

despondent. We keep up an appearance of gaiety even when our hearts are heaviest. But France is too natural, too frank for such deception. What she feels she shows upon the surface. At first our apparent indifference to our losses and hers was a source of irritation. France resented it; but now she knows us better. We are not indifferent—it is merely an attitude. The two nations now understand each other, and in that understanding lies the foundation of a firmer friendship.

With success and confidence in the future, France has risen out of the "slough of despond". She has recovered a portion of her old-time lightheartedness. We thought her effervescent, artificial and unstable; we have found her steadfast, true and unshakable. She has manifested throughout this desperate struggle a grim and immutable determination, which has been the marvel of her allies and the despair of her enemies.

Realizing the temporary distaste for amusement in France, our little concert was intended to be private, and confined solely to our own unit. But a few of the new-found French friends of the boys waived their objections to entertainment and as a special favour volunteered to come.

It was a strange and moving sight to see a Canadian audience in that far-off land, gravely seated in their chairs in the little hall, waiting for the curtain to rise. Our staff of nursing sisters honoured the boys with their presence, and every officer and man was there. Thirty or forty of the native population, in black, a little doubtful of the propriety of their action, were scattered through the khaki-clad audience.

The boys outdid themselves that night. How well they sang those songs of home! We were carried back thousands of miles across the deep to our dear old Canada, and many an eye was wet with tears which dare not fall.

But reminiscence fled when Sergeant Honk assumed the stage. Someone told Honk he could sing, and—subtle flatterer—he had been believed. With the first wild squeaky note we were back, pell-mell in France. The notes rose and fell, but mostly fell, stumbling over and over one another in their vain endeavour to escape from Honk. Some maintain he sang by ear. Perhaps he did. He couldn't sing by mouth, and chords long lost to human ken came whistling through his nose. The song was sad, but we laughed and laughed until we wept again.

At the end of the first verse he seemed a little bewildered by the effect, but he had no advantage over us in that respect. At the end of the second verse, seeing his hearers in danger of apoplexy, he hesitated, and turning to Taylor, the pianist, muttered in an aside:

"They down't hunderstand h'English, them bloakes. This ayn't a funny song. Blimed if I down't quit right 'ere, and serve 'em jolly well right, too!"

And under a perfect storm of applause and cries of protest, Honk departed as he had come—anglewise.

Tim and his brother then had a boxing-bout; and Cameron, who acted as Tim's second, drew shrieks of joy from his French admirers, between rounds, as he filled his mouth with water and blew it like a penny shower into the perspiring face of Tim.

"A wee drap watter refraishes ye, Tim," he declared argumentatively, after one of these showers.

"Doze Pea-jammers tinks it's funny," Tim puffed. "Let dem have a good time—dey ain't see'd nuthin' much lately, an' a good laff 'll help dem digest der 'patty de frog grass'."

To be continued in the January number.

THE COMRADE

By Mazo de la Roche

CORPORAL PHELAN of the Irish Guards lay crying in a ditch. He was so lonely, so chilled by the autumn mist, and so peevish with the pain that had goaded him into consciousness, that he rocked himself in the ditch, crying miserably, and thinking of his poor old mother in Fermanagh.

He thought, too, with much bitterness, of the young German officer he had been chasing when he tripped and fell in the ditch. The young offier had turned then, laughing, and fired two shots at him, before he strolled away in leisurely fashion, while Phelan lay gasping and cursing.

Just before he lapsed into unconsciousness he had heard British cheers, so he knew the village was recaptured from the enemy.

"Curses on the long-legged loafer that hit me whin I was down," muttered Phelan, wiping his eyes, "he put a bad ind to the best day's fightin' I've had! An' he's kilt me so far off from me comrades that I'll niver git home to thim anny more at all."

He strained his eyes into the foggy dawn and could just make out the shattered spire of the village church and the yellow blur of its lighted windows.

He gave a loud halloo, which was beaten down by the heavy air. Again and again he shouted.

"It'll be broad day before they spot me," he said querulously, "and this ditch gittin' fuller of me blood every blessed minute!" He groaned heavily.

Then the child cried.

Out of the fog and the dark it came to him, a faint, yet piercing, wail. It had an uncanny sound as of something not yet one with this world.

"Gad!" said Phelan, "if I was one o' thim Papists, I'd be crossin' meself fer fair now, an' callin' on the Virgin to save me! But as it is, I'm not scairt at all—hardly. Now, what the divil is yon wan holdin' forth in a ditch at this hour for?"

"Hi!" he called, rather tremulously, "who are ye there, an' what might be *your* complaint?"

The cry came again, but smothered this time, as though the mouth that uttered it were pressed against some breast.

With a new-found strength Phelan scrambled to his feet and stood dizzily among the fallen leaves. Around him stretched the level fields, broken only by the stately march of poplars beside the road, and the dark bulk of a straw-stack and cattle-shed on a ruined farm. A dog, hidden in the shed, began to bark.

Phelan was very weak from loss of blood, his wound burned horribly; he would have given all he owned for a mouthful of water; yet he was full

of joy to discover that he was able to walk despite the pain. He stumbled for a few yards through the ditch, listening intently. Then the cry rose, very near, from a clump of straggling bushes that drooped just beyond him.

Toward these Phelan limped painfully. The dead leaves rustled under his feet, twigs snapped, the dog ceased barking, as though he listened for a returning step.

Suddenly, with an exclamation of pity, Phelan stopped short. He had almost stepped on them.

The woman gazed up at him with wide terror-stricken eyes, her face, white as a flower, against the dusty grass of the bank. She held the child close against her breast.

"Och!" said Phelan, his eyes filling with tears. "The creatures!"

She saw his uniform then, and his kindly, compassionate face, and laying the infant on the ground beside her, she clasped Phelan's knees in her arms and broke into excited and unintelligible explanations.

"No, no, no, my girl," said Phelan abashed, "no kneelin' to me! It's me that must find a way to git you and yer baby under a roof before ye are starved wid the cowld."

"I've got to git ye on yer pegs," he repeated loudly, "this is no place at all for a young baby. Is it the way ye can walk?"

The woman, seeming to understand, began to wrap the child more securely in a flannel petticoat. It came to Phelan then with a pang that the child had been born that night in the ditch, and that the young mother, like a hunted wild thing, had borne her agony unaided.

"And I thought I was hurt," he groaned, "I thought I was hurt."

He saw that her dark eyes were filled with pity for him. She touched the blood-soaked shoulder of his tunic and questioned him eagerly in French.

"Sure, I'm wounded," he replied loudly in English, "but it's nothing to talk about. It's you that has to be got out o' this infernal ditch in short order. I'm surprised at ye, havin' yer new baby here!" He spoke sternly, but his face quivered with tenderness.

And someway, though the effort hurt him cruelly, he got her to her feet and took the child in his own arms. It moved against his breast. Its face lay, small and pink, upon his khaki sleeve. Phelan was thrilled with the mystery of this new life. The woman clung to him weakly.

Then, in the early twilight, they moved slowly and painfully along the high road toward the village, the young mother, peaceful and confiding, after her great extremity, the soldier racked with pain, yet filled with pride in succouring these dependent ones, and the newborn child staring straight ahead with glazed black eyes.

The dog at the ruined farm began to bark and howl alternately. The village looked very far away.

Phelan thought a bit of a song would help them. He had a high wailing voice that came in gasps. He sang:

"Oh, I wish we all were geese, over here,
So we all could die in peace, over here."

The woman smiled encouragement, but the child raised his voice dismally.

"He's got no love fer me singin'," said Phelan, "and small blame to him, fer I have no more voice than a candle flickerin' in the draught. Eh, woman, ye should feel him foosterin' agin the breast av me! Sure, he thinks I'm his mammy."

After a little Phelan ceased to speak. It required all his strength to repress his groans. His lips were parched. It seemed to him that at any moment his legs might sink under him. The weight of the child grew unsupportable, and every stumbling step of the woman's threatened to drag them both to the ground.

A cold rain began to fall. It became almost dark again. They could no longer see the light in the village

church. The woman sobbed as she struggled on. Phelan knew that a little trail of blood marked his passage. The child's face was wet with rain. It slept.

The woman tripped on something in their path and fell. She could not rise. It was the body of a German soldier that lay there.

Phelan put the child on the ground and tried to lift her to her feet. He could not. She lay, a sodden heap, in the rain, moaning piteously. The hands of the dead German youth were clasped as though in prayer. His face was a pallid blur.

Phelan grasped the woman beneath the armpits and dragged her into a sitting posture.

"Non, non," she moaned, "non, non."

The child slept.

Phelan saw then why the hands of the German soldier were clasped in prayer. Towering above them stood a crucifix from which the cross had been almost entirely shot away, and only the tall figure of the Christ remained, with arms outstretched against the sky, as though in a noble gesture of despair.

It was before this shattered shrine that the boy had knelt. The woman now perceived it also. She crossed herself and bent her head submissively.

Phelan stood, tottering, tormented with pain. He looked with bitter scorn at the tall gray figure above them.

"If ye were anny good," he growled, "if ye were anny good at all, ye'd come down off o' that monymint and give a hand to a pore fellah to get yon creatures under a roof!"

A gust of rain beat upon his face, obscuring his vision. The wind whipped the woman's hair about her face. Phelan stooped and picked up the child, muttering angrily.

Then, in a dazed way, he knew that someone was approaching from the direction whence they had come. A rabbit ran from under the shrine where it had been crouching, and sat for a moment on the road, ears erect, listening.

Phelan now saw a man drawing near, a soldier by his walk, though he could not make out the uniform. Something in his bearing suggested an officer, one that was accustomed to command. He stopped beside the little group with an inquiring turn of the head from one to the other. He was unarmed.

"If ye could just give me a lift here, sir," broke out Phelan eagerly, "I'll bless ye the rest av me days. I'm clean spent thryin' to get this pore young woman to them as'll care fer her, and her bit baby is as wet as a drowned kitten. It come to her last night out yon in the ditch. God pity her, just like some scared animal, tholin' her pain alone. It's the saddest thing I've run acrost since the war! Ain't it quare such things can be?"

"The saddest thing—" repeated the stranger in a low, deep voice, "it is all so sad—so heart-rending to see them hating each other like this! It is hard to pick out the saddest thing."

"Eh, but think of this pore girl out in the night alone—like this," urged Phelan.

"Yes, and this poor little boy—who is no longer alone," said the stranger, gently lifted the body of the German youth from the highway to the grass beside the shrine.

"That's carrion to me," muttered Phelan.

"It is wings to me," the stranger said.

He took the child from Phelan's arms and bent over it in silence a moment as though in prayer.

"I see you're a very religious man," ventured Phelan, rather timidly, for there was something about this stranger that did not invite familiarity.

"Religious?" The word came mockingly. "I know no religion such as you know."

"Ah, but you *believe*," persisted Phelan.

"I believe"—the stranger's face was raised to the eastern sky where a strip of bluish silver marked the approaching day. The rain had ceased. "Yes. I believe," he repeated, "in the love of all that is." Then, tenderly, he raised the half-conscious woman on his arm, held the child close to his breast, and said to Phelan:

"Put your arm about my shoulder, boy, and lean on me."

"Och, no, no," said Phelan, "I'll do no such thing. What wid the woman, an' the young 'un, ye've helf enough fer the strongest man."

"Lean on me," commanded the stranger smiling. "It will help rather than hinder me. That is why I came."

Phelan, too weak to refuse, put his arm around the stranger's shoulders, and the support he got seemed to put new life into him. A bird skimming over the nearest meadow burst into song. They drew near the village. A little cloud, pink as the branch of al almond-tree in bloom, hovered in the east.

The child lay staring up at the stranger's face.

"Bedad, he ought to know ye agin, when he meets ye," said Phelan, and he turned to look himself at the face beside him.

"And would *you* know me again?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, I would," said Phelan, gazing hard, "un' yet ye've a quare face fer a man. Ye remind me av someone—I can't rightly think who—but, I believe it's me pore mother's face ye've a hint of."

He continued to gaze in the stranger's face as they walked. He thought he had never seen a face so full of compassion and love.

"God bless ye, sir," he sobbed, "never, never, shall I forget what ye've done fer us this night!"

Phelan pushed open the door of the chapel and staggered inside, supporting the woman with one arm, while the other held the sleeping child. There was a wild light in his eyes.

The Red Cross nurses hastened to meet him with exclamations of pity and amazement. A fire was lighted in a stove in the centre of the building, and around it wounded soldiers lay on heaps of clean straw.

Up beyond the altar-rails half a dozen horses had been stalled, and paused in their crunching of hay to raise their heads and listen. Their forms showed darkly against the bright colouring of the chancel walls.

A doctor came forward, and Phelan was relieved of his burdens. But he pushed the nurses aside when they would have laid him on the straw.

"Why, where is he?" he cried distractedly, "my friend—my good comrade—him that brung us here? I want him—I got to thank him! Keep away, will ye, an' let me afther him."

"Poor fellow, he is clean out of his head," said the doctor. "He's been under a terrific strain—half carried this woman, heaven knows how far!"

"Sit down, there's a good boy!" said a nurse, taking his arm. Phelan roughly threw her off.

"Sit down is it?" he stormed, "an' my friend goin' off with never a glass of something hot to cheer him? Not Tim Phelan! Not on yer life!"

"Sit down, sit down, Tim!" growled his friend, George Bradey, from his heap of straw. "Divil a sowl but yourself come in wid the woman. You're dreamin'."

"There he is! There he is!" shouted Phelan, his eyes starting, "he just now passed up through the chancel yonder, among the horses!" He staggered in a frantic pursuit as far as the rails and clung to them with shaking limbs.

"See!" he cried, "the horses knows! They're lookin' afther him. . . . They seen him, too. . . . Good-bye! Good-bye! God bless ye, comrade!" He sank to his knees.

One of the horses put its nose down to Phelan, and sniffed at his blood-stained face; then, with a shake of the bridle, it raised its head and uttered a loud and mournful whinny.

THE ETCHER'S POINT OF VIEW

By Estelle M. Kerr

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ETCHINGS BY SEVERAL ARTISTS

BEAUTY, we are told, lies in the eye of the beholder. The most hideous object may be glorified by art; the loveliest may be degraded; yet the artist is regarded by most people as the exponent of the ideal, and the beauty of a place or person is more generally admired if some great painter has rendered it immortal.

Modern artists are losing caste as judges of beauty, for instead of painting saccharine madonnas and well-arranged landscapes, they exercise talents on one-eyed street singers and

From the Etching by H. Ivan Neilson

QUEBEC, FROM THE HARBOUR

From the Etching by
Herbert Raine

EVENING ON THE CANAL AT MONTREAL

decrepit tenement houses. "The artists all want to paint her," is no longer a term of approval, and people in quest of a quiet place for their summer outing are not tempted by the announcement that "it is a great resort for artists". For everyone knows by this time that artists prefer to paint in evil-smelling surroundings, that they adore the atmosphere of cod-fisheries and shrink with horror from a well-kept golf course. So it is amusing to the uninitiated to speculate as to what they will do next.

Well, they are doing Canada now. Foreign lands no longer tempt them. They used to tell us that Canada was too new, too crude, but that remark is worn out with age. What they will select depends, of course, on the artist. The man who is looking for colour will find the richest hues in the world in our Canadian woods in autumn; those who love to paint sunlight find that our sunshine is seldom accompanied by a heat that renders painting impossible. They don't care about the subject so long as they have colour or sunlight. As to the figure painters, they know that interesting types of the human face and form may be found all the world over, and if our costumes lack the picturesqueness seen in foreign lands, so much the better they can concentrate on the essentials, for beauty unadorned is adorned the most (with apologies to the board of censors).

But etchers care not one jot for colour, and very little for sunlight. It is rather a convention that etching should be largely used for architectural subjects, and the workers on copper plate have complained rather more bitterly than anyone else that "Canada is too new, too crude!" Now, Whistler has shown us that subject

From the Etching by
Herbert Raine

BONSECOURS MARKET, MONTREAL

matters not at all. Brangwyn has set the fashion for industrial drawings—scaffoldings, factories, and tall black chimneys belching smoke. And thus the etchers look around them and discover new fields for their efforts. Yet they have not begun to discover the possibilities of Canada as subject matter for art.

The most obvious subjects for etching are found in the settlements of greatest antiquity, so it is in Quebec that the greatest number have been made; but the last annual exhibition of Canadian etchings showed that Ontario was gaining in favour and Manitoba beginning to discover her resources. In Quebec the subjects are interwoven with romance and history. Even when an etching lacks great artistic merit, memories will enhance it in our eyes and take us back to the days when the resources of Canada were as vague and visionary as art itself. All of Canada's past clusters around Quebec, which for a century and a half was the headquarters of France in the New World, the centre from which she sent forth missionaries, trappers, and soldiers, who established themselves on other strategic points.

Perhaps the most prolific exponent of Quebec on copper-plate is Mr. H. Ivan Neilson, who is essentially a Canadian and a lover of all things Canadian. Both of his grandparents were Scots and they both married French-Canadian women. His paternal grandmother inherited a seigneury granted by the French King in consideration of services rendered to the state. He understands the characteristics of French-Canadian life, speaks the language of the habitants and finds among their homes subject

matter for painting and etching as interesting as anything he has seen during the years spent in continental study. Mr. Neilson makes a point of etching only Canadian subjects. The National Gallery at Ottawa possesses a number of his prints, all scenes of historic interest, such as "Montgomery's Headquarters", "The Ramparts of Quebec", "The Louise Basin" and "The Deepening of the St. Charles". The picturesque scenes about his home in Cap Rouge are replete with romance, for it was here, just nine miles from Quebec, that Jacques Cartier spent his first winter in Canada.

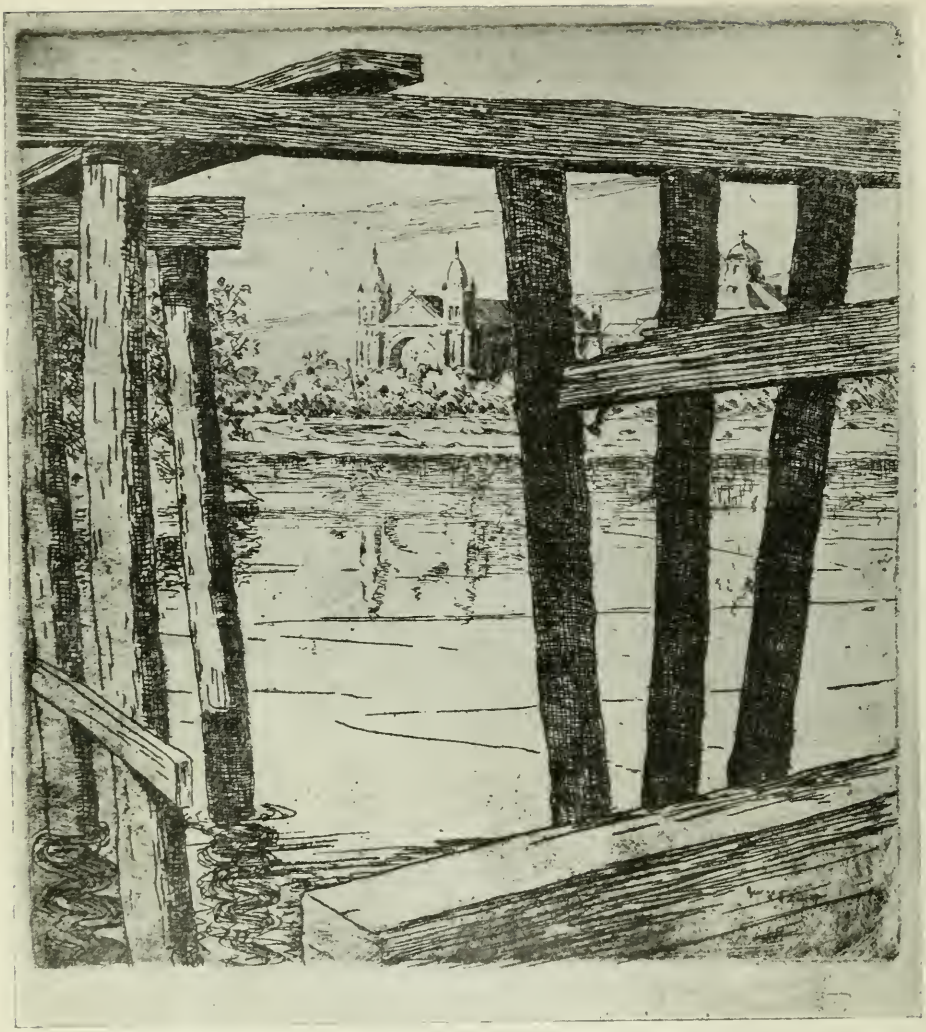
Cartier, too, loved the charmingly situated town of Stadacona and the country with its wide rivers, high hills and fertile fields, and he lingered too long until the cold winter found him unprepared and the ice held him prisoner. It was here in Cap Rouge that Cartier, when eight of his men were dead and more than fifty in a helpless condition, ordered a solemn religious act, which was the first public exercise of the Catholic religion in Canada. A statue to the Virgin Mary was carried over the snow and ice and mass was sung before the image while all who were able to walk formed a procession, singing penitential psalms. There is a subject for a great work of art, surely!

At last the ice broke and the survivors were free to return, but with what tales of cold and misery! No wonder the people could not be persuaded to settle in the new land! No wonder that many years later, La Pompadour, on hearing of the defeat of the French army in Canada, should exclaim that "France was well rid of her fifteen thousand acres of snow"; and now, with Montcalm dead, "at last the King will have a chance of sleeping in peace".

The shipping in Quebec harbour has inspired many an etching. The high distant hills of the Laurentians form a charming background, and sometimes a quaint sailing-vessel is seen amongst the ships of more modern type. A charming etching that Mr. Neilson exhibited this year made in Quebec harbour, shows an old timber ship, one of the last of the sailing vessels, which was seized from the Austrians last year, brought to Quebec and sold. In the background is the citadel, and other ships and barges are seen. (See frontispiece).

Near Quebec is the Calvaire de Saint Augustin, a wooden shelter in which a figure of Christ, admirably carved, hangs upon a cross. The figure is painted in flesh colour and is further decorated with drops of bright red, but this fortunately does not appear in the etching Mr. Neilson has made of this historic spot. The Calvaire was erected by two French gentlemen in 1698 to commemorate the fact that they had been saved from a watery grave. It was used as a rendezvous for French troops guarding the river above Quebec in 1759-64 to prevent the landing of General Wolfe's troops. The etching shows a group of peasants in frint of the shrine, while behind is the wide St. Lawrence.

Mr. Neilson is not the only etcher who has found inspiration in Quebec, though he has pretty thoroughly covered the ground of the obvious subjects. Miss Dorothy Stevens, who spent a summer in the old town, produced several distinctive plates. Of course, she did Sous le Cap Street, that narrow little thoroughfare crowded close to the great rock—no one who etched could help making a plate of that, but it and her view from the Ramparts, which also has been done before, are executed in a manner strikingly original, while her etching of the work on that famous, or infamous, bridge that never was finished is marvellous for the intricate drawing of the scaffolding. Herbert Raine, Charles W. Simpson, and Ernest Fosberry have made valuable contributions to Canadian art in their etchings of Quebec, but we are speaking of subject matter rather than exe-



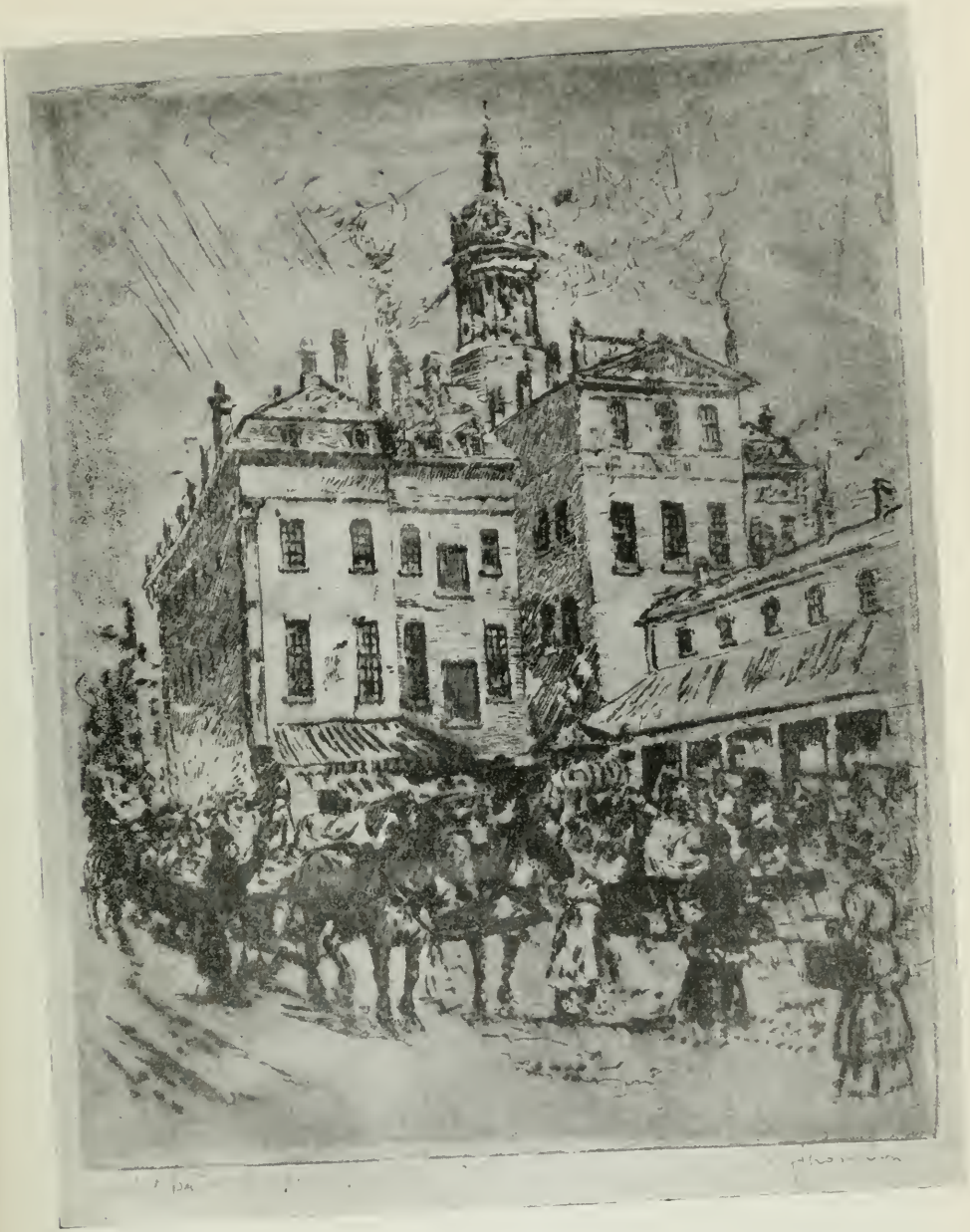
From the Etching by
George Fawcett

THE CATHEDRAL, ST. BONIFACE

cution, of history rather than of art.

Next to Quebec, the city of Montreal has perhaps inspired more etching than any other place in Canada, and the picturesque section around Bonsecours market is one of the favourite localities. "Evening on the Canal," view from the commissioner's wharf, showing the tower of the market-place, is one of Herbert Raine's best plates. Bonsecours church is another quaint bit, and the market itself has been frequently depicted. But market-places are always popular with artists, even without coloured umbrellas and gay awnings that make them doubly attractive abroad. The old Church of Notre Dame is responsible for etchings by Charles W. Simpson and others. In fact, the French and the Roman Catholic element both tend to make the country more artistic, less prosaic.

We find the etchers of Ontario turning more to industrial subjects, or confining themselves to landscapes.



From the Etching by
W. J. Thomson

MARKET DAY, TORONTO

Toronto has inspired few etchings of note. Walter Duff has methodically reproduced many of our important buildings on copper-plate; Maw has contributed some street scenes in which one recognizes the architect, but the typical old houses of the city that have been so admirably rendered in the paintings of Lawren Harris have never been attempted. Toronto old and new was typified in the last exhibition by etchings by W. J. Thom-

son and Dorothy Stevens. The former showed an attractive print of the old St. Lawrence market, and the latter one of a scene only a few blocks away, but essentially modern; imposing sky-scrapers, electric lamps and a group of modishly-dressed figures in the foreground.

In the etching of landscape J. W. Cotton is supreme and his recent works in the country around Ancaster, Ontario, and in the Credit valley are particularly fine. Frederick Haines has also been successful in delineating Ontario landscapes, and in an etching of the Rosedale ravine he successfully introduced construction work on the Bloor Street viaduct. A deep cut on the new Welland Canal inspired W. J. Thomson to produce an etching of great artistic merit, and it may in time have historical significance as well. F. W. Jopling also excels in industrial subjects, such as railroad yards, ship-building, etc.

Two Winnipeg etchers have had some of their prints purchased by the Government this year, and it is surprising to find such good material for etching on the prairie. George Fawcett's view of St. Boniface Cathedral as seen through the piles of an old bridge, and also one of the same building with a foreground of ice and snow, are both very charming. Perhaps it is because of this vicinity we return to the French Roman Catholic element. W. J. Phillips has successfully etched the Red River scene, but there is little of the picturesque about Winnipeg. Hardly anything remains of of old town of Fort Garry, and the well-planned modern city has not yet reached that stage of excellence which makes even the newest thoroughfares in some of the largest cities attractive to artists.

Art follows in the train of civilization; it does not accompany the pioneers. In the struggle for existence such things are forgotten; in war time they are overlooked. There are more important things to be discussed just now than art; history is being made so fast that we never give a thought to the events that went to make up the history of Canada that we learned at school. Art must be kept alive, however, for we shall not always be at war. The Germans are not so short-sighted as to let this important asset suffer more than is necessary. Their schools of art are still flourishing; big prices are still paid for the best pictures, though the ultra-modern art which had its birth in Germany has been killed by the war.

The works of three of our best Canadian etchers were greatly missed at the annual exhibition this year—Mr. A. E. Waite, now serving with No. 5 Ambulance Corps; Lieutenant Fosberry, of Quebec, and Lieutenant Cyril Barraud, of Winnipeg, who, in a letter to the curator of the Toronto Art Museum, says:

> "I'm kept too busy dodging weinemburgers to do any etching; the entrenching tool has taken the place of the burin. The engraving is deeper, but being in softer material I hope it will not last so long."

We hope so, too, and we also hope that our national art will last throughout these troubled times, and become not only immeasurably better but also more distinctively Canadian.

From the Etching by Dorothy Stevens

YONGE STREET, TORONTO

THE STRANGE LADY

By Alan Sullivan

THE canoe crept delicately up stream, like a vagrant leaf whose brown, impalpable weight only skimmed the flat surface of the foam-flecked water. Now stopping, now swerving questingly into untroubled pools, now thrusting out till the swift current thrilled against her bows, she worked steadfastly toward a cleft in the pine-topped ridge that lay directly athwart her course. From this cleft the hollow grumble of a rapid boomed incessantly. Presently, rounding a point, the barricade of white water flashed brilliantly.

"If m'sieu will cast in front by the big rock," said an amiable voice. At the same moment the canoe, poising for an instant, slid shoreward and fetched up in a patch of drifting foam. The paddle blade of Alphonse had not left the water and now winnowed softly like the tail of a gigantic fish.

Past the great rock moved sluggishly a dark arm of the river. It was agitated with wayward whirlpools that rolled formlessly out of sight, then swung to the surface and expanded into large, smooth wrinkles. The wrinkles twisted, overlapped, broke, reunited and disappeared. Through their thin, reiterant hissing a sharp plunge sounded thirty feet ahead.

The brown wrist of Alphonse turned swiftly. The canoe shot ahead and lay inert just outside and abreast of the smooth rings that began to spread so rapidly. Then a yellow rod swayed in the bow like a streak of pale flame, and a gossamer thread floated lightly outward, and two flies, hovering for an instant, dropped delicately in the centre of those watery circles.

In another second, something stirred beneath the surface, then, flashing upward, broke into the air with a scattering of wine-like spray, and bored down again to the depths. The fisherman's rod had curved like a stalk of wheat and bright diamond drops were racing along his taut and singing line.

The sun was low when the canoe slipped shoreward to a portage that opened as might a leafy tunnel leading straight into a slumbrous woodland heart. Beside it the rapid growled interminably like a vast and shaggy watch-dog. Alphonse, with a chuckle, balanced the great trout, laid it softly in the moss and swung the canoe over his head. The quick pad, pad of his moccasined feet seemed at once to be obliterated in silence.

The fisherman lingered on a trail cushioned with the bronzed rain of pine needles. Mounting irregularly, it wound between great boles, whose topmost branches were woven into a canopy that stretched high, green and motionless. Beneath this canopy lay nooks, corners and caverns, windless places and spaces—glade and thicket.

The fisherman passed on, blending like a shadow with this divine serenity. At the end of the portage gleamed a lake.

"M'sieu can see Jacques and Alcidore?" said Alphonse, leaning on his stroke when they had re-embarked.

"No, not yet!"

"So, over de bow."

The canoe swerved ever so slightly, and, staring over the knifelike prow, the fisherman detected two tiny flashes that glimmered intermittently and far away.

"Dey travel fas'," went on the Frenchman. "Two hundred mile in five day wit' many portage."

But this time the fisherman did not answer. Alphonse, with his eyes wandering from the distant point to the figure which, even in the canoe, never entirely lost its erectness, fell to thinking once again of the strange chance that brought him and Jacques and Alcidore a hundred miles over the hills to live with this strange gentleman, who caught so many fish and said so little.

He had arrived the summer before quite unexpectedly at Fond du Lac, which is, as everyone knows, at the end of a narrow-guage railway that runs north through the Laurentains not far from Quebec. And at Fond du Lac he had asked Pierre Lozeau, the postmaster, in the most perfect French possible, how he should get farther north. It seemed, looking back at it, that that French had stirred something in the soul of Alphonse, who was lounging in the doorway. He had not dreamed that his own tongue could be so beautiful. So it was a very natural thing that, moved by the desire to hear more of it, and being a free man who had just come off the drive, he should offer to take m'sieu north—as far as m'sieu should wish to go.

That was the first time he had ever looked into the eyes of m'sieu. They were very remarkable — sometimes gray and sometimes green or blue—they seemed to be full of little hidden fires that either melted one's heart or scorched it. Then, again, they were the eyes of one who sees a very long way. Sometimes they were like ice in the early winter—and sometimes as tender as the April sunset. When Alphonse recovered himself, he heard m'sieu say that they would start at once. Then the stranger waved his hand at the station platform, on which were piled six large leather trunks. When Alphonse had engaged Jacques and Alcidore for the trip, and they all went toward the canoes, it was discovered that from each trunk there had been scratched out a name.

And all this, reflected Alphonse, with his eyes fixed on m'sieu's back, was over a year old. There was that curious trip northward, the strangest trip he had ever made. They soon got into virgin country untouched by the lumberman's axe. Sometimes m'sieu would drive them on from morning till night, and the next day he might lie on his back and stare for hours at the heavens. But all the time Alphonse noted that the lines and wrinkles were leaving his face. In a month he had seemed ten years younger.

Then, too, had come that marvelous night when m'sieu had ordered Alphonse to open a long box and took out his violin. For a time he gazed at it, turning often to peer into the woods with half-closed eyes. Suddenly he laid his cheek against it and began to play.

And as he played, Alphonse and Jacques and Alcidore began to shiver. Moved by uncontrollable impulse they drew closer together. The night turned blacker, and as the violin deepened its unearthly note, every wolf on the ridge yelped back its answer and a carcajou fishing by the riverbank whined and cried. Wilder and more fearful came the music, till the shadows around seemed full of spirits who were moaning and wringing ghostly hands.

But, just as suddenly, the note

changed. The violin ceased its wailing, and from its hollow throat floated a song. The song was so sweet that Alphonse thought at once of Philomèle, the girl he hoped to marry. From the woods there came a strange twittering as the song drifted through and roused drowsy birds to answer its magical message. In the middle of the most beautiful part m'sieu stopped abruptly. Instantly the three Frenchmen had frozen into images. The whole thing might have been a dream.

The very next day after portaging around a big rapid, they had come to Lac Perdu, a molten sheet lifting flat to a horizon ringed with unruly hills. Thrusting down from the north was a long point where great white pines stood in ordered ranks at the very water's edge. The stranger saw it and stared wistfully.

"What is it called?" he asked.

Alphonse shook his head in ignorance, but Alcidore spoke up from the other canoe.

"Pointe aux Pins, m'sieu. She's all desert, this lake. No mans live here."

The stranger stared again, then nodded and smiled contentedly. And since then many things had happened. The cabin of M'sieu Brown—for thus were addressed the letters that came to Fond du Lac—was finished, and another for the three voyageurs. That of m'sieu stood near the water and the other a little way off. The route to Fond du Lac had been traversed many times by Jacques and Alcidore. Nothing now lacked in security and comfort. They looked very romantic those two cabins, with the roof logs that overhung so far in front to make shade—just like bushy eyebrows. The fisherman surveyed them with satisfaction as he now approached.

"A good trout," he said, and dangled the great irridescent fish. "Five pounds, I think."

"Seex," said Alphonse cheerfully. "Observe his tail, how broad, how strong! M'sieu will go again to dat pool to-morrow."

M'sieu smiled. "To-morrow we commence the second year of your service. You are content for another twelve months?"

Very slowly Alphonse drew a beautiful curve in the white sand with the blade of his paddle.

"M'sieu," he answered with a touch of emotion. "Dere is somedings all mens want—his woman. Lac Perdu, she's wan fine lake, but she don't take de place of Philomèle Doucette. I wait wan year more—dats hall right; but after dat I guess Philomèle she's say somedings, too."

Monsieur Brown's eyes took on a softened look.

"And if at the end of the year I should say to you, 'Take my cabin, my friend Alphonse, and the canoe and tents and all, except what I brought to Fond du Lac, and live here with Philomele'."

Alphonse caught at the lean brown hand, then drew back in confusion.

"M'sieu, I do not know how," he stammered, and added, "but will m'sieu not live here any more?"

"No, not here—you see, Alphonse, I have discovered that I was not meant to live in one place. Twenty years from now you may follow me by a trail of cabins, all leading further north. I shall be in the last one."

"M'sieu then is not mar—?"

The words died on his tongue. The glance of M'sieu Brown had hardened into steel, and his lips were pressed tight. A dull flush had risen to his temples. He stood very still and suddenly terrible and magnificent.

"But, m'sieu," faltered Alphonse piteously, "I—I." Then again he stared.

The strange appearance had vanished and left his master as kindly as before. "Alphonse," he said evenly, "it is quite right to ask. We wish each other to be happy. Is it not so?"

"*Mais certainement*, m'sieu."

"I was married—but now—I have not a wife."

The Frenchman felt something tug-

ging at his heart-strings. Never had m'sieu seemed so noble. Just then the canoe of Alcidore ran swiftly ashore beside them.

Alphonse took the leather mail-bag and followed m'sieu to his cabin. There the contents were spilled on a table. On top of the heap lay a violet envelope from Philomèle.

"Ah," smiled M'sieu Brown. He reached suddenly and plucked out another envelope. It was long and white. Alphonse noted that it bore no stamp and had a great red seal that glowed like blood. M'sieu looked at it hard.

"Leave me," he said presently. His voice had taken on the tone it had that first day in Fond du Lac.

At supper-time he shook his head and would not eat. Alphonse moved away puzzled and disconsolate. The sun went down and night closed in black and starless. Lac Perdu was blotted out and only by the lisping along the shore could one tell where the water lay. M'sieu lit his lamp and the three Frenchmen clustered together and stared across at the window, through which they could see the figure of m'sieu sitting with a square sheet of paper in his hand. Sometimes he leaned his head on his palm, but for hours there was nothing more than that.

At midnight they were wakened by what Jacques took to be a wendigo in the woods behind. It was the violin of m'sieu. The sound of it gripped and wrung their hearts. The lamp had long since been extinguished, and he was playing strange things to himself in the dark. At daybreak he looked ten years older.

It was not long after this that M'sieu Brown decided to go a day's journey down the river and fish for a week in a certain pool. Alphonse nodded and suggested that he go down a day early with the tent. He would prepare such a camp as befitted the dignity of his patron.

To this M'sieu Brown assented, so Alphonse paddled away with the middle thwart of his canoe gripped tight between a sinewy calf and a curving thigh.

That evening, the camp half made, he caught, far down the river, the flash of paddles. Presently a canoe, edging along the shore on the rim of the heavy water, thrust its bows around the nearest point. In the stern sat Pierre Lozeau. In the middle was a strange woman. Then Pierre nosed in to shore and the woman spoke:

"How far are we from Lac Perdu?"

The pulse of Alphonse beat a shade quicker. She had spoken in French—the French of M'sieu Brown. "One day, madame," he said curiously.

She turned to Pierre, "Then do we camp here—I'm very tired?"

"If madame wishes—yes—dat's hall right." He pointed to the work of Alphonse. "She's wan good place here."

Alphonse stepped forward quickly and steadied the canoe while madame got out. She stood for a moment, then walked stiffly to the little point and stared up-stream. The livid sunlight poured over her, and Alphonse instantly decided that she was more beautiful even than Philomèle. There was something strangely familiar about those eyes, those delicate features and the proud carriage of that head. Suddenly it flashed upon him that upon the log-hewn wall of his cabin on Lac Perdu the picture of this strange lady had been pasted. It was taken from an English magazine. He had found it crumpled in a ball and pitched into a corner of the sitting-room of M'sieu Brown. At the time, he wondered why m'sieu should have done this—but now!

He strode into the bush and staggered back under a mountain of cedar boughs. Half an hour later, madame had eaten and lay on a scented mattress staring into the fire.

It was not till an hour after, when she had drawn the doors of her tent, that Pierre Lozeau jerked his chin toward those white walls.

"She's look for M'sieu Brown."

"What for she's do dat. M'sieu Brown she's not marree."

Pierre pressed a tawny finger into the bowl of his pipe, "Hall I know she's come to my bureau on Fond du Lac an' hask if dere's wan Henglishman who's live on Lac Perdu. Den, by gar, she's mak me tak de canoe and go on voyage."

Alphonse was sharply torn between a sense of the beauty of the strange lady and a curious throb of protection for his patron. M'sieu did not want the strange lady, or he would not have meant to destroy her picture. At the same instant the printed name flashed into his memory.

"She's de Comtesse de—" he stopped abruptly.

"What's dat?"

"She's look lak picture I see of wan Henglish comtesse, an' I guess I look lik wan beeg fool for go wild goose chase on Lac Perdu." He stretched out on his back, feet to the fire, and instantly fell asleep.

An hour after daybreak he had killed enough trout for breakfast and came silently ashore standing up in his canoe. When he looked up he saw the strange lady. She wore a great cloak, but was shivering in the gray of the morning.

"*Bonjour,* madame." He kicked the camp fire embers into redness and heaped on dry birch. The strange lady smiled her thanks and spread her long white hands to the flame.

"Is M'sieu Brown well?" she said very distinctly.

Alphonse, already busy with his trout, started, "Oui, madame, ver' well—now."

"Has he been sick?" There was a sudden lift in her voice.

"*Mais non*—madame—but M'sieu Brown he's wan sick man when he strike Lac Perdu."

She glanced up sharply, "What was the matter?"

"Don't know, madame. Ver' strange maladie! Jus' same as somedings go wrong here an' here." He touched head and heart. "Never see dat kind maladie on Lac Perdu or Fond du Lac before."

"But he is well now?"

"I guess yes. When he play de fiddle he feel pretty queer."

"Why do you say that?"

"*Bien,* madame, sometime I want to dance all de way from Lac Perdu to les Rochers Rouges—and the nex' minute he bre'k my heart wit dat fiddle."

"Are you very fond of M'sieu Brown, Alphonse?" Madame looked up the river.

"*Oui,* madame, She's won fine man —M'sieu Brown."

"So am I—Alphonse—and—" she stooped forward and her voice grew very tender. "I want you to take me to see him."

The Frenchman examined his trout gravely. It had always seemed a strange thing that M'sieu Brown, such a man, should bury himself on Lac Perdu—and worse than that, talk of going farther north every year. He had said, too, that he was married, but had no wife. And here—he glanced at the strange lady with bright, curious eyes—here was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, also alone, also unhappy. Suddenly it appeared to him that in this delightful world there was misery enough. Why should it be increased by these two, between whom there was some link, he did not understand. What harm could so wonderful a woman do to anyone—even his own patron? The biggest trout quivered in his hand, and he felt on the edge of amazing things.

"Madame," he said slowly, "M'sieu Brown comes here to fish. *Voici his campement.* He come. I guess, 'bout seex o'clock. Suppose madame wait. I feex him up, *le campement, bien comfortable.* Madame eat, res'— sleep. *Bien?*"

The strange lady glanced at him, turning her head with a quick, birdlike alertness.

"But is there any other reason why I should not go on?"

"None, madame," countered Alphonse hastily. Then he paused—for romance had begun to flutter in his heart. He would make a *campement* —one worthy of this lady and M'sieu Brown. He had a restless consciousness that whatever he might offer would be infinitely less than this proud lady had been accustomed to receive, but it would be the finest *campement* ever seen on Lost River. He looked at her with pleading eyes. "Madame will stay? Is it not so? Pierre Lozeau, he shall return to the bureau at Fond du Lac." He hesitated and added swiftly, "An' if madame, she does not stay on Lac Perdu, I shall tak her down the river —Eh—" A flush mounted to his swarthy cheeks.

And into madame's face, as she met that beseeching gaze, there also crept a rising colour. "Very well, Alphonse. If I do not stay, you shall take me back to Fond du Lac."

She ate with a delicate hunger and watched Pierre Lozeau, as in high content he slid down-stream. Alphonse finished his breakfast, wiped his fingers in moss and sprang to his feet.

"Madame, *maintenant pour le campement.*"

By mid-afternoon it was finished. The tent was knee-deep in small cedar tops that cushioned it like a spring mattress. The space in front of the tent was floored with flat-split birch. Beyond this rose a royal fireplace, flanked with boulders and backed with great logs that would prison the heat and reflect it into the open tent. Steps cut in the bank were paved with flat stones, and a small floating dock thrust out from the shore into black water. On one side lifted a shelter roofed with bark that housed a table and two small opposing benches. It was all sweet and odorous, with the scent of fresh-hewn timber and the sharp fragrance of cedar. At four o'clock, Alphonse straightened his back.

"M'sieu Brown," he said quickly, *"Le voila."*

The strange lady looked up and saw a canoe in mid-stream. It moved swiftly in the centre of the ridge of saw-toothed swells that marked the toe of the rapid. In the stern crouched Alcidore, with his eyes glued to the surging line and feeling the weight of the water with his skilful paddle-blade. In the centre knelt M'sieu Brown. He was bent forward and was staring at a miniature whirlpool in the back water above which dangled a single fly. The tail fly had been snapped under. Presently the nose of the canoe edged into the back current and the fight went on. To Alphonse, all this was an old story He glanced at madame.

Her face had become deadly pale. Her thin hands twisted nervously together and her lips were moving. He could not hear the words, but they seemed to go ont to M'sieu Brown, who turned so suddenly that but for the quick balance of the steersman the canoe would have upset. At the sight of the strange lady he motioned to Alcidore, and they began to come slowly across stream and all the time his face became colder and sterner. It was just as though her eyes had flung out an irresistible cord that was drawing him to shore. Presently he reached land.

Alphonse shot a swift glance at the face of his patron and gesticulated wildly to Alcidore, who came, wondering. Instantly Alphonse pulled him down into a clump of ground hemlock. M'sieu Brown, who had taken not the slightest notice of this pantomime, went slowly up the new flagged steps and forward to where the strange lady stood by the tent door. Two pairs of glittering eyes devoured them.

"Seems lak I know dat womans," whispered Alcidore.

"Tch!" hissed Alphonse. "You spik wan leetle word an I sack you, by gar."

Alcidore grunted a protest, but just then the strange lady stretched out her hands:

"Arthur, Arthur, don't say you'll

send me away again!" she implored.

M'sieu Brown trembled quite visibly. "Why did you come here?"

"I can't live without you. I would have followed you anywhere. Let me stay now." A royal colour rose to her cheeks. "I was only dreaming before—I'm awake now."

"And—"

"He's gone—gone forever. I was crazy, a fool—but never what you thought—Arthur. Take me—keep me close to you—always."

M'sieu Brown lifted his eyes and surveyed her petitionary beauty. "I'm done with life—your way of living. I've lost the taste for it, and shall never go back."

"You!" she whispered. Her hand fumbled at her throat. "You, what will—" The rest dwindled into silence.

"There are worse fates than to be forgotten," said M'sieu Brown slowly.

The strange lady looked at him for a moment and swayed toward him ever so slightly. "Then let me be forgotten, too," she implored. "Arthur, don't you understand? I want nothing more than you can give me. I am content to stay here always—I would be proud to do that. I have learned to love it already, and," she faltered, "beloved—I love you."

M'sieu Brown caught his breath sharply. "To live here always—year after year—and to die in the north with me—" he said unsteadily. "Are you ready for that? Can you forget the life that is behind?"

"My—life—is—just — beginning," she whispered faintly.

And at that he stepped forward very swiftly.

Not long after, the sun dropped behind a bank of cloud and night came on fast. The flames were leaping in the big fireplace. M'sieu and madame, lying on the spruce branches, were gazing into them when, quite unconsciously, m'sieu reached for his fiddle case. Alphonse lay back and closed his eyes.

Presently woven into the rumbling rapid came the music, a lifting thing that picked up one's heart and moulded it into many shapes. There was silence when it ceased.

Next day they headed for Lac Perdu. Madame's lips parted in delight when she caught sight of the cabin. The canoes touched shore—and without a word, Alphonse dashed toward his own log-house. Once inside he stopped breathless before a picture pasted to the timbers.

"By gar," he panted, "Alcidore, she's wan beeg fool—suppose Madame Brown he see dat." Then he tore it from the wall.

WITH CANADIANS from the FRONT

By Lacey Amy

IV.—THE WEAPON OF OFFENCE

AT different stages of the Great War different conclusions have been arrived at concerning the respective values of the various branches of the offensive weapon. Away back when Belgium was standing off the Germans single-handed until the Allies could collect an army, as well as during the following weeks ending at the battle of the Marne, while the British and French were trying to get their breath, there was only one thought in the minds of the experts—guns, guns, and of the largest calibre! Before the great German guns forts previously considered impregnable were reduced to powder. The Allies kept dropping back, crying not so much for men as against the unopposable might of the German artillery.

Then came the turn. The Allies, rallying before Paris, with the Germans puffing from their pursuit and weakened in guns and ammunition by the impetuosity of their advance, stood their ground and fought the enemy to a standstill. The retreat of Mons developed into the victory of the Marne, and trenches began to wind from the sea to the borders of Switzerland. It was then, when Germany stood with her back to her homes, when attack and counter-attack seemed to be deciding between Calais and Berlin, that the critics cooled down and determined that, after all, it amounted to men, not guns.

But when trench warfare seemed to be leading to that stalement so confidently predicted by German sympathizers and so feared by the Allies a new era dawned. What human waves could not accomplish might be done by a more violent agency. England, Russia, France crowded on steam in the munitions factories and guns began to pour to the front to compete with the German military machine that had been building for three-quarters of a century. At St. Julien it switched from the moment from guns and men to gas. Now and then liquid fire has figured. But for more than a year the swing of the critical pendulum has been once more towards guns; and at guns it promises to stay for the remainder of the war.

There is no chance of the infantry missing its dues. Guns without men to follow up would be no more use towards ending the war than Zeppelin raids. But men without the guns! That is where Russia stood in June, 1915, when her hordes were powerless against the rain of German shells that poured death on them from a safe distance.

Canada has not attempted to maintain her share of the field guns necessary to the support of the number of

men she has sent to the front. She has contributed that which she was in a position to give in the quickest time. England, from her greater resources and experience, has added the greater part of the batteries of larger calibre now considered wise for the completion of the force in the field.

Canada has contributed at least three of what are called heavy batteries. Cobourg, Ontario, perhaps the most famous, saw emergency service early in the war. As the only heavy battery available it was hustled about Canada wherever attack from German cruisers threatened. Right across to Victoria it tore in anticipation of the Pacific squadron that never came, and when the danger was over it was recalled to other active duties.

But Canada's heavy batteries, consisting only of 4.7 guns, are light compared with the guns now doing duty behind the lines on both sides. A 4.7 gun, throwing a sixty-pound shell, does a lot of destruction with its "coal-box", but it is when sixteen-inch shells are dropping about that "heaviness" begins to reach the limit. The vast majority of guns are much smaller than either of these. Canada's batteries, and the most convenient size in use by all the armies in the organized batteries, are thirteen-pounders for the horse artillery and eighteen-pounders for the field artillery.

There is as yet in this war no difference in the uses of horse and field artillery, as there is none between the mounted rifles and the infantry. All are doing trench work. And their shells, usually called by the soldiers "whizz-bangs", do perhaps more destruction in the aggregate than all the larger calibres put together. They are exceedingly mobile and that characteristic has saved the day scores of times when the larger guns would have been useless, perhaps even captured.

On many occasions they have proved their worth in emergency to the cost of the Germans. Once—it was at Loos—an eighteen-pounder was rushed right to the front lines. There, at a distance of 175 yards, it was turned on the advancing enemy at point-blank range. Eighty shells it sent tearing into the oncoming ranks; and then the Germans concluded they shouldn't ask too much and retired. When the British lost Messines the Germans began immediately to erect a barricade across the road. Counter-attack after counter-attack had failed and bombing parties had paid the penalty of their bravery. That night a horse artillery gun was rushed up by an armoured motor car. With a few shells the barricade was blown to bits, while the big German shells vainly tried to reply effectively. Right in the middle of the road the gunners stood behind their gun, while the German guns, far back where they could not see, showered the fields on either side, not suspecting that any enemy would dare the easiest location. In thirty minutes the Canadian gun was back in its old place sending over occasional shells at its former range to prevent the Germans enjoying the night. Of course, there were some little wrinkles in the operation which are not for public print, and which have been, and will be, used again as occasion requires.

The placing of the guns is an art in itself. They must be sufficiently near to cover a varied range within the German lines, while far enough back to be safe from sudden raids. Roughly, these smaller guns are placed at 1,500 yards from their target, and at that distance they can search out the front, support and communication trenches with disastrous effect. Their concealment is as necessary as their use, since one well-placed shell from the enemy may clean out the entire crew and disable the gun. In the preparation of their emplacement sandbags figure, as they do everywhere about the front. These bags are built up about the gun, and over them a galvanized roof is built. The roof is covered with sod or clay, according to the nature of the sur-

rounding ground, in order to render it invisible from the air. The sandbags are rubbed with clay or painted green, under similar conditions, that the place may not be discernible from the front. But that is not sufficient. Now that the shelter is complete, no one is permitted to walk behind it, as it would reveal its existence by momentarily hiding him. Usually there is constructed in the rear a hedge, kept green by being rebuilt each day. Only behind that hedge may one pass. There are a hundred such dodges utilized by both sides in the ordinary course of the day's work, and only the most common of these are described. Upon the ingenuity of his concealment depends the gunner's effectiveness and safety.

In connection with every gun is a number of horses, under the care of men who face much of the same danger as the gunners without the satisfaction of getting even. To each gun are six horses and three drivers. In the field artillery the gunners ride on the limbers; in the horse artillery they have horses of their own. As each gun goes into its place for action it is followed by its ammunition wagons, and as required these wagons—almost always by night, of course—replenish the supply of ammunition. In this work there are two stages. From the rear the ammunition column, in comparative safety, carries the ammunition forward to a given point, where it is reloaded into the wagons in direct touch with the guns, and these are taken to the front by the drivers and ammunition carriers. In case of injury to the gunners, the carriers take their places.

While the artillery, owing to its distance behind the front, is not considered as dangerous a sphere of action as the infantry, or its immediate branches, there are times when the gunner is subjected to a shelling which partakes not at all of the desultory nature of front-line shelling. As the aim of every battery is to locate the guns of the enemy, and in this they are aided by an air service that pays little attention to anything else, immediately a gun is located it is shelled into helplessness; and in these days of marksmanship the fate of a discovered gun or battery is unenviable.

Corporal Y., a St. Catharines gunner, a member of the 10th battery of the 3rd brigade, was the victim of another danger to which gunners are exposed. Everywhere through the lines, even far behind the front lines, the Germans have managed to maintain a sniping force that has been of special menace to those whose operations are carried on beyond the reach of the constant rifle firing across No Man's Land. While this menace is decreasing day by day, owing to improved organization and greater care for its extermination, no one is safe. In the comparative retirement of the gun crews these snipers find their most telling opportunity. There have been instances, one to my own knowledge, where an entire crew was wiped out without the discovery of the sniper. Corporal Y., a husky Canadian of six feet, two, received his "blighty" in the foot through this means. Before that he had passed through the usual narrow escapes without a scratch. Once a shell passed right through his gun shelter without exploding. At Wolveringham the battery was shelled out, two shells coming through the officers' mess without doing more damage than the wounding of the major.

Private G., from Sherbrooke, Quebec, a member of the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, an ammunition carrier and general utility man on account of his knowledge of French and English, is another sample of the powerful Canuck who reached the hospital with a leg injury. When not engaged in carrying ammunition he was back at the rear with the horse artillery as interpreter, a duty assigned to many Canadians from Quebec.

Driver H., Kingston, A Battery,

had been at the front a long time without injury, although he had been in the thick of it around Plug Street, where the mud hampered no other branch of the service so much as the artillery drivers. Frequently they were forced to attach ten horses to each limber, and even then stuck. All last winter he was engaged in the delightful task of hauling ammunition right up to the guns through a narrow valley full of shell-holes. Filled with water, these holes froze over, cutting the horses and making the road not only almost impassable, but positively dangerous to horse and man. Floundering in the dark, with shells searching them out, the drivers had to keep the supply up over a road whose unevenness and depths they could never see nor even guess until the horses sank into them.

Ask a soldier what he dreads most at the front, and, after the cold, he will name the trench mortar. These light but powerful weapons are everywhere, dealing out death in terrible doses. Standing right in the front trenches often, they toss hideous projectiles across No Man's Land into the enemy trenches as one would throw a baseball. Time was at the beginning of the war when the trench mortar crew was as unwelcome in a bay (one of the sections into which the trenches are divided) as a fifteen-inch shell. From bay to bay the trench mortar was cursed, and only when it arrived where the N.C.O. in charge had not the strength to insist upon its removal was it allowed to get in its work. For a mortar was certain to draw a heavy bombardment from the nemy. Now, with the organization of trench warfare, this has changed. The mortar is placed under orders, and no local objections have weight. Which does not modify the local cursing.

The trench mortar is portable. Therein lies its efficiency. It is built on a base that is covered with sandbags to hold it firm while it throws its bombs over at the enemy. The old mortar threw a sixty-pound shell that had a range of 280 yards. From that the size grew to 192-pounds, throwing across 800 yards and making a hole twenty-eight feet deep, it is said, and twenty-six feet square. It was a miniature earthquake when it struck, and it was little wonder its presence brought the attention of the enemy artillery of all sizes. The latest development is a small affair, called the Stokes gun, weighing but fifty-two pounds complete, and presenting the enemy with an eleven-pound high-explosive. The war is passing more and more to high explosives.

The Stokes gun looks like a bit of stovepipe, and is most useful for sniper's plates and gun emplacements. One of its advantages is that it is even more silent and unseen than the other mortars, all of which emit little noise, and only a few sparks at night. Its thirty-two shots a minute are sure destruction to a wide section of trench. The secret of the new mortar was long zealously guarded. There were standing orders to destroy it at any cost before capture, one shell being carried solely for this purpose. It is reported that the Australians failed, losing two to the enemy.

The projectile of the trench mortar is more a bomb than a shell, with a tail to guide it, bursting either by time fuse or concussion. In the latest designs the shell carries its own charge for propulsion. The Germans, early in the war, had this style of warfare much their own way, but, as in everything else, the Allies caught up. The aerial torpedo of the Germans was for a long time the special terror of our soldiers. Passing very high, it dropped square into our trenches and did much destruction. For a long time there was a special reward of six months' leave and £50 offered to the soldier who would bring one in unexploded. The nearest to success was a British soldier, who loaded one on a transport—and himself, horses and wagon paid the penalty. Of late the Allies have ceased

to worry about it since they have something more effective. The ordinary bomb from the trench mortar is clearly visible through the air in the daytime. It is at night that its silent "puff", in disproportion to its execution, is most dreaded.

Private P., Montreal, of the 2nd Division trench mortars, is one of but seventeen remaining of the original 142. His appearance in the casualty list was due to losing his way and thereby coming under the shell-fire of the nemy. With fifteen others he was carrying up ammunition by night to a new trench mortar position. Each with his sixty-pound shell, led by a corporal, who alone knew the location of the gun, they found themselves in the German trenches. On their way back they were discovered by a listening post. A shell dropped among them and twelve of the sixteen were killed. P. managed to crawl away, but another shell buried him. While not seriously injured, the not unusual shellshock following burial resulted.

If the Germans have taught us one thing more than another it is that machine guns can take the place of armies in many of the operations. We were slow to realize this fact, as we have been slow to show our willingness to learn many of the other valuable things so apparent from the first of the war. Now we are catching up even in this branch of offensive service. Without machine guns, even with the most powerful artillery, it is doubtful if an attacking force of determined nature could be stopped. The usefulness of the artillery stops a hundred yards or more in front of one's own lines. Rifle fire, while necessary and deadly, is inadequate. A dozen riflemen and a machine gun are almost as effective as one hundred rifle-armed men. It was a knowledge of this that enabled the Germans to make such serious opposition to the Allied advance in July. It is said that there have long been sections of the German front manned by entirely inadequate numbers, but made efficient by machine guns, a product of factories not affected by the "policy of attrition" so confidently adopted by the Allies for the first two years of the war.

The fact that Canada's eager contribution of funds for machine guns did not develop into what was hoped for, is no proof that the guns were not needed. While not of much service for active attack, they are indispensable for stopping the counter-attacks whereby we hoped to make the enemy suffer even more than by our artillery. There is no doubt that the rifle of the future will be a miniature machine gun.

The Canadians have been armed with three kinds of machine guns, the Colt, the Vickers, and the Lewis. The former, an American gun, has been almost superseded by the Vickers, an English production, and at the time of writing a still newer style is under test and the new machine gunners are being trained to its use.

The Vickers is a large gun, requiring an emplacement, and while portable, is beyond the strength of one man. It is now built with a tripod, which facilitaties its use under conditions impossible to the old style. It is a powerful gun, firing from belts at the rate of about 500 a minute. Machine guns of this nature are fired from prepared positions. While often brought right into the front trenches, they are usually operated from a support trench or from an emplacement some yards in the rear. As in the case of artillery, concealment is an absolute essential.

When used in the front lines, an emplacement is built up so that the gun is above the level, and the parapet is left before it as before the rest of the trench. When operated from the rear, a more elaborate shelter is constructed. The general design of the shelter is a trenchlike excavation on three sides of a square. On the higher centre the gun is placed, and in the trench, so that they are able to

work the gun with ease and be partly protected, the gunners stand. In front sandbags are heaped, finished off to resemble the surrounding ground, and overhead, as a protection from the prying eyes of the aeroplanes, a roof covered with grass or mud is erected.

Except under attack, machine guns are operated only by night. The location of one of them meets instantly with a severe shelling, or when in the front lines, with the German aerial torpedoes. In the daytime the gun is entirely concealed and silent, but the crew may be engaged in obtaining their sights for the night work. It may be a sniper's shelter or an emplacement, or a bit of new work that is to be destroyed. When darkness comes the concealing sandbags are removed and the gun is fired through a bag of grass to hide the flash. In the use of the machine gun the range is sometimes almost as important as with the artillery. For its ordinary night operations of destroying work observed in the daytime, its aim must be accurate. Frequently an emergency calls for the temporary use of the gun elsewhere. In order that this might not nullify the range secured, perhaps with much daring, the gunners have invented various range-keeping devices that enable them to pick up the range again upon their return. A box, a sheet of paper with a hole in it, and a candle form one of the simplest and surest of these devices.

One of the most effective uses of the machine gun is the night firing in the direction of a suspected exposed foe. Thousands of the Canadians have been caught by this blind firing. By some noise, or by a flare, a patrol or wiring party is suspected. Instantly a machine gun is turned in the general direction, and the sweep of bullets turned loose over the whole area. Only by lying down is there escape, for a machine gun turned slowly will cover the ground so closely that scarcely a fly could escape on the proper level.

Machine Gunner B., Toronto, one of the 1st Canadian Motor Machine Gun Company, outfitted, I think, by Clifford Sifton, has experienced the lot of the men recruited for a service not adapted to the present style of warfare. Like the cavalry and the mounted rifles, they were forced to get down and fight in the trenches like the infantrymen. The machine guns were removed from the cars and taken into the trenches, but the cars found sufficient service in other ways to make them valuable. The machine gunners' turn in the front is much longer than that of the other soldiers. Sometimes they are on duty sixteen days, with seven days' rest. It is not implied that their work is any harder on that account, for the duration of duty has been graded as nearly as possible to the work and exposure and danger endured. B.'s "wound" was shellshock, his convalescence being delayed by an attack of gastritis. His fourteen months in the trenches earned him the rest in the hospitals.

CANADIAN HISTORY ADVERTISED

By Aubrey Fullerton

EVEN in those early days when people lived more simply than now, and knew nothing of booms or bargains, the well-being of society, in Canada as everywhere else, rested in some measure upon the gentle art of advertising. It is no new invention of these latter times that men should be told through the public prints that their various wants may be supplied, at place and price indicated; nor is it a new thing that men who are prepared to render services should seek to convince their neighbours that they need such services. All the psychology and utility of advertising, as known to us of the present day in a hundred and one complicated forms, existed in embryo a long time ago: in proof of which one may look at the ways of society and the wiles of merchantmen in the good old city of Halifax from, say, 1870 to 1814.

Eighteenth-century cities in Canada were not many or large, but after their kind they took colour, just as cities do to-day, from their business houses and their ways of buying and selling. Halifax had as picturesque a row of shops, and as notable a roll of shop-keepers, as ever a city had, and it is a pity that something of that old-time merchant flavour could not have been preserved to this more busy day. But the Halifax tradesmen of a hundred years ago announced their wares in *The Halifax Royal Gazette,* and otherwise, and their advertisements—more enduring literature than many of the modern best-sellers—still remain as reflections of the life and social order that gave them birth.

There was a certain barber in Halifax in 1789, George Clarke by name, who believed in letting his light shine. Hairdressing in those days of wigs and curls was a quite different matter from twentieth-century barbering, and since there were no barbers' unions to regulate the trade, the way was open both to cultivate a really professional pride in it and to make a strong bid for custom, brother friseurs notwithstanding. On the first day of December, perhaps in view of a general sprucing-up for Christmas among the dandies of the town, Barber Clarke advertised himself and his work thus adroitly:

"The subscriber, hair dresser to ladies and gentlemen, begs leave to acquaint his friends and the public, that he now lives at the north-west corner of the Grand Parade, and informs them that he follows his profession with punctuality (as usual), and flatters himself that notwithstanding he is a Nova Scotian, his performance will be at least equal that of many German, London, Dublin, or Cork Court friseurs! And altho' he is possessed of the greatest share of customers, that his diligence and activity in business entitles him to more

encouragement from the old standing inhabitants than he now receives. He begs leave to acquaint the public that it is not his intention to gain their custom and approbation otherwise than by his industry, although many have succeeded by flattery and misrepresentation."

The nearest approach to modern department-store advertising was that of Anthony Henry, in 1782. Henry was King's Printer as well as merchant, and for forty years the publisher of *The Gazette;* and it may be that his familiar knowledge of printer's ink had something to do with his generous use of it in the interests of trade. His shop must have been a delightful place to visit, and a reasonably satisfying one; for its wares were very miscellaneous. One naturally pictures the good folk of Halifax flocking to it in response to the following announcement:

"Just imported from London, in the ship Adamant, Capt. Wyatt, master, and to be sold by Anthony Henry, a general assortment of the best stationery and books; Bohea, Souchong, Green, and Hyson tea; loaf sugar and molasses; wax and tallow candles; men's best shoes and pumps; women's everlasting and sarsenet shoes; an assortment of pickles, in cases; fiddle strings; printing types, for marking linen; an assortment of curious prints; magick lanthorns and slides; scented hair powder; Jarr raisons; Valentia almonds, shell'd and unshell'd; candied citron and orange; troffels; macaroni; morels; vermacella; pearl barley; almonds; comfits, carianther do., carraway, and other confectionary, sorted; cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg and mace, &c., &c.

"Parlour and Franklin's open stoves; Irish Rose butter; French and Scotch barley; split peas; a variety of telescopes, opera and reading glasses; acorn microscopes; with a variety of other articles. All will be sold at the lowest rates for cash."

Not so clever or encyclopedic an advertiser as either of these tradesmen was Robert Walker, who combined shoemaking, gardening, and philosophy. He was a flower-lover, and seems to have made some effort to encourage gardening throughout the town. This brief advertisement is on record:

"A great variety of flower roots and seeds, warranted good, to be sold by Robert Walker, nearly opposite to Hosterman's."

But Walker, perhaps Canada's first seedsman, was himself more interesting than his business. He was something of a cynicist, and delighted in his later years to pull down the pride of his fellow townsmen of the younger generation by telling them tales of how humbly their fathers had begun in life.

A mathematical school was advertised in 1795. It was a night-school, with hours from six to nine o'clock, and evidently was intended for the young men who were otherwise engaged through the day.

Old Halifax had a gay and varied social life, as befitted the capital and garrison city. Banquets, balls, and theatricals were frequent, and some very pretentious stage-play was put on the boards, under high patronage. The amusement bulletins had these, among other notices:

"Grand Theatre, Argyle street, 26 Feb. (1789), 'Merchant of Venice,' and the farce of 'The Citizen.' The characters by gentlemen of the navy, army, and town. Tickets to be had of Mr. Howe, printer. Boxes, 5s.; Pit, (first), 3s.; second pit, 2s. The doors to be open at 6 o'clock, and the curtain drawn up precisely at 7."

"Tuesday, 10 March. New Grand Theatre. 'Beaux Stratagen' and 'The Deuce is in Him.' It is particularly requested the ladies will dress their heads as low as possible, otherwise the persons sitting behind cannot have a view of the stage. The ladies and gentlemen are desired to give directions to their servants, when they come to take them from the theatre, to have their horses' heads towards the parade."

"Wednesday, 13 Jan'y., 1795. Halifax Theatre. By the desire of H.R.H. Prince Edward. 'Love a la Mode' and 'The Agreeable Surprise'. No children in laps to be admitted."

Fashionable conveyance to and from the playhouses and other social gathering-places was by sedan chairs and coaches. In 1793 and 1794 sedan chairs were advertised to stand for hire in Barrington Street, at charges of from one shilling to one and six-

pence. "On Sunday, one-eighth of a dollar to church." This mode of travel, however, gave way in a few years to hackney coaches, one operator of which advertised in January, 1811, as follows:

"Under the patronage of His Excellency Sir George Prevost, Lieut.-Governor and Commander-in-Chief:—W. Madden begs leave to acquaint the Ladies and Gentlemen of Halifax, that he has fitted up Three Carriages, which he will send to the Stand for their accommodation, on Monday next, 21st instant, on the following reasonable rates: To any part of the Town, for one person, 2s. 6d.—for two, 3s. 6d.—for four, 6s. 3d. . . . When kept in waiting longer than one-quarter of an hour, to pay at the rate of 5s. 6d. per hour. . . . All jobs about town after Dark to pay one-third more fare. . . ."

But Halifax's social life was not all pleasant and rose-tinted. This, on January 19, 1779, shows another and a sorrier phase of it:

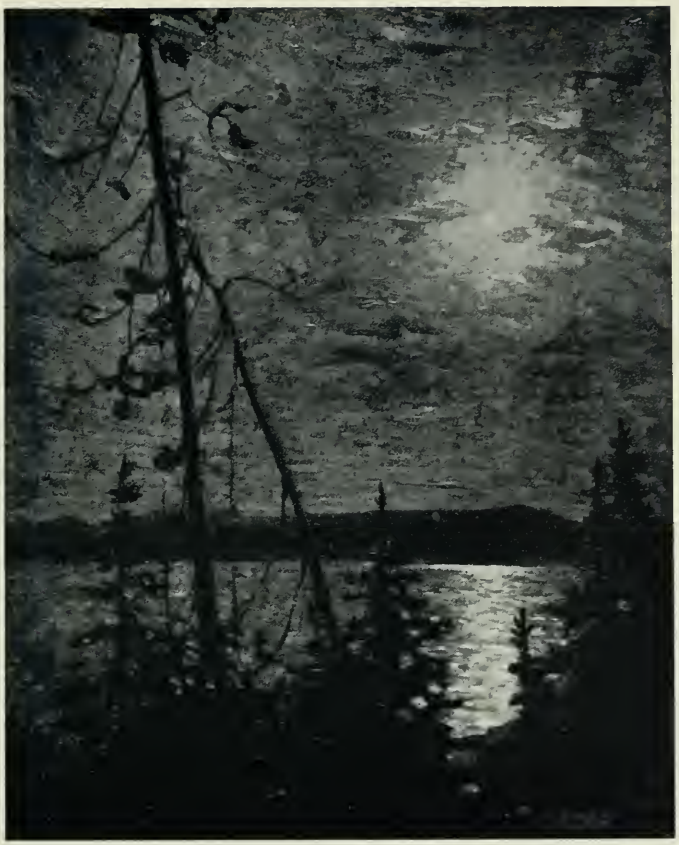
"To be sold, an able negro wench, about 21 years of age, who is capable of performing both town and country house work. She is an exceeding good cook. For further particulars inquire of the printer."

In the same year another citizen advertised a reward of twenty dollars for information of a negro man-servant who had run away from him.

If the commercial advertising of a hundred years ago was ordinarily heavier and duller than that of to-day, some of the Government notices at least were more lively than either departments of state or city councils now send out. Facetiously worded allurements were thus held out to young Haligonians in May, 1813, by the Navy Office:

"What Should Sailors do on Shore, while King, Country and Fortune point to the Ocean!—His Majesty's Schooner PICTOU, of 12 guns, commanded by Lieut. Stephens, as fine a vessel of her size as ever floated on salt water, wants a few jolly, spirited fellows to complete her complement for a short cruise, who may all fairly expect to dash in Coaches on their return, as well as other folks. Apply on board, at the Navy Yard."

Had there been even more advertising in pioneer Halifax, it would be possible, with some imagination, to reconstruct the general life of the old citadel town. Such announcements, however, as these, being fair and truthful samples, give hints of the close and interesting relation that existed between business and society then, as now. They bought and sold, made and asked special prices, invited custom and gave or withheld it, after the same very human way as do we to-day, but with the mellow colouring of a hundred years ago.



MOONLIGHT

From the Painting by
Tom Thomson

One of the Canadian Exhibits at the
Canadian National Exhibition

PAUL MORIN

By Bernard Muddiman

SOME books always remind me of perfumes. They suspire a fragrance just as dancing figures evoke unheard melodies. I never leaf the magic pages of the Anthology without being caressed by invigorating eau-de-Cologne. A phrase of Verlaine wafts me peau d'Espagne; Daudet's "Sapho" floods me with heavy patchouli, Gerard de Nerval's "Sylvie" with meadow sweet. And it is in this way the work of the French Canadian poet Paul Morin reminds me of the acute nasal thrill of the thin perfume of violets—violets gathered on the lower slopes of Parnassus by a beautiful young man, an odour as clean as that of Russian cigarettes.

That Paul Morin is a French Canadian is an accident of birth, for, in reality, his poems are flowers begotten of a trained and cultured art, more redolent of the Parisian boulevards than the Dufferin Terrace of Quebec. Only the other day in a little flat down east in Montreal I heard him described by a Frenchman as "the most cultured poet Canada has produced". Certainly none have equalled him in mastery of technique or in Latin sense of form. Nelligan is uncouth beside his well-trained stanzas; but, then, Nelligan had a heart, which felt shivers of ecstasy that no other Canadian poet, be he French or English, has ever felt. Yet, on the other hand, there is perhaps nothing so erotically beautiful in all our crude young literature with its lack of form, its timidity of the conventions, its careless technique, as the work of Monsieur Morin. It may be so far superficial and without depth of thought, but it is the product of art. It has been refined in the crucible of style, it has been distilled down to an essence. It is the work of a young writer, but here, at last, is the work of a writer who knows the best that has been thought and said. There is nothing provincial about him. In fact he is almost too cosmopolitan, too much the scholarly hectic, who loves every oddity of proportion in beauty. Above all he has the poetic temperament developed by travel and study to an extent our homestaying poets can never attain.

He is amorous of old world gardens wherein sumptuous palaces cast their picturesque shadows over stately lawns, balustraded walks and plashing fountain pools. He rejoices in the cruel passion of summer's noon and in the calm peace of nights lit with a moon of rose. As he says:

Je n'évouquerai qu'un décor pastoral,
Un puits, un banc tiède, un mur lourd de
glycine. . . .

The gardens of the Villa d'Este with their pageant of beauty, their flowers and peacocks, their statues of Venus and Pan, and their bronze jets of purling limpid water; the mysterious lagoons of Venice, washed with the silver of a summer moon, tranquil and redolent of *"l'âpre arome marin des eaux vénitiennes,"* while his gondolier sings softly in his vague, wistful voice of velvet some fair song of *"La Dogaresse amoureuse de l'Echanson"*:—such are the pictures that stir him. The nuns of Bruges, the Béguines of Malines or the old mill of that city of tulips, Haarlem, have moved him with exquiste shivers. They have feasted his eyes as dream cities of the East have captivated his imagination—Isaphan, with its Persian roses; Damas, where bulbuls awake the silence of gardens down whose paths linger the phantom forms of Haroun-al-Raschid and Alladin; Tokio, with its geishas, lacquer and gold; Constantinople, with its muezzins to the faithful of Allah. The exotic, the abnormal, the Byzantine, the Orient charm him as they charmed Heredia.

La voix claire de muezzin,
Dans le jardin fleuri de roses,
Tombe d'un minaret voisin,
Emaillé de faiences roses.

There you see the whole skill of his art. He is one of those who live by their eyes. Here there is nothing subjective. He never wearies us with thought. Each poem is a visible picture. As we read them everything is realized. We are at Galata. We behold the old men smoking their narghilehs under cupolas crowned with Mussulman crescents. Colporteurs from Scutari with their dromedaries pass in the narrow streets. From the harems come veiled women and eunuchs purchasing cosmetics, perfume in sachets and phials, Persian papochs and love songs. And as he sees these women, our poet, always intensely literary, murmurs the sonorous, perfumed names of Lakmé, Louise and Hérodiade. At Eyoub in the cemetery planted with palms and cypress, where nightingales and bulbuls nest and cicadae chirp their matutinal anthems, and on every tomb the dead pigeons coo to the wandering peacocks, he remembers the sleeping Sultanas, dead in their rose-white beauty.

Et quand le croissant plane sur,
Constantinople qui se dore,
Quand le soir en turban azur,
Se reflète dans le Bosphore,

Il sait que les morts, pleins d'ennui,
Tous ces vieux pachas sans royaumes,
Aiment se promener, la nuit,
Dans le Jardin-Blue-des-Fantomes.

This love for the exotic is a remarkable feature in recent French Canadian literature. Do not think this is a decadent sign. If so the forerunners of the Elizabethans were decadents. It is simply an attempt to escape the commonplace, the platitudes, cheap restaurants and poor newspapers. Love of the Orient, for instance, is one of its manifestations—that is the Orient *via* Pierre Loti and Baudelaire. And in many other ways this passion for rich colour and sound is displayed. Indeed this love of the flambuoyant, the arabesque, the fantastically exotic, the odd, the grotesque, strange birdlike women, sensual polyphony, cushions two feet thick in down, endless electric lights, theatrical tinsel, mirrors, colours that shriek at you, mesmeric dances seems to be an inherent characteristic of all French Canadians. It is almost comic in the way it blossoms out in the tin and stucco churches of their Province; or, as it strikes you in an ice-cream parlour in Montreal. In any little town of shacks notice how its wooden hovels are painted in brilliant stripes of green and scarlet and yellow. Take the Sunday costume and hat of a French Canadian work girl. Did ever such a conglomeration of discordant colours writhe and wail so before your

startled eyes. Portions of Montreal look as if those who lived in them not only suffered from continual nightmare, but loved it as a psychic condition.

However, this yearning of theirs for the bizarre has its good points, when crudity and ignorance are toned down or real artistic feeling is revealed. It has then produced many lovely things—the best dressed and wittiest girls in Canada, theatres where one can enjoy oneself without the gentleman behind you in the throes of musical motion kicking your chair to pieces in an effort to keep time with the orchestra, and as well Octave Crémazie, Hébert, Nelligan, Gagnon, Lavallée. It has made well-dressed men possible in Montreal—men who have forsworn the ready-made chain mail of American tailors that can be seen blocks off; men who refuse to parade in twenty dollar suits with trousers whose tops are wide enough for hippopotomean hams and whose ankles are too narrow for drumsticks, or to deck themselves in goose-bill shoes and padded shoulders and wisps of cravats that are bottled in linen dog collars. Indeed, where this trait of the French Canadian has been at all trained and Cimmerian darkness illuminated by side-lights from Paris, it has achieved much. So much, indeed, that it leads one to think that the artistic creation of Canada will be accomplished by the French and not by the British elements. There are many reasons for this. First of all they are of a more artistic temperament. They are born with such instincts. Endowed with Latin susceptibilities and Latin nerves they are a more highly strung and emotional race. Again though the Roman Catholic Church has miserably failed to create an architectural source of inspiration in the Province as in France, the pomp of its feast days must always be an artistic inspiration as well as the charm of the Mass, a relic of Greek drama. Then, too, the Gallic nature is unfettered by those hidebound shackles with which Puritanism is handcuffing the rest of Canada. Other factors, no less potent, but too numerous to discuss, may make for this. Indeed they have made for this already, for is not Crémazie the only national literary figure we have ever created?

And in no French Canadian writer that I know of has this artistic training, this initiation into modern French art, this sense of values been so highly perfected as in Monsieur Paul Morin. He has come back to Canada, so to speak, with the fragrance of the boudoirs of Madame la Comtesse de Noailles, that strange Tartar Parisian poetess and grande dame, still fresh about him. He is a product of those groups whom their enemies have contemptuously named as the "Bacchantes," the "Nerasthenics," the "Epidermists," the "Incoherents," but more wisely called by us the Neo-Romanticists. And Monsieur Morin is such a forced flower of mental hothouses and æsthetical nutrition that one wonders whether he will be able to survive the transition of diet that the change from the Mercure de France to the ecclasiastical monthlies of Quebec entails. When he develops a feeling for his own country—what will happen? What form will it take? Frankly, I do not know. And then why worry about it, for, like Nelligan, he may never discover Canada. It is not necessary that he should to live in our literature. One cannot imagine him any more at home with the folks that people the pages of Fréchette or Hector Bernier than he would be with the aureoled habitants of Drumond or the miners of Service or the Glengarry men of Connor. In fact he is not yet concerned with people at all. Things interest him more than people. He has yet to hear the still, sad music of humanity and the sound of tears falling in the dark places of the world. He is one of those for whom the visible world alone exists, and in this he is a true son of Heredia the

deathless lord of pictorial writing. If he had to describe a peach à la Melba, you would have it before you as much as if you were sitting before it at Lavenue's with your gustatory organs a thrill. For Monsieur Morin has this faculty to perfection—not in long passages that gradually send you to sleep, but in a few, short stabbing sentences. The words are as few as the lines of a Phil May drawing, and this economy enhances their effect.

Monsieur Morin was born in 1889. He was first educated at the Montreal High School, then by the Jesuits at Paris, but in 1900 he returned to Montreal and was put to school with the Jesuits of Montreal. In 1905 he was back with them in Paris "pour me philosopher". Then at Laval he was received as a Quebec lawyer when only twenty. But even then his education did not finish. This young man had a passion for knowledge. He was gifted too in other arts as pianist and with his pencil. Returning to France, he spent three years at the Sorbonne and at the College de France. On June 4th, 1913, he was received as a doctor of the University of Paris. To-day we find him occupying the chair of French literature at McGill University as substitute for Monsieur du Roure. And during all this busy youth he has found time to travel widely in Europe and North Africa. And his travels were not the conventional travels of the Cook-guided - hoteled - chaperoned - tourist Canadian, *id est* Venice in a cushioned gondola at so much an hour; ditto, one taxi for the Bois de Vincennes trip at Paris, with a dash of Louise's Montmartre and Ninon's "Boul Miche". Monsieur Morin lived in Europe and that is the only way you can see it.

In 1911 he published with Lemerre's of Paris his volume of poems "Le Paon d'Email" dedicated to Madame la Comtesse de Noailles. In 1913 came his academic thesis "Les Sources de l'Oeuvre de H. W. Longfellow." At the present moment he has two new books on hand—a volume of poems, "Mosqées," the publication of which was delayed by the war and another thesis "De l'Orientalisme dans les lettres francaises" in connection with the Sorbonne.

"J'ai la hantise des pays orientaux, de leurs littérateurs, de leurs moeurs, de leur horizons." Such is the keynote of his work. And in his verse we see everywhere the influence of his own few favourite poets—Henri Regnier, Madame de Noailles and Heredia. With consummate art he has played the violin of his muse.

Autant que l'a permis un art adolescent,
Mes vers, je vous ai faits sincères et sonores;
J'ai dit les jardins bleus sous le rose croissant,
Les dieux antiques, les centaures,

La douceur de l'Hellade et le bel Orient;
Et vous avez loué, dans mon coeur qui s'éveille,
La nature ou, paien, bondissant, souriant,
Je cours de merceille en merveilles.

Je veux tout ignorer du monde que j'ai fui;
L'ami fourbe et furtif, l'amante qui nous laisse,
L'importune espérance et l'innombrable ennui,
Les pleurs, les haines, la tristesse.

Pourquoi chanter l'amour, le doute, la douleur?
Le brulant univers m'appelle et me caresse;
Vivre est pour moi le seul tourment ensorceleur:
Est-on coupable de jeunesse? . . .

Above all he has sung the praises of the peacock, that strange bird that inspired one of Theodore Peters best poems. He has sung of the bird's bitter joy of trailing in the mud and blood "l'azur d'une orgueilleuse aigrette". He has loved the pomp of this mysterious bird with its resplendent imperial train. The peacock's glory, its starry trail of marine and emerald, its sacred imagine moulded on the golden status of Juno are interwoven with his poems. The poet's temples are made of things that the hands can touch, that the eyes can see. Some of his poems are like moonlight in a boudoir of silk; others are

like the narrow and tumbled bed a beautiful woman has just left; others, again, are like the tears one weeps before Our Lady's altar.

Can you not see him—this young poet in his little room, while the noon throws a veil of dreams over sleeping Paris? Here are his beautiful books Heredia, Ivan Gilkin, Samain, Verlaine and the rest, elixirs of visions. Here on his white wood escritoire as dainty as a young girl's dressing table is the quaint inkstand, the white bowl of red roses, the little bronze Greek youth, while the perfumed candles under their crimson shades cast a subdued light on the white face of a painted Pierrot. And the poet sitting there by the half-opened window experiences the thrill

De feuilleter avec un bruit léger de soie,
Les Contes d'Orient qui laissent à la main
Une fugace odeur de cèdre et de jasmin.

Or he has summoned from the realm of love the Beloved herself and laden her white body and cool hands with jewels and gold.

Cercle ta cheville ivoirine,
D'anneaux de jade qu'au Japon,
On incrusta d'aventurine,
De Sardoine et Corindon.

Que des bagues de chrysoprase
D'émeraude, de péridot,
Sur tes doigts longs, à la topaze
Mêlent leur rutilant fardeau.

And if the moon's spleen retards his sleep dreams or study fight with his insomnia. Now he pens an epigram full of memories of the Greek Anthology. Or his fancy may lead him to that land of frissons—Japan:

Fantasque pays d'hippogriffes
Dont les temples d'ocre vêtus,
Et flanquées de monstres à griffes,
Jaillissent, bulbeux ou pointus.

Et se reflètent dans le moire
Azuréenne d'un bassin
D'onyx rose ou de pâle ivoire,
De granit rouge ou de succin;

Rafales nippones, fleuries
De la neige des fleurs de thé
Que moissonne aux branches meurtries
Le vent nocturne de l'été;

Pagodes bizarres, dieux bîèes,
Geishas en robes de crépon,
Jardins gemmés de chrysanthème
D'iris, de jonquilles . . . Japon.

Or he turns back to Hellas the eternal Aphrodisiac of all poets of beauty invocating the pagan Gods in such a fervent way that it almost scandalized certain of his Quebec critics. In his pagan being he hears the calling of invisible, thrilling strains across Arcadian meadows. With garlands of flowers and seaweed, golden hippocamps, blue peacocks of Mytilena, Levantine fishers and their dripping nets beside ultramarine seas; by the sound of flutes and lutes where scarlet butterflies float, by vests of purple silk and saffron satin, by the naked breasts of dancing girls, by the sob of Pan's syrinx, by aigrettes of costly feathers and gardens of grenades and troops of bacchantes and menads, by Stoics opening their veins in bathrooms perfumed with verveine; by parades of Satyrs with flashing eyes and full mouths; by the horns of Artemis, he would recall across the gray centuries of Christendom that blithe Greek world we shall never see more. Such is the measure of Monsieur Morin's art; such are the melodies he pipes for us; such are the views he throws on the screen.

But unfortunately we Canadians are ashamed of art. As a nation we look upon it as a Puritan looks upon nudity. Our young men are unwilling to make the sacrifice necessary for art. They become engineers or real estate men, lawyers or something else practical. When you mention art to them, they become clever:

"Cut it out. The men on top haven't got art and literature and culture and all that sort of dope and, what's more, don't want 'em. Cut 'em out. We don't want 'em in Canada except some old women in Toronto. No siree—only highbrows that feel good in sunsets and blow about books they have never read and who bum around picture galleries and go to classy shows of a guy like Shakespeare want

'em. No real man wants 'em. Only dried up old lemons and Cissies pickled in art dope need 'em nowadays. We've gone ahead, sir. This is a free and civilized country. Today we've got first-class movies and good baseball and only the bughouse want this art dope. Take it from me, kiddo."

In the face of these facts it is not to be expected that young McGill will throb with an art pulse because Monsieur Morin expounds in their midst.

Yet though real-estate agents and shopmen can jeer at bards at large in Canada, fortunately the real poet like the poor will always be with us. And, moreover, for those who love poetry at all, it is delightful to think that even in Montreal one man lips the brimming beakers of old wine; that for him dead women come back in the still night to reveal their beauty; that for him the myrtle woods of Parnassus are not closed; that for him the street cars are as the wagons of Troy; that at a foresaken altar in a dream built shrine he still can meet Semiramis with her fevered kisses. And that man is Monsieur Morin.

SEA BEAUTY

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

LONE on a coral island,
In an opal sea,
Lingered a sea nymph lovely
Making melody.

Her voice was as the moonlight,
With all wild moon lure,
Her brow more white than storm spray,
And her breasts more pure.

Smoother than snowy marble
Her white shoulders were,
And passioned as purple dusk
Her lips and her hair.

Oft have earth men seen sea nymphs,
Oft; but ne'er before
Loved as I loved and followed
To the green sea floor.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE RT. HON. SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BAR'T, K.C.M.G.

Edited by E. M. Saunders, D.D. Two Volumes. Toronto: Cassell and Company.

THE Tupper literature grows rapidly. A few years ago the deceased statesman issued a volume of his own Reminiscences, and about the same time a series of interviews with Sir Charles, covering much the same ground, was published. There was also "Three Premiers of Nova Scotia", by Doctor Saunders, covering the political life of Johnstone, Howe, and Tupper in this Province. Doctor Saunders has drawn freely from the latter volume in the present work, which is a perfect treasure-house of material dealing with Canadian politics for the past half-century and more. Having so long a period and so many movements and spheres to cover, it is not surprising that Dr. Saunders should be scrappy and brief in spots, but on the whole it is a painstaking and well-balanced biography. Naturally he is a Tupper partisan, and when there is conflict between Tupper and Cartwrigrt or some other opponent, the Tupper side is regarded as right.

There is some interesting new material. It has long been a mystery why Sir Charles Tupper did not succeed Sir John Macdonald as Premier. It now appears from documents quoted that he did not want the position. Speaking at Kingston in June, 1878, after Sir Charles, Sir John had said:

"I have long been anxious to retire from the position I have held, and I am sure you will say from the acquaintance you have formed with my friend, the Honourable Dr. Tupper, he is a man who will fill my place."

Three years passed and Sir John's end came. Sir Charles was in Vienna when his son, S. H. Tupper, who was then in the Cabinet, cabled him that Sir John was dying, that there was talk of Thompson being made Premier, and that he thought of resigning as a protest. Sir Charles then wrote his loyal son a lengthy letter, showing how foolish he would be. "You know I told you long ago," he said, "and repeated to you when last in Ottawa, that nothing could induce me to accept the position in case the Premiership became vacant. I told you that Sir John looked up wearily from his papers and said to me: 'I wish to God you were in my place,' and that I answered, 'Thank God I am not!'"

Among the documents which add spice to the book is a series of letters which passed between Mr. J. S. Willison and Sir Charles in 1903. Mr. Willison, who had recently become editor of *The Toronto News*, after editing *The Globe* for many years, had published an article in which he said of Sir Charles that "with all his faults" he was a great statesman. Sir Charles, meeting Mr. Willison at a friend's house in Toronto, asked what the "faults" were. Mr. Willison said he preferred to think of his virtues,

The Author of "Beautiful Joe"

Miss Sannders has published a new story entitled "The Wandering Dog"

but, being pressed, made a reluctant promise to tell them in a letter. This letter is published, together with Sir Charles's reply. It is impossible to quote either letter in a short review, but it may be said that Mr. Willison related some of the criticisms of Conservative corruption, for which he held Sir Charles partly responsible, as he had not protested, while Sir Charles replied categorically that he was not personally responsible.

It is a captivating and ever-inform-ing story that Dr. Saunders tells of this eminent Father of Confederation. Charles Tupper was born at Amherst, N.S., on July 2nd, 1821. His boyhood was marked by the escapades to be expected from such a courageous, even pugnacious temperament. On one occasion he "beat up" a mate on a schooner who persisted in smoking to the windward of the self-conscious youth. He had read the Bible through to his father when he was seven, and the same eager quest for knowledge and quickness of assimilation swept him through his medical school days and made him a notable physician in his Province. He soon took an interest in politics, and early in the fifties crossed the trail of Joseph Howe, who was to be his antagonist for so long. When he defeated Howe in Cumberland in 1855 the latter went to Halifax and declared that he "had been defeated by the future leader of the Conservative party".

Tupper brought the same concentration and courage into politics that had marked his youth and medical practice. He advocated Confederation in a lecture at St. John in 1860, and in 1864 moved the resolution which led to the Charlottetown Conference, which was to consider the union of the Maritime Provinces. The Quebec Conference and agreement on union followed easily, but the battle came in his own Province, where a sullen populace, proud of their history, and influenced by Howe and other able men, resisted the union plan. It fell to Tupper to break down Howe's opposition, which he did by irresistible argument in London, when the repeal delegates went over in 1868. He followed this by enlisting Sir John Macdonald, who went to Halifax and held out the inducement of better terms for Nova Scotia, and ultimately took Howe into his Cabinet.

Despite Tupper's great service to the Confederation cause, he renounced his claim to a place in the first Confederation Cabinet in order to smooth the way for Sir John Macdonald, who almost gave up the task, in view of the many and conflicting claims for representation. He proposed what afterwards became the National Policy in a speech in the House in 1870, which so impressed Sir John that he took him into the Cabinet at once and adopted the policy. In the early eighties Sir Charles, as Minister of Railways, led the Canadian Pacific Railway negotiations and kept his shoulder to the wheel during the trying times that followed.

Having resisted the idea of becoming Premier in 1891, he was pressed into it just prior to the defeat of 1896, and led the party in Opposition during the ensuing four doleful years. When defeat overtook him in his own riding in 1900 he "laid him down with a will", and closed his journal for that eventful day: "I went to bed and slept soundly". He died on October 30th, 1915.

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THE WANDERING DOG

By Marshall Saunders. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

AT last the thousands of children who have read and enjoyed "Beautiful Joe" have the opportunity of reading another dog story by the same author. This time the title is "The Wandering Dog", and while many at first will regard as an exaggeration the claim that it surpasses in interest the other remarkable dog character, few will challenge that claim after reading the later book. The author was born in Berwick, Nova Scotia. Her father, the Reverend Edward Manning Saunders, D.D., was a well-known Baptist minister, and his daughter's education was largely the result of his tutelage. At eight she began the study of Latin, and at fifteen she was sent to Edinburgh, Scotland. From Edinburgh, she went to France. Returning home, she taught school for two or three years, and later travelled abroad again with her friend, Miss Blaikie. Miss Saunders travels a great deal, but makes her home in Toronto with her brother. She is very fond of birds and animals of all kinds, and her chief hobby, or rather, it should be said, her life work, is the betterment of the condition of her animal friends. She is extremely fond of children. "Beautiful Joe" was first published about twenty years ago, and more than one million copies of it have been sold up to the present time, and it has been translated into many languages.

MRS. BEATRICE FORBES-ROBERTSON HALE

Author of "The Nest-Builder"

RHYMES OF A RED CROSS MAN

By Robert W. Service. Toronto: William Briggs.

ALTHOUGH this book may not win the popularity of "Songs of a Sourdough" it is perhaps the best all-round book that the author has published. The first edition is 75,000 copies. We quote two of the poems:

FOREWARD

I've tinkered at my bits of rhymes
In weary, woeful, waiting times;
In doleful hours of battle-din,
Ere yet they brought the wounded in;
Through vigils of the fateful night,
In lousy barns by candle-light;
In dug-outs, sagging and aflood,
On stretchers stiff and bleared with blood;
By ragged grove, by ruined road,
By hearths accurst where Love abode;
By broken altars, blackened shrines
I've tinkered at my bits of rhymes.

I've solaced me with bits of song
The desolated ways along;
Through sickly fields all shrapnel-sown,
And meadows reaped by death alone;
By blazing cross and splintered spire,
By headless Virgin in the mire;
By gardens gashed amid their bloom,
By gutted grave, by shattered tomb;
Beside the dying and the dead,
Where rocket green and rocket red,
In trembling pools of poising light,

With flowers of flame festoon the night.
Ah, me! but what dark ways of wrong
I've cheered my heart with scraps of song.

So here's my sheaf of war-won verse,
And some is bad—and some is worse.
And if at times I curse a bit,
You needn't read that part of it;
For through it all like horror runs
The red resentment of the guns.
And you yourself would mutter when
You took the things that once were men,
And sped them through that zone of hate
To where the dripping surgeons wait;
And wonder, too, if in God's sight
War ever, ever can be right.

Yet may it not be, crime and war
But effort misdirected are;
And if there's good in war and crime,
There may be in my bits of rhyme,
My song from out the slaughter-mill:
So take or leave them as you will.

THE CONVALESCENT

So I walked among the willows very quietly all night;
There was no moon at all, at all; no timid star alight;
There was no light at all, at all; I wint from tree to tree,
And I called him as his mother called, but he nivver answered me.

Oh, I called him all the nighttime, as I walked the wood alone;
And I listened and I listened, but I nivver heard a moan;
Then I found him at the dawnin', when the sorry sky was red:
I was lookin' for the livin', but I only found the dead.

Sure I know that it was Shamus by the silver cross he wore;
But the bugles they were callin', and I heard the cannon roar.
Oh, I had no time to tarry, so I said a little prayer
And I clasped his hands together, and I left him lyin' there.

Now the birds are singin', singin', and I'm home in Donegal,
And it's springtime, and I'm thinkin' that I only dreamed it all;
I dreamed about that evil wood, all crowded with its dead,
Where I knelt beside me brother when the battle-dawn was red.

Where I prayed beside me brother ere I wint to fight anew:
Such dreams as these are evil dreams; I cant believe it's true.
Where all is love and laughter, sure it's hard to think of loss . . .
But mother's sayin' nothin', and she clasps —a silver cross.

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RELICS OF THE REVOLUTION

By Reginald P. Bolton. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

So much interest and importance has been credited to this book as a means of further cementing the bond of "cousinship" existing between Great Britain and the United States that the Scenic and Historic Preservation Society has sent a copy of it to each of the British regiments that were encamped on Manhattan Island during the Revolution in America. The book is the result of twenty years of patient, skilful and appreciative investigation, and is of great interest and value to the student of modern history. During the War of Independence fifty-two regiments were stationed on Manhattan Island, including some of the most famous in the British army—the Coldstream Guards, the Grenadier Guards, the Scots Guards, the Royal Fusiliers, the Inniskilling Fusiliers, and the Welsh Fusiliers. That was in the stirring days of 140 years ago. Shot, solid and chain, fragments of shell, arms and accoutrements, buttons in profusion, buckles and many articles of personal use and sometimes adornment were brought to light in Mr. Bolton's refined and almost microscopic search so that the result is one of high distinction in archæology, and with carefully-studied maps and historical information reproduces with vivid, almost startling realism, the battalions of which Thackeray wrote: "The tall Guards have marched into darkness, and the echoes of their drums are rolling in Hades". Many of the regiments on duty during the Revolution on Manhattan Island have since seen arduous service in the Peninsular wars, at Waterloo, in the Crimea, in India and Egypt, and have borne their colours to victory as they would

now in France and Flanders, did not present regulations consign them to headwaters and safety at home. The note accompanying the presentation volume says in part:

> Fresh proof, if it were needed, that our English cousins entertain as we do, warm sentiments of pride in our common heritage of relationship and history; and if, perchance this book recalls a period of temporary estrangement, we trust that your memories, like ours, will dwell rather on the longer periods before and after the events alluded to in the book, during which, as children of the same blood, we have developed the glorious traditions of liberty which mean so much to the world to-day, and as leaders in which our two peoples must always stand forth pre-eminent among the nations of the earth.

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THE WAR FOR THE WORLD

By Israel Zangwill. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE great Jewish novelist here presents in book form a collection of newspaper and mazagine articles that do not deal wholly with the present war in Europe, together with an introduction which treats mostly of the conditions arising out of the war. Several of the articles antedate the war, one at least going as far back as 1904. The general theme running through nearly all of them is the never-ending conflict for the possession of humanity that goes on between the forces that make for evil and the powers that work for righteousness, concerning which the author says that "there is neither truce nor standstill in the war for the world, that no liberty is so old established as to be safe, and that what our ancestors won for us we shall not necessarily bequeath to our children".

The initial chapter is, in part, "an apologia for not being pro-German", Mr. Zangwill thus characterizing with gentle sarcasm his feeling about some of the measures adopted by the British Government in the conduct of the war. He calls these measures and the spirit out of which they come "Prussianism pro tem.", and he thinks them to be so entirely on the side against reason and liberty and human progress that he adds wonderingly: "It does not seem to occur to anybody that a great nation must take a little risk for a great principle". He hopes "that after the war, despite our pro-German press" [by which he means the English papers that support what he considers unnecessary and Prussianistic invasions by the British Government of personal rights and liberties] "the British Constitution will be thoroughly repaired and repainted".

Mr. Zangwill is a believer—and to that extent is a pacifist—in the final triumph of love and reason as the guides of human conduct and in the desirability of both individuals and nations following them now and always. Under the influence of that conviction he makes these remarks in his opening chapter about affairs in the United States:

> In fact, the War for the World—that eternal duel of Ormuzd and Ahriman, of good and evil—stands in America at one of its most critical moments since our planet was launched upon its mystic adventure. Here is the forefront of the battle, the first line of trenches, always in danger of being retaken. . . . Under the slogan of "Preparedness" America is now seething with incipient Prussianism and announcing with the first fine, careless rapture of discovery that "to insure peace you must prepare for war". . . . And so the most peace-loving country in the world is to have the second largest navy, and in time no doubt "the largest on earth". I agree with Lord Rosebery in lamenting this victory of Ahriman in America.

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THE TUTOR'S STORY

By Charles Kingsley and Lucas Malet. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

IT should be regarded at this late day as something of an event to have a new novel by the author of "The Water Babies", "Westward Ho!" and "Hypatia". The late Charles

Kingsley, at the time of his death, left a mass of manuscript which fell to the lot of his daughter, Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison, whose pen-name is Lucas Malet. Mrs. Harrison held the papers until about a year ago, when, in making a thorough examination of them, she discovered about 150 pages of an unfinished novel. The first fifty or sixty pages were fairly consecutive, but they were followed by chapters, skeletons of chapters, sketches, brief summings-up, far on in the story; events were set down with nothing to lead up to them; and the plot, though firmly based, was unresolved. The whole presented, as Mrs. Harrison says, "a puzzle of which a good many pieces are either lost or have never existed", for it was Kingsley's habit to "put down a scene, description, or dialogue just as it occurred to him, leaving all linking up and filling in to a final rewriting of the book". This puzzle Mrs. Harrison set herself to solve. And she has now presented us with "The Tutor's Story" as a complete novel, of which she has "developed the characters, disentangled the plot, and completed the story, and doubled the length of the original manuscript in the process".

The theme of the story offers another interesting comment on the wide interests of the author of "Westward Ho!" and "Hypatia". "The Tutor's Story" is a tale of adventures and intrigues in a nobleman's country house, told in the first person by a young scholar who went to be tutor to a profligate boy-Lord. It is a simple story enough, not a tale of exciting incident so much as a study of a moral conflict; its plot resolves itself into a battle for the possession, so to speak, of young Lord Hartover's soul. His enemies, leagued against him, do not try to kill him outright or enmesh him in physical peril; they merely surround him with such dissipations, thrust him into the midst of such destructive vices as promise to make his future existence both worthless and short. The picture offered at the story's beginning of a seventeen-year-old boy a drunkard and a gambler in his father's house is an appalling spectacle. Lord Hartover is young enough to be won to the study of history by the telling of picturesque tales; he is old enough to be ensnared in an intrigue with his stepmother's maid. His tutor finds him setting out weakly on the road of sordid tragedy. Yet the boy is lovable and really high-spirited. The completeness of his regeneration by no means passes the bounds of easy belief. And the pretty romance on which Mrs. Harrison has ended the story is not really out of keeping with the reader's first glimpse of the young Lord.

*

THE NEST-BUILDER

By Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

MRS. HALE, who, by the way, has engaged successfully in the several pursuits of the actress, the lecturer and the sociologist, here gives us her first novel. She makes both her Stefan Byrd and his wife, Mary, very real individuals, and skilfully sketches the backgrounds out of which they emerge, embodiments of the two opposing principles of life. The girl, however, is better, more convincingly backgrounded than the man, doubtless because in writing of her beginnings in an English cathedral town Mrs. Hale wrote of something of which she knew, while in trying to picture the life of the boy in a Michigan village with a New England father and a Bohemian mother she was depending entirely on her imagination. This part does not all ring quite true, but, nevertheless, she makes graphic his childhood and youth of unhappiness and revolt and his longing for beauty and for the power to express in form and colour his conceptions of beauty. As he grows into bigness of stature as an artist there is always in his pictures

MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

Whose volume entitled "Lundy's Lane" is one of the important poetry publications of the year

the suggestion of rapid movement, of wings, and flight. What he likes most in his wife is that out of her beauty and vitality he gets spiritual wings, inspiration, and he says to her when they learn how far apart they are, "Oh, Mary, you have lost your wings!"

But afterward, after he has given the strength and agility of his own body to France, in the trenches at the front, and has found his soul thereby, he sees that what, in those impatient days, he was fleeing from in his art was not the ugliness of life, but the ugliness of his own spirit, its selfishness and egotism and unwillingness to accept the facts and responsibilities of life.

The first part of the story takes place on board an Atlantic liner coming westward, where the English girl and the Bohemian-American artist meet, have a whirlwind courtship, and with the sublime audacity of youth, decide to put their two poverties and hopes together and marry as soon as they go on shore. Mrs. Hale writes very well, indeed, with good taste and distinction, and with a happy faculty of phrasing vividly the spirit of a scene or of an occasion in a few words. When she mentions Stefan Byrd's possession of his "demon of disparagement" she makes graphic the spirit of cynic humour and scoffing ill-temper which frequently animates him. And a few sentences which tell of the effect in New York when the *Lusitania* was sunk catch and make vivid the feeling of horror which held the city.

There are several individual and lifelike people in the story, but Stefan and Mary Byrd are the best of them. The others sometimes have the air of being there for the sake of the story, but Mary and Stefan are there for their own sakes, original creations, pulsing with life, creating and finally interpreting and illumining their own problem in life; the problem which has agonized many another couple, and will wring the hearts of many another man and woman for ages yet to come.

*

THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK ZIA

By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS is a highly imaginative story based on the Nativity. A little hunchback Syrian lad, cast out into the world by the witch with whom his lot had fallen, comes accidentally to the holy birthplace, just a few minutes in advance of the shepherds who have followed the Star of Bethlehem. The lad is a leper as well as a hunchback, but the mother of the radiant child bids him come closer. He obeys, and the babe places a hand upon him. Straightway he is cleansed and made whole, and when the shepherds meet him going forth they make an obeisance to him, to the one who formerly had been despised and rejected.

*

RINKITINK IN OZ

By L. Frank Baum. Toronto: the Copp, Clark Company.

THIS is the latest Oz book, with all the characteristics that have made its predecessors famous. Inga, Prince of Pingaree, sets out to rescue his parents, who are held as prisoners by warriors of King Gos. He is aided only by Rinkitink, Bilbil, the goat, and three magic pearls. After much adventure and many narrow escapes, the end comes happily.

*

LUNDY'S LANE

By Duncan Campbell Scott. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

IF for nothing else than the beautiful love poem, "Spring on Mattagami", this volume could be regarded as one of the important poetry publications of the year. The author had already established his reputation, and this book increases it. For here we have the fine music of words, the majesty of cadence, the inspiration of lofty thoughts. "Spring on Mattagami" is an entrancing poem. We quote several stanzas:

If she could be here where all the world is eager
For dear love with the primal Eden sway,
Where the blood is fire and no pulse is thin or meagre,
All the heart of all the world beats one way!
There is the world of fraud and fame and fashion,
Joy is but a gaud and withers in an hour;
Here is the land of quintessential passion,
Where in a wild throb spring wells up with power.

She would hear the partridge drumming
in the distance,
Rolling out his mimic thunder in the
sultry noons;
Hear beyond the silver reach in ringing
wild persistence
Reel remote the ululating laughter of
the loons;
See the shy moose fawn nestling by its
mother,
In a cool marsh pool where the sedges
meet;
Rest by a moss-mound where the twin-
flowers smother
With a drowse of orient perfume drench-
ed in light and heat:

She would see the dawn rise behind the
smoky mountain,
In a jet of colour curving up to break,
While like spray from the iridescent foun-
tain,
Opal fires weave over all the oval of
the lake:
She would see like fireflies the stars alight
and spangle
All the heaven meadows thick with
growing dusk, . .
Feel the gipsy airs that gather up and
tangle
The woodsy odours in a maze of myrrh
and musk:

There in the forest all the birds are nest-
ing,
Tells the hermit thrush the song he can-
not tell,
While the white-throat sparrow never
resting,
Even in the deepest night rings his
crystal bell:
O, she would love me then with a wild
elation,
Then she must love me and leave her
lonely state,
Give me love yet keep her soul's imperial
reservation,
Large as her deep nature and fathom-
less as fate. . . .

There is in these lines some peculiar flavour of the North. What fine lines are:

Hear beyond the silver reach in ringing
wild persistence
Reel remote the ululating laughter of
the loons!

The book contains in all some fifty numbers, which include the remarkably fine poem entitled "Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris", which first appeared as a brochure.

THE RED WATCH

By Colonel J. A. Currie. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

THIS book contains Colonel Currie's account of the battle at St. Julien, in which the 48th Highlanders suffered terrible losses. It is a straightforward, plain chronicle, in which is shown without any question of doubt the great bravery of the Canadians who fell in that historic battle. The account is in part as follows:

The counter-attack was launched at midnight, the 10th on the right, in two lines, and the 16th on the left. Major Lightfoot led the front line of his battalion, the 10th.

"Come on, boys," he said, "remember you are Canadians." The line advanced with great spirit, less than two thousand Canadians against a hundred thousand Germans. It was the biggest bluff in history, but it won. On and on went the Canadians, 10th and Highlanders, one moment with the bayonet, the next moment firing. The Germans, who were busy digging in south of the wood, saw the Canadians coming in the twilight, and only waited to fire a few shots and then they started to run. Lightfoot was down, but the line went on. Major McLaren fell, but the line never wavered. They drove the Germans into the wood and clear through it on the other side. If there had only been plenty of supporting troops the German victory would not only have been stayed, but the charging Canadians would have gone through the German army that night.

The British howitzer battery which had been lost was retaken, the French guns were recaptured, and a great victory was in sight.

When the Germans were caught they began to throw down their arms and cry for mercy. The gallant Canadians gave it, but in the hot rush of the charge they did not wait to disarm their foe. The second lines merged into the first and the fight in the dim forest became Homeric. Then the cowardly Germans whose lives had been spared, plucked up their courage. They picked up their rifles and began like Arabs in the desert to shoot the men in the back who had spared their lives. Colonel Boyle went down, killed almost immediately. He had led his troops on through the forest by voice and example, armed only with a riding crop. The Ger-

mans were driven beyond the northern edge of the forest. The charge by this time had spent a good deal of its force, and as the flanks of the charging lines were not protected, and men were falling on every side, it was deemed advisable to withdraw to the southern edge of the wood and occupy the line of shelter trenches which the Germans had begun to dig. This was one of the most gallant charges in the annals of the Empire. The fame of the gallant charges of the Canadians in St. Julien wood will live forever in history, engraved in letters of gold.

The book gives a most interesting account of the experiences of the 48th Highlanders from the time they left Toronto until Colonel Currie relinguished his command.

*

EGOTISM IN GERMAN PHILOSOPHY

By Professor G. Santayana. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons..

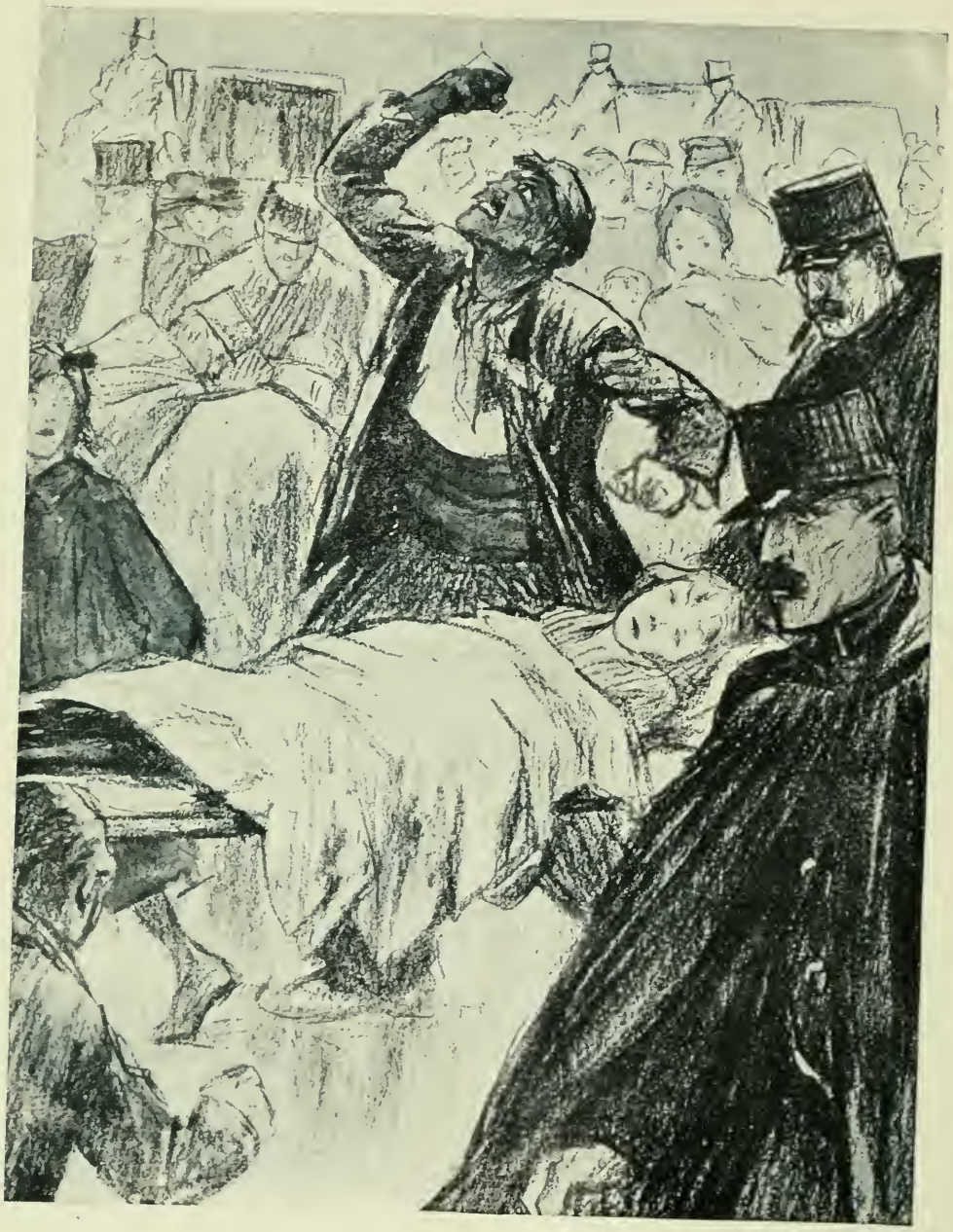
IT will be a matter of great satisfaction to present-day erities of German philosophy, so called, to find themselves supported by one of the greatest exponents of philosophy in America, the late professor of philosophy at Harvard University. The author of "Winds of Doctrine", a review of modern religious tendencies, finds egotism, that is, the worship of self, in the entire scheme of German thinking. He believes that the perversity of the Germans, the childishness and sophistry of their position, lies only in glorifying what is an inevitable impediment, and in marking time on an earthly station from which the spirit of man—at least in spirit—is called to fly. This glorified and dogged egotism, which a thousand personal and technical evidences had long revealed to him in philosophy, might now, he should think, be evident to the whole world. Dr. Santayana does not find the German philosophers responsible for the war, but he charges that they shared and justified prophetically that spirit of uncompromising self-assertion and metaphysical conceit which the German nation is now reducing to action.

*

NELSON'S HISTORY OF THE WAR

By John Buchan. Toronto: T. Nelson and Sons.

THIS is perhaps the most comprehensive history of the progress of the war from the beginning that has been published at the popular price of a shilling. The author is a journalist of wide experience in European affairs, and it appears that the publishers have given him ample scope and opportunity for making his work comprehensive, interesting and authoritative. The first volume contains an introduction by no less a personage and man of letters than Lord Rosebery. This introduction is itself well worth reading. Then Mr. Buchan takes the war from the beginning, that is, from the tragedy of Serajevo. He goes on to study the development of modern Germany, the German Emperor, the new "Religion of Valour", and, indeed, treats all the various phases of the conflict down to the fall of Namur. The second volume takes the reader into the thick of the fight, describing the battle of Mons and the memorable British retreat, down to the German retreat back to the Aisne. Then in the third volume come the battle of the Aisne and the events that followed down to the fall of Antwerp. Volume IV. describes the great struggle in West Flanders, the two attacks on Warsaw and the fighting at sea down to the battle off Falkland Islands.



From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

A ZEPPELIN HAS PASSED

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE RIGHT HONOURABLE DAVID LLOYD GEORGE
Prime Minister of Great Britain and the only Liberal Member of the War Cabinet

THE WIN-THE-WAR CABINET

By Lindsay Crawford

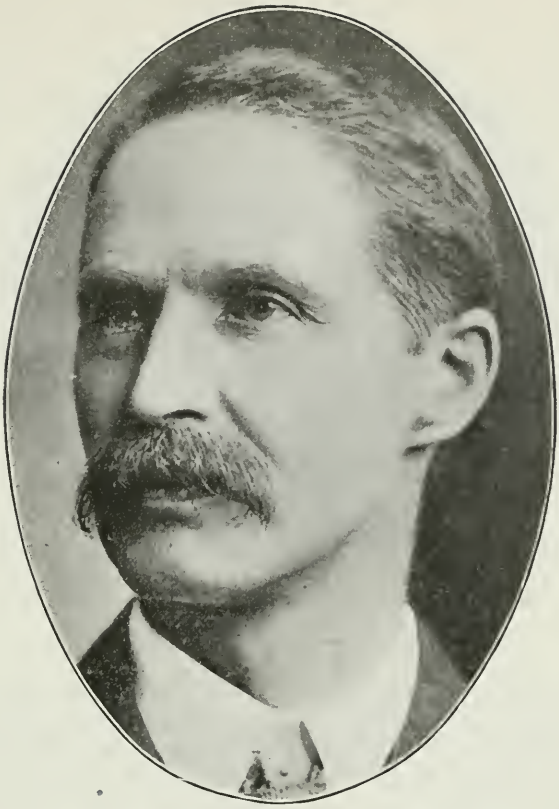
THE resignation of Mr. Asquith and the creation of a War Cabinet of five members, under the virtual dictatorship of Mr. Lloyd George have followed with dramatic suddenness the occupation of Bucharest by the Germans and the failure of Allied diplomacy in Greece. In war there is no such word as failure. The commander in the field and the Government at home must provide victories or retire. This is the inexorable de-

EARL CURZON

One of the three Unionist Members of the War Cabinet. He is Lord President of the Council and leader in the House of Lords.

cree of fate. For two years the conduct of the war by the Asquith Cabinet has been under the lash of vituperative criticism. The failure of the Allies to save the Roumanian capital, coupled with the extraordinary latitude shown to the Greek Royalists, did more to undermine the Asquith Government than the hostile attitude of the Northcliffe press and the criticisms of the Opposition in Parliament.. When Mr. Lloyd George definitely threw in his lot with the Opposition and dictated terms which no Premier could accept it was apparent to the merest tyro in politics that a reconstruction of the Coalition Government was inevitable. Bagehot long ago drew attention to the fact that Parliament, which is supreme as lawmaker, has no controlling voice in the making of war or peace. This gigantic struggle for national existence has led, virtually, to the suspension of Parliamentary government. Mr. Lloyd George, as head of a War Cabinet of five members, practically assumes a dictatorship. Two of the members of the War Cabinet are Peers; three, as members of the House of Commons, are relieved of any necessity of seeking re-election.

The conditions brought about by the war are the antithesis of a democratic system of government. Under the stress of an unparalleled war, Governments, like armies, have reverted to the natural state of man when



MR. ANDREW BONAR LAW

Who declined the task of forming a Government but accepted the Office of Chancellor of the Exchequer

fighting for his life. For several years before the outbreak of war the British Parliament and the British public had no knowledge of the existence of a definite understanding between Britain and France which committed the former to active co-operation on land and sea in case France was attacked. Since the beginning of the war Parliament has had no voice in the conduct of the campaign and has existed solely as an instrument for registering the decrees of the executive. War has broken up the foundations of the deep and destroyed the safe anchorages of hoary traditions. But behind this military autocracy stands democracy ready, when the "Last Post" sounds, to assert its rights inherent in the British Constitution and to resume its place as the untrammelled will of organized society in everything that shapes the ends of the nation. The Asquith Coalition is dead, but no one wishes long life to the Lloyd George dictatorship. A speedy issue out of all the dangers of war and the return of normal conditions is the prayer of the British people. To guarantee national safety they have made tremendous sacrifices in blood and treasure. But greater than these is the sacrifice made by the suspension of parliamentary government, which is the life-blood of British liberty and progress.

History will decide between Asquith and Lloyd George. For the

MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON

The Labour Member of the War Cabinet

present the British nation is out to win the war and sets little store on tradition and precedent in its adoption of the instruments necessary to achieve decisive victory.

A tremendous responsibility rests on the head of the new Government. Mr. Lloyd George is a man of rare courage and enterprise. For him the hour of opportunity and of fate has struck. He stands or falls by the march of events during the next six months. He is the master of his fate. He demanded much of the Asquith Cabinet. Of him much will be required. Who is this man and whence came he, on whose nod armies and peoples wait for a lead? In the turmoil of the Boer War he came to light in British politics as the most uncompromising critic of the war policy of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. To-day he rides to power on his own policy of "the vigorous prosecution of the war to a triumphant conclusion". A son of the people, he was the prophet of the New Democracy during the epochal era of Liberalism that closed with Germany's challenge to arms. In him more than in any other member of the Liberal party the long-suffering masses found a Moses to lead them to the gateway of the land of promise. To the British working classes the name of Lloyd George is imperishably associated with the greatest social revolution in the history of the British people. Having led the people to the land of milk and honey he seems fated, like his Hebrew prototype, to lay his bones on Mount Pisgah. The new War Cabinet marks the definite sundering of ties between the Welsh statesman and his former colleagues. War and the whirligig of time have brought queer changes, but none so striking as that which finds Lloyd George in a War Cabinet surrounded by his former adversaries. Lord Curzon and Lord Milner share with the Prime Minister the control of Britain's war machine. Mr. Bonar Law will be too busy as leader in the House of Commons to be more than a cypher in the councils of the Committee of Five. For other and more obvious reasons Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Labourite, will have

LORD MILNER

One of three Unionist Member of the War Cabinet

little voice in the directing of the war. Appointed to placate the Labour party, Mr. Arthur Henderson, the lay preacher, is not likely to set the Thames on fire as a war lord. The real dictators will be the Prime Minister and Lords Curzon and Milner, The Lloyd George Government is not a Coalition in the strict meaning of the term. He has formed a new Government, it is true, but it leaves in the shades of Opposition one of the two historic parties of the State. Mr. Lloyd George has been able to command the support of two extreme wings. The union of Labour with Feudalism may appear strange to those who do not know England. The dividing line between Liberalism and Toryism is largely social. The line of cleavage between the extreme wings is economic, not social, for democracy, as represented by the working classes, has no social antagonism toward the aristocracy such as permeates the middle class, from which Liberalism so largely springs. The social gulf between a Henderson and a Curzon is fixed, impassable. There is no such gulf between Asquith and Curzon.

The new Government is on trial. Lord Curzon is remembered chiefly as the particular Viceroy of India who left for his successor a veritable sea of problems. He found India in a state of unrest and left it in a condition bordering on open discontent. He has been described as, in his own proper person, a whole House of Lords in the making, and besides a child of the hereditary principle. The son of Baron Scarsdale, he has taken on fresh titles all through his career —a Barony (with special remainder to his daughter), a Viscounty (with special remainder to his father), and an Earldom; and he has been elected as Irish Representative Peer. In all things is he the representative of the classes, rather than of the people.

Viscount Milner is a strong man on whom, in the Boer War days, Lloyd George fired broadsides of Celtic fire. He, like Curzon, opposed the Lloyd George Budget of 1909—the charter of democratic freedom in the British Isles. Lord Milner owes his success mainly to his own abilities and industry. He began life without any advantages of birth or wealth or fam-

ily influence. His father was a physician who had settled in Stuttgart, in Germany, and to this fact is due the statement, so often repeated by Lord Milner's enemies, that he is a German. His mother was a Miss Ready, the daughter of an English major-general who was at one time Governor of the Isle of Man. Both parents died long before young Alfred Milner had entered public life. He had neither brother nor sister, and has, it is said, no near relative at all.

Like other distinguished men, Lord Milner served his apprenticeship to statescraft in the school of journalism. Thirty years ago Mr. Stead and Mr. Alfred Milner were writing "Occasional Notes" for *The Pall Mall Gazette*. In those days Milner was a long, thin, apathetic young man. He affected no sports, such as an Oxford graduate might aspire to, but was an accomplished and persistent swimmer. Of the "copy" Milner used to turn out Mr. Stead says it was "the most untidy I have ever had to deal with. He sprawled all over the paper". As a rule, Milner went about his daily tasks bareheaded. It is said that the only light article he ever wrote for the newspaper was the imaginary diary of a number of South African savages on a visit to London. He did it so well that many readers considered it the work of a savage chief.

When Mr. Joseph Chamberlain resigned the Colonial Secretaryship Lord Milner was asked to succeed him; but he declined, believing that his duty at that time was to remain in South Africa.

Mr. Bonar Law reached the leadership of his party as a compromise candidate. When Balfour resigned the rivals for the position were Mr. Walter Hume Long and Mr. Austen Chamberlain. In the end Bonar Law was selected as the one more likely to keep the Unionist party together. As a debater he has few equals, but he lacks the fire and inspiration that make speeches live in parliamentary history. He is the successful ironmaster in politics. As leader of the House of Commons he does not measure up to the requirements demanded of those who fill this delicate and trying position. His lack of tact and imagination are fatal flaws in the armour of the man who essays to run with smoothness the machinery of Government in the House of Commons.

Mr. Arthur Henderson is a quiet type of Labour leader who is gifted with the powers of persuasive eloquence. He served his apprenticeship as a moulder and has always been regarded as a safe leader of the Labour party in the House and in the country. As a representative of the Labour classes his selection will go far to smooth the way for the new Government responsible for the manufacture of munitions and supplies.

On the whole the War Cabinet is a leap in the dark. If it justifies its existence it will live in the history of these stirring times. It is led by a man who stands midway between the old party lines. He it was who described Germany as "the road hog of Europe", and who now in the greatest crisis of his career elects to surround himself with men to whom he was formerly opposed. He may not be the man for carrying through the terms of peace, but the country looks to him to drive the car of war. He stands in the full glare of the limelight. He assumes office at a time of great difficulty, but he is secure in the knowledge that in the vigorous prosecution of the war to conclusive victory he is the embodiment of the national mind.

THE MIND of the FAMILY

By Madge Macbeth
Illustrations by Dorothy Stevens

IT was the summer Nita had no new dress at all, and had to stay in town. Not particularly because of her clothes, or lack of them—although a girl does like to have plenty of pretty vacation things and wear them as though she would have had them anyway!—but because her father and the girls took their holidays in such a manner that she had to stay in town all summer and keep the house open for one or other of them.

A change of air and scene was not imperative in her case. Her days were calm and leisured; no press of affairs dragged at her nerves and left them torn and frazzled. So any regret the others may have expressed at leaving her to swelter was either insincere—perfunctory—or speedily forgotten.

"She will have a nice, lazy, quiet summer," they said. "It isn't as though we were leaving her anything to do—but, then, she always has plenty of time."

What she had she gave to them quite cheerfully, sewing for them and taking pride in the good appearance they made on a small expenditure of money. She managed to get the girls off by the middle of July and then turned her attention to her father.

"Remind me to take my blue floats and an extra dozen hooks," he cautioned. "Last year I was only half supplied, and but for that I would certainly have exceeded Barton's catch. Now, daughter, are you sure you have remembered everything?"

She went carefully over his kit, packed his bag and saw him on the train. Then she flew home to get tea for Florence, whose holidays were finished and who was expected on the five-fifteen.

"Remind me to send Molly a dollar," were her first words of greeting. "I hadn't enough for my parlour car. And don't let me forget to give you the gloves she sent you. Dear me, Nita," she scolded later, as she watched her sister tidying the house, which was literally webbed with Mr. Cottrel's discarded fishing-tackle, "if you had only reminded me about father's fishing-trip, I would have taken my holiday a week earlier, so as to give you a chance to get away—although I hate going off in June."

Nita laughed good-naturedly.

"Remind you, my dear girl," she protested. "How I envy you the ability to forget! Does the blessed man talk of anything else from the first of March, except his annual fishing-trip? Don't we have a monotonous diet of Archer spinners, silver doctors, blue somethings, and the scarlet ibis at every meal?"

Florence took refuge behind the fine, stereotyped excuse of the family.

"You know, I have no head for details," she said. "The trivialities of our daily existence make no impression on me, whatever—my thoughts are on larger, broader things. Doubtless, my office training. You, on the other hand, have nothing else to think about—but what is the use of discussing the matter? If you are cut out of a holiday this summer, you have no one to blame but yourself."

She never had! It is a bed-rock certainty that had Nita Cottrel complained that she had but one pair of hands and feet, the family would have told her that she had no one to blame but herself.

But Nita was not the complaining kind. She had a roof over her head and a cellar beneath her feet. She could have three meals a day if she took the trouble to cook them, and she could usually have something to wear by making a new dress, blouse, or lingerie for Florence, Maud or Hilda, who then bestowed their old garments upon her. She felt that there were many worse hardships than she had to bear. A great drawback was, however, the lack of money in her lean purse. As housekeeper and homemaker, of course, she commanded no salary. Therefore she would have liked to possess a talent—to be musical like Maud, who taught in the Milford Conservatory; or clever like Florence, who was a law stenographer and could spell legal words of ten syllables without ever looking them up in a dictionary; or dramatically inclined like Hilda, who was an elocutionist and was greatly in demand at entertainments where the performers were not paid for their services. She had private classes in physical and voice culture. Even Mr. Cottrel had the artistic temperament; he dabbled in water-colours and felt that he only escaped being an R.A. owing to the ignorance of an unappreciative public.

But she had nothing—was nothing. She merely inherited a mind for details from her mother. Mrs. Cottrel had been but a gentle echo to her husband and daughters, and it appeared as though Nita were almost an echo of an echo.

So she stayed in town all summer and enjoyed herself as only the girl who stays at home can. At a seaside or mountain resort she is a drug on the market, there are dozens of her arriving on every train. She has to pretend that frivolous things such as men and flirtations no longer interest her, and she carries a volume of Henry James about. But at home she is a *rara avis,* a prize. The light which shines from behind her vine-clad verandah is perhaps the only one on the street, and to it flutter all the eligibles and all the younger married men, as moths about a flame. Indeed, the verandah of the girl who stays in town all summer becomes intimate with chaps to whom the drawing-room in winter is a total stranger.

"Ni-ta . . . we wa-hant Ni-ta," they carrolled, cheerfully sauntering down the quiet street.

Florence looked after the departing throng with amazement. She had not seen so many men during the whole of her vacation.

"Poor boys," she said. "They must be bored to death, just sitting round, without Maud's music or Hilda's readings! If you remind me, I will bring home some new records for the gramophone to-morrow."

Instead of records, however, Florence burst into the house with a piece of thrilling news.

"Frank T. Boyer is in town," she cried. "He has been in the office all morning."

"Yes?" returned Nita, non-committally.

Florence looked up sharply.

"I don't believe you have the least idea—Good heavens, Nita, don't act like a member of the public, child! Don't you know who Frank T. Boyer *is?"*

Nita shook her head, removed the napkin from a dish of smoking corn, and motioned her sister to be seated.

"She went carefully over his kit"

"She has to pretend that frivolous things such as men and flirtations no longer interest her"

"Why, he's the biggest corporation lawyer in the United States," explained Florence, with a good deal of impatience and some exaggeration. "He's here to take our case against the D. and L.—but you wouldn't understand that. The principal thing you must get into your head is the fact that he will be here to-night for dinner."

"Dinner?" Nita gasped. "But, why?"

Having burnt herself twice and trickled butter on the front of her last clean blouse, Florence lost patience. She refused to see anything unusual in the biggest corporation lawyer in the United States dining with Mr. Blake's stenographer—or with two unchaperoned girls. But, then, the Cottrel's for that matter had never been chaperoned; to quote Nita: "There were sufficient of them to make even the most frivolous party respectable."

"Why?" she repeated, with cutting irony. "Why *not?*"

Truth to tell, circumstances *did* rob the occasion somewhat of its unusual features. The *City Hotel* was undergoing drastic repairs and had closed its doors to guests; the Milford Club had burned to the ground two weeks

before, and Mrs. Blake, in company with everybody else, was out of town. Indeed, Mr. Blake, himself, had made the suggestion.

"We want to give him a little relief from 'shop', Miss Florence," he had said. "I wonder if you couldn't take him off my hands for dinner, and the evening. 'Pon my word, I don't know what to do with the man."

"I am wondering what I can dig up to wear," the elder sister mused, aloud.

Nita was wondering what she could dig up to eat! Like many another "small town" resident, she had the idea that all New Yorkers live in cafés; and that fish and flesh, fowl and vegetables are rendered appetizing to them only after a complete and thorough disguise, that food which is recognizable to the eye or palate is as offensive as a glass of pure and sparkling—water.

Unfortunately, this was largely true in Boyer's case.

In imagination she saw him tiredly picking at a bit of something *a la Bordelaise,* waiting for the Doo-dab champignons which might just possibly interest him, only to pass it over for a funny-doodle nestling on a hothouse lettuce leaf and flanked by a cohort of lemon slices. Queer and unfamiliar dishes to her, she knew that they were old acquaintances of his, and that as far as food went he could discover nothing new under the sun. With a panicky feeling she thought over all the deserts in her repertoire—the fanciest things, the most troublesome things, those which one sets to-day and which—unsettle one, to-morrow. She discarded them as hopeless and bent her thoughts upon salad. What kind of salad could she offer this jaded cosmopolite when he must have grown tired of every sort known to cooks—Waldorf, Polish, Russian, Ritz—salads made of lettuce, endive, fruit, meat, vegetable—everything, indeed, except the kitchen mop!

Florence broke in upon her.

"When you are not doing anything else," she suggested, "you might take a stitch in my white silk skirt. I meant to ask you to remind me to do it, but one seems to have so many things to think about. And just order what you want; make everything as elaborate as possible, and I will make the necessary apologies for our countrified simplicity!"

They fell upon deaf ears, however.

Frank T. Boyer, thirty-seven, blasé, of superior intelligence, a minion of Mammon, and a man accustomed to the highest artificiality in everything—people, clothes, food—fell upon Nita's simple dinner with a greediness which embarrassed him. He had forgotten there ever were such things to eat. For, instead of trying to rival the Broadway chefs and selecting the most intricate recipes in her cookbook, she had chosen the simplest, the most unpretentious.

Vegetable soup, redolent of real vegetables, and not essence from a bottle, came first, then a roast of this spring's lamb, with that rarest of articles, a well-baked potato, and butter such as one used to get on grandmother's farm; peas, fresh from the garden, unspoiled by the insidious flavour of tin casing, and a bursting head of cauliflower. So far not a lettuce leaf, a canned mushroom, paprika, pimento, or a slice of lemon. There was home-made bread, however, and lots of smooth brown gravy.

He was not conscious, somehow, that Nita got up and changed the plates; she had a quiet, soothing way of doing things, and he was served with delicious fresh asparagus almost before he knew it. This is where he made the acquaintance of Nita's mayonnaise—as different from what he had met before, as a salty tub bath is different from the ocean. He shamelessly took two helpings and began to hope that desert was to be some fool pudding he did not like. But, no—peaches were placed before him; not *les pêches Melba* with whipped cream which will not stand without the

friendly support of cornstarch or gelatine, but plain, Milford peaches, covered with plain unadulterated Milford cream, and accompanied by good, substantial, old-fashioned gingerbread!

Boyer began to suffer, but found he could not stop. It was a clash between abandon and restraint, and restraint lost by long odds. He wondered how efficient were the Milford medical men, and thought fearsomely of going to bed.

As a matter of fact, nothing happened. He returned to Blake's linen-covered, wifeless home, slipped into a man-made bed, and slept dreamlessly. That's the difference between home cooking and the hostile mixtures one pays for in hotels.

Just before he drifted from that comatose state which is half-waking and half-sleeping, into untroubled slumber, however; just while his thoughts revolved around a slip of a girl with flushed cheeks and picturesque ruffled hair, a sense of annoyance came to him. Some jackanapes across the street was singing as he got undressed. Boyer roused himself sufficiently to listen for a moment.

"Ni-ta .. .. .We wa-hant Ni-ta," the words of the old song floated out of the fragrant night to him.

"So would anyone, old chap," muttered the corporation lawyer. Then he fell asleep.

The case against the D. and L. did not come off immediately, and Boyer could have gone back to New York or its adjacent resorts. He didn't, though; he seemed to have a good deal to do in Mr. Blake's office, and he acquired the habit of walking home each day with Florence. She certainly was a clever, up-to-date girl. Arrived at the house, he frequently allowed himself to be persuaded to stay for lunch or dinner.

"I am dead to all sense of greed or shame," he used to say. "I can't resist—fact is, I am half starved, truly! Blake gives me a sort of porridge made of coffee grounds in the morning, and he smokes up a perfectly good piece of bread, then calls it toast, but somehow, that is not awfully sustaining diet for a man who has to work over the intricacies of the D. and L. Really, Miss Florence, but for your charity I should have to turn my back upon Milford."

Florence waved any hint of obligation gracefully aside.

"It's nothing, absolutely nothing—no trouble at all," she said. "An extra place at the table and the offering of our simple fare. As for charity—why, it does me no end of good to discuss 'shop' with you."

And Nita took this as her cue to go off and wash the dishes.

But by the time Mr. Cottrel and the girls came home, Boyer had learned a thing or two about a kitchen. He discovered that when he and Florence, trying to help, had stacked greasy dishes together, without first rinsing them under the tap, Nita was always twice as long about her work; he discovered that there is a difference between the use of a dish-towel and the cloth one grabs to wipe up a puddle of milk on the kitchen floor; he learned how to dry the big platter without kneeling down on the floor to turn it over, and he really knew where things were kept much better than Florence.

"At the office I know where to put my hand on everything, from carbon paper to Mr. Blake's gas bill," she boasted. "But at home—well, it seems such a waste of time for a woman with brains to clutter her head with these idiotic details. What does it matter *where* the can-opener belongs? Just like setting a splendid mathematician at turning a freezer of ice cream, isn't it?"

Boyer dropped the plate he was drying. At least, Florence thought he dropped it, but Nita would have sworn he threw it on the floor. Anyway, it gave him an excuse to order a beautiful set of Worcester for them.

He did not see much of Nita after

"Then all at once she felt herself clasped very, very close"

the others came back. Maud returned prostrated by her labours as musician in a small summer hotel—utterly prostrated—up to five o'clock in the afternoons! She required breakfast and lunch in bed, something delicate and appetizing. Hilda, suffering from an excess of artistic temperament, found it totally impossible to confine herself within the bounds of ordinary living and demanded especial attention. She rehearsed Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking scene with candle, gore stains and other "props", in the middle of the night; and she did a remarkably good imitation of Rip Van Winkle's nap by day. Even Mr. Cottrel was not himself, declaring things lost which were right under his nose, forgetting things which were useless when remembered; making, in brief, only such a nuisance of himself as can the inconsiderate man who loafs around the house all day.

Each of the girls found in Boyer their affinity, and they fought for him in the sweetly affectionate way so artistically employed by certain types of catty women.

"You must let *me* have Mr. Boyer to-night," Maud would say at dinner. "I want his advise on some of the de Bussey music . . ."

Or Hilda would saunter in as desert was being served and claim for a discussion on Browning's "Strafford". Florence, of course. demanded him most frequently by reason of the indisputable legal bond existing between them and by right of prior claim.

Even Mr. Cottrel was not to be outdone by his daughters, bearing the guest off whenever possible for an airing of opinions—his opinions—on Turner's upper sky effects.

There seemed no excuse, however, for thrusting a discussion of domestic science into this intensified artistic atmosphere. Beside, Nita had little time to sit and talk. There was pickling to be done, and the autumn house-cleaning loomed ahead, a hateful, menacing shadow.

Everything began suddenly to grow irksome and difficult to her. Never had the kitchen seemed so hot, the dishes so numerous, the nights so short, or the days so long. Several times she scorched the food, forgot to remind Hilda, overslept herself, and therefore caused her father to miss painting his masterpiece—a late-summer sunrise. Florence found holes in her stockings, had to mend them herself, and was late for the office. She was furious. Severally and individually they all expressed themselves in the unmistakably frank way which signified flagrant disapproval of the youngest member of the family.

But even this failed to rouse Nita to a sense of her shortcomings; she felt as though a film had come between her and life. Moving about in a dull and dreamy sort of way, she fell a prey to that kind of absorption which makes a person jump when spoken to—for the third time. She would catch herself standing perfectly still, in an attitude of waiting, much as one would stand listening to a clock striking. Only in Nita's case the final clang never sounded. She kept foolishly listening—waiting.

The case against the D. and L. was called and . . . "We won," said Florence smugly. "Of course, I knew we would—with you here, Mr. Boyer."

Hilda uncurled herself from a darkened corner of the verandah.

"Well, that is some confession from you, Florrie," she remarked sweetly. "Usually, you take the stand that it was your connection with the firm which carried the day."

Unprepared with a sufficiently nettlesome retort, Florence held her tongue at the moment, but she took her revenge upon Maud, who returned shortly afterward from the Conservatory concert.

"Artistically, I think, we may congratulate ourselves," Maud murmured. "And my own small share in the huge success is entirely due to you, dear Mr. Boyer. But for your suggestions, I am sure I should have phrased that passage differently."

"Maud, my blessed child," interrupted Florence, "don't fall into the habit of taking your strumming too seriously. What difference could it make to the whole concert whether you put a comma or an exclamation point after a bar? Music is one of those vague, indefinite things which does not depend upon any degree of accuracy. Not much like the mighty law, is it, Mr. Boyer?" she smiled brilliantly.

Nita came quietly out to the verandah carrying a tray with coffee and mocha cake—Boyer's favourite. She sensed the strained atmosphere at once and flushed with embarrassment.

"I'm so sorry you and Flo couldn't have heard Maudie play to-night," she said easily. "Really, dear girl, you surpassed yourself. I, for one, shall not be surprised to hear that they have put you on the Conservatory staff."

She handed the first cup to Florence.

"There, you'll feel better for that, Flo. I always hate these days when a long case is being tried. Simply exhausting for one who works as conscientiously as you do, dear. Isn't it a shame, Mr. Boyer, that women are debarred from practising law in our Province? I am not a bit of a Suffragette—haven't enough brains—but I *do* think it grossly unfair for a woman with Florence's mind not to have an equal chance with men."

Florence nibbled the icing on her cake and thought how shabby Nita looked in that awful old blue dimity. She decided that she could spare one of her serge skirts—perhaps.

"Two lumps and no cream?" Nita turned to Boyer.

Her pretty matter-of-factness was blissfully restful after the sharp, would-be cleverness of the other girls. She was not the sort of creature who would absent-mindedly sew a pajama button on an evening shirt or give one cream and no sugar if one liked coffee the other way.

He murmured his thanks as he took the cup from her, and she noticed that his hand shook, but she could not see the expression in his eyes.

Then feeling that the girls were mollified, that her immediate work was accomplished, she left them, and, like Cinderella, went slowly back to the kitchen.

She stood in the middle of the floor, her physical eye on the pot of pickles all ready for to-morrow's boiling. Heaven knows what she was thinking, but suddenly that physical eye filled with scalding tears which rolled down her cheek in a hot line and splashed on the faded old blue dimity.

The kitchen door behind her opened. Nita strangled a sob and bit her lips hard. She did not turn. Then all at once she felt herself clasped very, very close; a beloved face pressed against hers; the trembling of her mouth was stopped. She was in Boyer's arms.

"It's onions," she muttered irrationally, a moment later, wiping her eyes.

"It's dew-laden rose leaves," he contradicted, again kissing her lips.

It was three weeks later.

Nita sat a long time by the window in her tiny, hot room under the eaves, looking into a sapphire, silver-spangled sky. She was too utterly tired to sleep and her over-worked brain buzzed and whirred like a tightly-wound spring suddenly released.

Had she reminded everybody of everything—her father to get his clothes pressed, Maud to buy seven more silver bugles, Florence to wash her hair, Hilda—well, she made a list of the things Hilda must be reminded to do, and she put it somewhere . . . somewhere . . . Had she seen to everything about the house, her own hurried trousseau? Would Mrs. Robertson remember to bring over the extra china without being reminded again?

She flung herself across her little cot and thought with almost hysterical joy of the morrow.

"When I leave home," she said to herself, trying to blink back the tears and quell the unusual rebellion which would rise in her heart, "I won't have to remind anybody of anything ever again!"

Then a ludicrous thought popped into her head. Harry Graham had said he married to be emancipated from drum-sticks—he was the youngest of a large family—but Nita Cottrel will be married so as to be emancipated from reminding!

The wedding day dawned cloudless and bright. But even happiness could not erase from Nita's appearance the marks left by fatigue and a racking headache. She dragged herself listlessly about and superintended everything from the decorating to the culinary arrangements.

"Ought you to have reminded Dick to bring the wedding ring?" asked Florence, as though pleased with herself for remembering such an unimportant trifle.

The ceremony passed off without a hitch. Nita had not remembered to remind Nita that the bride should cut the cake, and Florence usurped that privilege herself, but everyone accepted it as a joke, so what did it matter?

She dressed in her simple costume mechanically, feeling as one does in a horrible dream when one suddenly finds oneself abroad with insufficient clothes on. Had she put on her petti-

coat outside her skirt, or was she wearing an apron instead of a blouse?

"*Am* I all right?" she asked desperately trying to prod her mind into an upright position. And the girls looked at her carelessly and said, "Oh, yes, you'll do."

She flung her bouquet into the sea of faces below her, impressed with the grotesque fact that they looked like a blur of vari-shaped teeth; she felt Boyer's arm about her as she ducked and ran for the taxi. Something stung her face and dribbled coldly down her back.

"The dashed fools," her husband muttered, shaking the rice from his clothes.

The trip in the train, the jerky drive through New York's crowded streets at dusk, even dinner at the hotel, made no impression upon Nita. There is to this day a hiatus in her mind. It was not until later that, filtering through the fog of her numbed senses, Boyer's words meant anything to her.

"All tired out," he said sympathetically, sitting down on a comfy davenport beside her. "Well, we'll just have a great old rest at the sea, you and I—won't do a thing but sit around. . . . Oh, by the way, dearest," he broke off suddenly, "please don't forget to remind me to get new razor blades to-morrow. I can't remember these things, so you'll have to be the mind of this family!"

"THE HOUSE IS STILL"

By P. M. MacDONALD

THE house rang through with noisy joys
From tender dawn till gentle night;
The floors were littered o'er with toys
And armies waging mimic fight.

There was no room where riot died;
The dust could find no place to sleep;
The stairs were his toboggan slide—
Down he careened with clamorous sweep.

But with the darkness came his rest,
And, when we stole to see our boy,
We kissed his hands upon his breast,
And said, "In sleep he can't annoy".

Now in the churchyard's kindly clay
His curls are wet with autumn's rain,
While we are pining for his play,
With mingled memories that pain.

And all the house is still, too still;
Night is like day and day like night—
Oh! could he but return and fill
Its placid gloom with stir and light.

No aged behaviour would we ask;
No studied silence deep and wise;
With thankful hearts in every task,
Our way would wend 'neath rapturous skies.

OCTOBER DAY

From the Painting by
Homer Watson, R.C.A.

One of the Canadian Exhibits at the
Canadian National Exhibition

PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN

By Emily P. Weaver

I.—MARIE ANN LAJIMONIERE: SETTLER AND HOMEMAKER

CONSCIOUSLY or unconsciously, the pioneer is a pathfinder, discovering the way for other people to walk in, or a soldier, preparing the road for the marching of an army.

The word rings grandly in our Canadian ears. It is a synonym for courage, resource, perseverance, bringing to mind one picture after another of men of fine, simple, heroic mould, doing and daring and building better than they knew.

And the word is no less full of import, as applied to women—to Canadian women, thousands of whom, treading divergent paths, bridging all manner of difficulties, struggling forward to different goals, have prepared for us of to-day—and are preparing for the army of those who come after—new highways to the worthy ends of life.

This series of papers will deal with the work of a few distinguished Canadian women, chosen almost at random from the number who in some way or other may claim rank as pioneers.

First on our list is the name of Marie Anne Lajimonière, a pioneer in the sense in which the word is perhaps most frequently used. She has been described as "the first Canadian woman in the Northwest", and her story, translated from the French of M. l'Abbé G. Dugast, was published in 1901, by the Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba. Though written in a somewhat dry, matter-of-fact fashion, it contains all the elements of a wild romance.

The narrative begins when its heroine, Marie Anne Gaboury, was a pretty young woman of twenty-five. Her skin, we are told, was very white and her features regular; her character we are left o make out for ourselves. At this time she had been living for eleven years in the quiet house of the village priest of Maskinonge, but the succeeding eleven years of her life were full to overflowing with joy and sorrow, change and adventure, privation and danger.

In the winter of 1807 the villagers were stirred to unaccustomed excitement by the return of one of their number, Jean-Baptiste Lajimonière, who had travelled almost, as it seemed, to another world—the far Northwest—and had seen and done wonders since he had left Maskinonge, five years earlier. Of course, he was feted and made much of, and at some of the gatherings in his honour Marie

Anne obtained permission to be present. The result was that she lost her heart to the bold voyageur. It may be that, like Desdemona, she loved him for the dangers he had passed, and he

"Lov'd her that she did pity them".

At any rate, the restless fellow in his brief visit home wooed and won and wedded her.

But here comes in the tragedy of her life. The girl thought her bridegroom meant to settle down after his wanderings—to farm in his native place. But whether or not the deception was intentional, the call of the wild proved stronger than the entreaties of his bride, and not many days after the wedding, Marie Anne had to choose between giving up her husband to go back alone to the wilderness or bidding farewell to her kith and kin and her old quiet home. She made the choice that perhaps most true women would have made, and a few days later set out for what was then a very far country, though she lived long enough to see the union of the whole vast land in one Dominion.

Doubtless in the hour of parting Marie held fast to thoughts of a happy meeting with her own people at some future time, for she was young and surely courageous. But these hopes, if she cherished them, were doomed to disappointment. She lived seventy years longer, to the extreme old age of ninety-six, without ever even "hearing of the relations, whom she had left in Canada".

The next chapter of her life opens with the two months' journey to the Red River. At Lachine, Lajimonière took passage for himself and his wife —the only woman of the party—in one of a brigade of great canoes bound for the trading forts of the north. Each of these vessels had a crew of eighteen men and was so heavy that it required eight men to carry it at the numerous portages.

Now began for Marie Anne the experience of sleeping out on the bare ground beneath the stars, whilst twice during the voyage on Lake Superior the travellers were overtaken by violent tempests. Several of the canoes were lost, but that which bore the white woman and her husband escaped, and in due time they reached Lake Winnipeg and paddled up the Red River to Pembina.

Lajimonière, during his previous sojourn in the wilderness, had taken an Indian wife. This woman was living near Pembina and, though she had been deserted for a year before the hunter left for his old home in the east, she was naturally jealous of the woman he had brought back with him. Plotting vengeance, she pretended great friendliness to her innocent rival, but another squaw to whom she had confided her intention of poisoning Madame Lajominière, warned the hunter, who carried her off out of danger for a while.

Soon, however, he judged it safe to return to the fort at Pembina, and there was born Marie Ann's first child, a daughter. This infant was not five months old, when her roving father determined to make a journey up the Saskatchewan, with three other Canadian traders and their Indian wives. Of course, his wife had to go also. She followed the Indian fashion of packing her baby in a moss-bag and, as the canoes were small, was forced to be content with the smallest possible supply of provisions and "necessaries". They spent weeks on the way, hunting and fishing as they went.

Reaching Fort Cumberland, Marie Anne found that her fame had travelled before her, and the Indians, believing that the wonderful white woman could kill them by a glance, endeavoured to gain her favour with presents and long speeches.

"Have mercy on us. We only wish to look at you," they cried.

After a brief rest the party pushed on, but one of the hunters was blinded and horribly mangled by a bear, and for the remainder of that weary journey, Marie Anne had to

care for this poor unfortunate as well as her baby.

Summer had ended when they reached the Fort of the Prairies, where Edmonton now stands. At this post Marie spent four successive winters, whilst her husband went off on his hunting expeditions. In the summer she used often to accompany him, and once, when she and the Indian wife of one of her husband's comrades were alone in a tent on the prairie, they were surrounded by a fierce-looking band of Crees. The white woman suffered nothing worse than a terrible fright, but on the following day, Lajominière started with her for the fort. She rode with a bag of provisions hung to her saddle on one side, and on the other her little child in her moss-bag. Suddenly a herd of buffaloes crossed their path, and the horse, accustomed to the chase, started madly in pursuit. Marie was in terror lest he should come up with the herd and she and her child be trampled to death, but in vain she tried to check him. She could only cling to his mane with all her strength till Jean-Baptiste contrived to cut across the runaway's path and stop him. A few hours later her second child was born in a camp on the prairie.

This child, a pretty little fellow with blue eyes and fair hair, was much admired by the Indians. A Blackfoot squaw almost succeeded in stealing him, and an Assiniboine chief wished to buy him for two horses and a child of his own.

It was not without reason that his mother feared the Indians, for in 1809 the Cree wives and children of Lajominière's associates were massacred by the Sarcees, and Marie Anne and her husband only saved themselves by a ruse and flight.

In 1811 rumours reached the Fort of the Prairies concerning Lord Selkirk's intention to found a colony on the Red River, and Lajimonière, proposing at last to settle down, set out eastwards with his family. Possibly the lonely Canadian woman dreamed dreams of a peaceful home and congenial friends after her toilsome wanderings. But little peace or comfort was to be hers for many a long year to come.

The family now had to share the troubles and disasters that befell the Selkirk colony, whilst trying to make good its footing in Manitoba. Sent out under the auspices of the Hudson's Bay Company, the settlers were met by the bitter hostility of the rival North-West Company. Lajimonière, an independent trader, took sides with the Hudson's Bay Company, and in the autumn of 1815, four years after his return to the Red River, he undertook the perilous commission of carrying a letter from the Governor of Fort Douglas to Lord Selkirk in Montreal. He made the outward journey safely, but returning was captured by the Nor'-Westers and was held prisoner at Fort William till released by a force of armed men, sent by Selkirk to protect his colony.

During three of these stormy years, Marie had lived with her children (now four in number) in a hut on the banks of the Assiniboine, a dozen miles from the nearest neighbour. With difficulty Lajimoniere supported them by hunting, and the hut was a wretched one, without either door or window. Before his journey to Montreal, he took his wife and her little ones to Fort Douglas, but during his absence Governor Semple and some twenty of his men were killed in an encounter with the Nor'-Westers, and Madame Lajimonière had to fly from Fort Douglas (which was speedily surrendered by the settlers) to take refuge with a friendly Indian.

Her next abode was a deserted hut, and here her husband, whom she had mourned for months as dead, found her, making a brave fight to keep alive her helpless children, of whom the eldest was not yet ten years old.

When Selkirk visited the colony, he gave Lajimonière a grant of land on the Red River, opposite Point Doug-

las, which, in 1882, was sold by one of his sons for $100,000. But here Marie Anne spent her first winter in a hole in the ground, covered with thatch. Next summer, however, when two Roman Catholic missionaries arrived, she was able to offer them hospitality in a real house, built of logs.

She was delighted to see the good fathers, in whose work she assisted to the utmost of her power. A few days after their arrival, they baptized about a hundred little Indians and half-breeds, who were under six years of age (as well as the two youngest Lajimonières); and Marie Anne, "being the only Christian woman in the colony, stood godmother to them all".

At last life seemed to be brightening for this much-tried woman. It was a great joy to take part again in the services of her beloved church and to dwell in a settled home. It was not a small thing to have a little civilized food to supplement the "wild meat" on which she had lived for twelve years, never tasting bread. By some means Lajimonière had become possessed of one of the four cows then in the Red River country, and his wife and children cleared a small piece of ground. But their troubles were not over.

For several successive years grasshoppers destroyed the settlers' crops, another season a plague of mice devastated the fields, and seed grain became hard to obtain. But 1824 and 1825 were joyous years of abundant harvests.

Then in 1826 came the historic flood, when the Red River rose high above its banks, inundated leagues of that flat country and swept everything the people owned into Lake Winnipeg. Lajimonière's little house went down with the rest, and he and his family were very nearly starved, on the patch of higher ground where they had taken refuge, before the cruel flood subsided. His wife wished then to return to Canada, but Lajimonière, still determined to remain, speedily built a new house; and so it came about that Marie Anne lived for over fifty years longer in the Red River country, spending her last days in the house of her son, Benjamin, youngest of the children whom she had brought up under such extraordinary trials and difficulties.

The next sketch of this series will treat of the life and work of Dr. Emily Howard Jennings Stowe, the first Canadian woman doctor of medicine.

RE-VIEWS of the LITERARY HISTORY of CANADA

By J. D. Logan

ESSAY III.—THE SECOND RENAISSANCE OF CANADIAN NATIVISTIC POETRY

ON another occasion in *The Canadian Magazine* I noted the decade between 1903 and 1913 respectively the year which saw the close of the First Renaissance of Canadian poetry with the publication of Pauline Johnson's "Canadian Born", and the year following the publication of R. W. Service's volume of verse, entitled "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone", which marked the end of the vogue of what I have called "The Vaudeville School of Canadian Poetry", as a period of vulgarity, and even of obscenity, in the nativistic verse of the Dominion. I was, however, careful to observe that there was during that decade considerable pure poetry wrought by such singers as Arthur Stringer, Peter McArthur, Alan Sullivan, Archibald Sullivan, Albert E. S. Smythe, W. T. Allison, Albert D. Watson, J. W. Garvin, James B. Dollard, Archibald MacMechan, J. Edgar Middleton, William E. Marshall, Eric Mackay Yeoman, J. C. M. Duncan, Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, Jean Blewett, Jean Graham, Virna Sheard, Helena Coleman, "Katherine Hale" (Mrs. Garvin), "Richard Scarce" (Mrs. Williamson), Marjorie Pickthall (who is *sui generis*), and by other singers gifted with the vision of beauty, obedient to the æsthetic conscience, and devoted to the envisagement of artistic ideals in all they wrote. These devout servants of the Muse Euterpe were successors of the Robertsian group of poets, not mere imitators; and had it not been for their saving grace, the decade of the vaudevillian vogue in Canadian poetry would have witnessed a deluge of vulgarity, and Canadian nativistic verse would have become an abomination.

After the deluge of the vaudevillian verse, which has ended, a Second Renaissance of Canadian poetry was inevitable, and it is already upon us. I recall that I had prognosticated this new movement when I reviewed the first volume of Lloyd Roberts's verse, "England Overseas", in 1914, in *The Montreal Herald and Telegraph*. Silence in the matter on the part of other Canadian literary critics led me to believe that no one else saw signs of a second renaissance of Canadian nativistic poetry, even though Mr. Newton MacTavish, in his review of Roberts's volume, called attention

to the fact of my prognostication. But I am no longer alone in my view. No less important Canadian man of letters than Mr. Peter McArthur declares *The Globe*, Toronto, February 6th, 1916, that he is "just about convinced that we are enjoying a reawakening of the poetic spirit, which may give us new songs and new ideals for the days of trial that are threatening. The signs all indicate that a literary revival [in Canada] is now in progress". In this reference Mr. McArthur mentions the names of such Canadian poets as Robert Norwood, James B. Dollard, Arthur Phelps and Arthur S. Bourinot; and because he finds the verse of these and other later Canadian poets reprinted in American newspapers and periodicals and frequently runs across "enthusiasts" in Canada who take him aside and repeat to him the verses of these poets, Mr. McArthur regards these two facts as "sure signs" of a genuine renaissance in contemporary Canadian poetry.

As the First Renaissance of Canadian poetry had its origin and inspiration in Nova Scotia, so the Second Renaissance was initiated by men and women who, in general, are natives of Nova Scotia and the sister Maritime Provinces and who, in particular, have been born or educated or poetically inspired, or all three, in Nova Scotia. Others belonging to the same group and movement are natives of Ontario and of the Prairie Provinces. The most significant poets and poetesses contributing to this Second Renaissance of Canadian nativistic and national poetry are Eric Mackay Yeoman (deceased), Lloyd Roberts, Robert W. Underwood, Alexander Louis Fraser, W. A. Creelman, Charles F. Crandall, William E. Marshall, Lucy M. Montgomery, Clare Giffin, Hugh John Maclean, Arthur L. Phelps, Bernard F. Trotter, Andrew Rae Macdonald, Norah M. Holland, Laura E. McCully, Andrew Doane Merkel, Carroll C. Aikins, Mary Cornell and Arthur S. Bourinot. From the points of view of quantity of verse and of systematic publication, the movement is somewhat tentative or not yet positive and strong. Only a few of the foregoing poets have published even their first volume of verse. But though so far they may not, as a group, have contributed anything substantially important to the great sum of Canadian nativistic poetry, they all have engaged themselves to envisage pure beauty in their themes and to be loyal to ideals if fine artistry and craftsmanship in whatsoever they write.

It is not to be expected that the poets and poetesses of the Second Renaissance of Canadian nativistic verse will be able to contribute by way of new themes anything original to the *corpus* of the poetry of the Dominion. Like their predecessors, they have Canadian external nature, history and achievement, and Canadian ideals, institutions, and civilization for poetic inspiration and treatment, but these themes have largely been pre-empted by the Robertsian group and their immediate successors. The new group of poets and poetesses, then, were, and will be, left free to choose strictly nativistic or national themes, or un-Canadian themes, and to devote themselves to originality of invention, or conception, or technical artistry—to imaginative vision, incarnation of spiritual essences, and pure beauty of imagery, verbal colour and music. And so we find it. The poets and poetesses of the Second Renaissance are either nature-painters and nature-musicians, or lyrists of love, or singers of "the noble living and the noble dead".

By accident of death and also of post-humous publication of his collected verse, compiled and published, with an Introduction by Mr. Newton MacTavish in 1910, Eric Mackay Yeoman is here precluded from being considered more than the first significant poet of the new movement. Had he lived, it is altogether likely

that Yeoman would have published either before or synchronously with Service's last book of verse (1912) a considerable volume of authentic poetry, and thus have been the genuine initiator of the Second Renaissance of Canadian nativistic poetry. But as fate has begrudged him that distinction, I must give the honour of initiating, at least chronologically, the new movement to another. I cannot, however, pass without briefly signalizing some of the qualities of Eric Mackay Yeoman's poetry. The deceased poet was born at Newcastle, New Brunswick, in 1885, and was educated at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and Dalhousie University. After graduating from college, he entered the field of journalism in that city. He died of brain fever in 1909. In the brief time that Yeoman devoted himself to literary work, he produced, as Mr. MacTavish says, "poetry of a uniformly lofty character and pure lyric beauty"—tinged, let me add, with a sort of Keltic melancholy or regret for the perishableness of all the lovely things of earth and life. His "Rosalie", a sonnet sequence, is full of beauty and contains many arresting lines. Beauteous, too, are such poems of his as "To a Violet", "Autumn", and "Sing Low, Wild Bird". I can give a suggestion of his lyric quality and of the note of melancholy in his verse by quoting Yeoman's two-stanza poem, "The Sweetest Things are First to Die":

"One morn in meditative mood
I wandered where the flowers grew,
And found beside the green wildwood
The fairest flower I ever knew,
Next morn 'twas dead. 'Ah, me!' said I,
'The sweetest things are first to die'."

"I had a love; gold was her hair,
Her eyes were blue as summer skies.
She showed me joy was everywhere—
Taught me Time's wings dropped melodies.
But she is dead. 'Ah, me!' I cry,
'The sweetest things are first to die'."

Little, we may suppose, did the young singer of that sweetly sad lyric realize that he was, to use that most expressive Gaelic term, "keening" his own passing; for he went the way to the vale of Avalon barely after reaching manhood and the first expression of his poetic genius. We his elders, who watched his coming and waited for the glory that was not to be, can now only write his epitaph: *"Vir optimae spei"*—a man of the finest promise; but, alas, promise given no chance by Fate to fulfil itself.

The honour of giving reality, if not a constructive impetus, to the Second Renaissance of Canadian poetry seems to belong to Mr. Lloyd Roberts, who, early in 1914, published a volume of delectable verse entitled, "England Overseas". Mr. Roberts is the son of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts; and though born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, was reared and educated during the years in which his father was professor of literature and creative man of letters at King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia. Aside from the mere temporary place of his birth—for the place was a mere domestic incident—the younger Roberts is essentially a Nova Scotian, and had his poetic genius formed, his eye for colour and the beauties and the music of nature developed in his Nova Scotia home and environment. No doubt, he inherited the bias to poetry from his father, and no doubt learned the principles of fine technical artistry from him, but, as a matter of fact, in his published verse, young Roberts shows qualities—love of sprightly nature and the gift of a singularly lyrical lilt—that are nearer the verse of his father's cousin, the inimitable lyrist of the seasons, the vagrom heart, and the open road, Bliss Carman. In his first volume, the younger Roberts is an enchanting lover of nature, a vivid colourist, and a most melodious verbal musician. In this volume, nature is, in his own phrase, "the star"—always the theme and in the foreground. In a recent letter to me he states that in his next volume of verse, now in preparation, he has changed his "pagan

penchant for a more, as it were, Christian or spiritual attitude", and will use nature only as a background to his imaginative and musical verses. The younger Roberts, however, is, as I have said, a brilliant nature-painter and a winning verbal melodist. I quote an example:

THE SCARLET TRAILS

Crimson and gold in the paling sky;
The rampikes black where they tower on high—
And we follow the trails in the early dawn
Through the glades where the white frosts lie.

Down where the flaming maples meet;
Where the leaves are blood before our feet,
We follow the lure of the twisting paths
While the air tastes thin and sweet.

Leggings and jackets are drenched with dew;
The long thin barrels are cold and blue;
But the glow of the Autumn burns in our veins,
And the eyes and hands are true.

Where the sun drifts down from overhead
(Tangled gleams in the scarlet bed),
Rush of wings through the forest aisle—
And the leaves are a brighter red.

Loud drum the cocks in the thickets nigh;
Gray is the smoke where the ruffed grouse die.
There's blackened shell in the trampled fern
When the white moon swims the sky.

The next important poet of the Second Renaissance is Robert W. Norwood, an Anglican clergyman, rector of Cronyn Memorial Church, London, Ontario. Mr. Norwood is a Nova Scotian by nativity and education, having been born at New Ross, Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, and educated at several Canadian universities, including King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, where he came under the intellectual and æsthetic influence of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts. Like the younger Roberts, Mr. Norwood is an exquisite colourist and musician; but he is *sui generis* as a singer of spiritual love. It is his mastery of verbal colour and music and his power of spiritual exaltation that made his first volume of poems, "His Lady of the Sonnets" published in 1915, the most novel and appealing volume of original verse by a Canadian that has appeared in a quarter of a century. I quote two examples:

I meet you in the mystery of the night,
A dear Dream Goddess on a crescent moon;
An opalescent splendour like a moon
Of lilies; and I wonder that the height
Should darken for the depth to give me light—
Light of your face, so lovely that I swoon
With gazing, and then wake to find how soon
Joy of the world fades when you fade from sight.
Beholding you I am Endymion,
Lost and immortal in Latmian dreams:
With Dian bending down to look upon
Her shepherd, whose aeonian slumber seems
A moment, twinkling like a starry gem
Among the jewels of her diadem.

Is there any love-sonnet as such in American or in English literature more winning in colour and verbal music than the foregoing from Mr. Norwood's arresting and emotionally pervasive sequence? An an example of his rare genius for spiritualizing love, I quote the following:

Last night I crossed the spaces to your side,
As you lay sleeping in the sacred room
Of our great moment. Like a lily's bloom,
Fragile and white were you, my spirit-bride,
For pain and loneliness with you abide,
And Death had thought to touch you with his doom,
Until Love stood angelic at the tomb,
Drew sword, smote him and Life's door opened wide.
I looked on you and breathed upon your hair—
Your hair of such soft, brown, translucent gold!
Nor did you know that I knelt down in prayer,
Clasped hands, and worshipped you for the untold
Magnificence of womanhood divine—
God's miracle of Water turned to Wine!

In those exquisitely wrought, sensuously-coloured and yet spiritually elevating or transmuting verses, I discover a new note of authentic poetry, as if Dante, or Rossetti, or Keats, or Patmore, or Tennyson had returned

to earth, reincarnated, so far forth, in the genius of Robert W. Norwood—a new note heralding the coming of a novel quality and a fresh excellence into Canadian nativistic poetry of the Second Renaissance. Mr. Norwood expresses his poetic genius also in other verse-forms—dramas and dramatic dialogues—in which he shows decided originality of invention and treatment. But, in my view, it is as a colourist, musician, and interpreter of the spiritual meanings of human experience that he is a superb and superior poet.

Like a bolt of lightning out of a clear sky, came into the revival in Canadian poetry an unexpected lyrist, having a new note or notes. This was Hugh John Maclean, son of William Maclean, M.P., proprietor of *The Toronto World*, and himself managing director of that journal. The poet was born near Toronto, and educated at Toronto University. In February, 1914, there appeared in *The New York Times Sunday Magazine* a poem, with the uninviting, laconic title, "Just a Clerk", by H. J. Maclean. It caught the attention of the New York literary critics, and set them inquiring who the new poet could be. For they had noted in the poem an unusual sincerity, a direct simplicity in treating poignantly a lowly theme, and refined technical artistry. There was hardly any colour in it, and no elaborate structure and music, but only elemental humanity and pathos. These, then, are the new notes that Hugh John Maclean has introduced into Canadian nativistic poetry of the Second Renaissance, namely, sincerity, humanity, and simple pathos, winningly phrased. I quote Mr. Maclean's "Just a Clerk":

Lord, I am but a little clerk,
That scratches with a pen;
I rise and eat and toil and sleep,
Just as all other men.

The only colours in my life
Are drabs, and duns, and grays,
Yet on the whole I am content
To tread the beaten ways.

But sometimes when the mid-spring mist
Floats on the scented night,
Strange spirits whisper in my ear,
And visions cross my sight.

I see myself a gracious youth,
In purple and bright steel;
The golden spurs of knightly worth
Are glistening on each heel.

I ride into a world of dreams,
And with my pennoned lance
I pierce the mystic veil that hides
The land of high romance.

But as I pass through Galahad's glades,
Adventuring on my way,
A ghost is ever at my back,
The ghost of every day.

And soon or late its horrid hand,
That never yields or strays,
Will hurl me from the land of dreams,
Back to the beaten ways.

O, Lord, some pray to Thee for gold,
Some for a woman's smile;
But all I ask is breath of life,
Once for a little while.

Grant me, before I pass beyond,
One chance to play a part,
To drop the guise of the little clerk
And show the man at heart.

Now, that poem might have been only a brilliant stunt. But Mr. Maclean, in a subsequent poem, entitled "A Masque", showed convincingly that the gift to envisage and poignantly to express elemental humanity and pathos in exquisite, though simple, verse, was the essence of his poetic genius. In "A Masque" the poet reveals the nobility of the jester's or the "low comedian's" *rôle* in the drama of life. I quote:

These three before the Judgment-Seat:
A Priest, a Soldier, and a Clown.

THE SOLDIER

I fought Thy fight,
My sword's red reck
Was as rare incense at Thy Shrine.
Of Vandals that defiled Thy name
Few were left standing in the line.

THE PRIEST

I spoke Thy Word,
And men, enthralled,
Fell penitent at Thy dear feet;
I won the sinner from his sin,
I sought the tares and made them wheat.

THE CLOWN

I could not preach,
I could not fight.
My work was small through all my years,
Thy Children lay in agony;
I made them smile amidst their tears.

THE VOICE

All three have served,
And, service done,
The well of peace shall slake their thirst.
The Kingdom lies behind the Throne;
Enter—But let the Clown be First.

As a poetic treatment of a moral paradox, or of the discrepancy between God's and Man's ways of thinking and of justice, Mr. Maclean's poem is as original in conception as Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem", while in choice of poetic form, dramatic presentation of truth, and in spiritual conclusiveness Mr. Maclean's poem indubitably surpasses Leigh Hunt's, and is unique at least in Canadian, if not in English, literature.

I am not compiling an anthology of later Canadian verse, but noting and signalizing distinctive persons and fresh original notes in the Second Renaissance of Canadian nativistic poetry. Much, then, as I wish to quote at length from other members of the new group of Canadian poets and poetesses, I must desist from further illustration, and merely mention Lucy M. Montgomery's poignant love lyric "You", and her exquisitely winsome nature-pastel, "Memory Pictures", with its memorably fine line, "Eyes holy as a prayer"; William A. Creelman's lofty lyric, "Along the Skyroads", Charles F. Crandall's colourful and romantic descriptive verses, "Inland", Andrew Doane Merkel's dainty miniature, "The Mayflower", and his fine descriptive and narrative poems, "Sea Gulls" and "The Loyalists", Andrew Rae Macdonald's sensuous and musical love lyric, "The Vagrom Heart", Miss Clare Giffin's noble sonnet of spiritual love, "The Questing Heart", Miss Norah M. Holland's exquisitely coloured and tender war-lyric, "April in England", Carroll C. Aikins's impressive apostrophe in blank verse to the Province of Alberta, and Arthur S. Bourinot's moving sonnet to the memory of the late Rupert Brooks, and his tender and musical war-lyric, beginning, "They are not dead, the soldier and the sailor". I have mentioned only a few of the best poems by a few of the Second Renaissance group. But there is one whose work I must specially consider and estimate, namely, Mr. William E. Marshall, lyric and elegiac poet.

Prior to 1914 only one Canadian poet had composed an elegiac poem to which could be applied the epithets "great and noble", or which could justly take a place beside such monodies or threnodies as Milton's "Lucidas", Shelley's "Adonais", Matthew Arnold's "Thyrsis", or Emerson's "Dirge". This Canadian monody was Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts's "Ave", which, though subtitled "An Ode for the Centenary of Shelley's Birth", is so suffused with ideas and emotions of death and of spiritual loss that it is essentially a threnody.

The next really fine and noble Canadian monody or threnody was Mr. W. E. Marshall's "Brookfield", which is a memorial to the genius and character of the late R. R. MacLeod, who was, or may be called, the Nova Scotian or Canadian Thoreau. Published in 1914, it consists of twenty-five stanzas, composed in the Spencerian stanzaic form. Before publication it had received the high commendation of the scholarly and brilliant Canadian editor and essayist, Dr. Andrew McPhail, and immediately on its appearance in print was hailed as a notable poetic performance by critics in the United States, particularly by Mr. E. W. Thomson, himself a gifted poet, and one of the literary critics on the staff of *The Boston Transcript*. Mr. Thomson signalized "Brookfield" as a threnody exquisitely wrought and compellingly expressing "certain poignant notes of personal affection,

even such as immortalize Bishop King's 'Exiquy of His Wife', Emerson's 'Dirge' and 'Threnody', the 'Lycidas' of Milton, Matthew Arnold's 'Thyrsis', Whitman's 'Captain, My Captain', Kipling's 'A Charm'." I quote the concluding stanza of "Brookfield" to show something of the poet's quality:

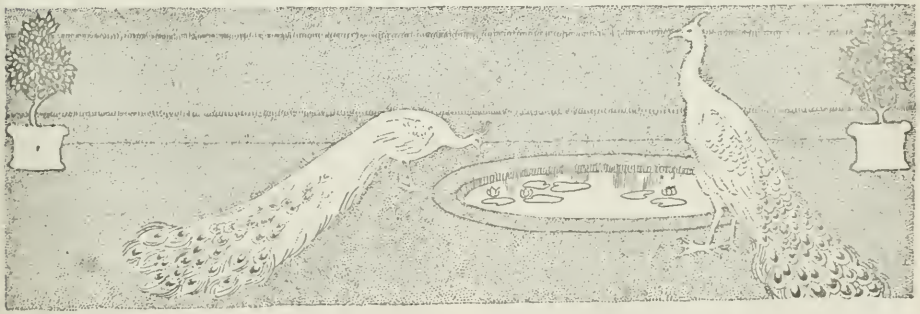
O, friend, who so didst joy of knowledge use,
That men look up and brighten at thy name,
And speak of genius, and put by the news
To tell some good of one death cannot claim,
Nor life require to read in sculptured fame,
The wind upon the hill hath sweetest hush;
The day is melting into tenderest flame;
And from the valley, where the waters rush,
Comes up the evensong of the lone hermit-thrush.

Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott's "Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris", published in 1915, is the third elegiac poem in Canadian literature that has in it the qualities of quintessential poetry. A detailed appreciation of these three elegiac monodies would require an essay by itself; I shall, therefore, say no more about them except to remark that it is a signal distinction that three Canadian poets—two of the First Renaissance (Roberts and Scott), and one of the Second Renaissance (W. E. Marshall)—should have written monodies that artistically and emotionally considered have won the admiration of scholarly and sincere critics who have praised them as being noble and exalting and worthy to be remembered with the great threnodies of the English and the American poets.

Elsewhere I have submitted that a renaissance in a people's literature is equally a renaissance of that people's genius and national life. The current reawakening of the poetic spirit in Canadians must be noted as significant of progress in national civilization. The true poet is no mere "idle singer of an empty day", but the essential spirit of a people expressing in sublimated speech their dearest and most ardently desired ideals. "Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!" once sang the great 18th century English poet, Alexander Pope:

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died.

The next article of this series is entitled "Canadian Poets and Poetesses as Lyrists of Love".



THE SQUATTER'S CUP

By Will H. Ogilvie.

CANADIAN was a very tall chestnut horse, with three white "stockings" and a "blaze" down the face; he carried a Queensland brand, and I had no reason to doubt the word of the drover from whom I eventually bought him when he said that he was bred on "The Cooper", that his mother was one of the fastest mares that ever looked through a bridle, and that if this lanky, untried colt could not gallop with any race-horse on the Lachlan River he'd eat his stock-whip.

Dave Wilson liked the look of him, and I had an immense respect for Dave's judgment in horseflesh; so the bargain was struck. I gave over my fat brown horse with the wire-blemished hind-leg, and a cheque for seven pounds in addition, and led my purchase home. He was as lean as a rake, and very leg-weary, and dragged hopelessly on the halter. We came in for a good deal of chaff as we rode up to the station building.

"Halloa! Billy, where did you get the hat-rack?" asked the Boss in jovial greeting.

"We was just out of dog's meat," was the cook's comment.

Ned, the cook, was our licensed comedian. Hammond, the book-keep, thought the new acquisition would be handy in flood-time for packing rations across the swamps, and Hughie said the cap-rail on the stock-yard gateway would have to be raised if my horse was to go under it every morning.

But there was nothing wrong with Canadian. He filled out and flourished—he was only three years old—on the rich bluegrass in the back paddock, and every month saw him improving and thickening, till at last even the cook admitted that he was "a great slashing fine colt".

Nine months after I bought him I took him up and rode him, and the first morning I mounted him he caught me unawares as I was getting on and threw me heavily against the fence. I introduced him to whip and spur, fought him, and beat him, and thereafter we became the best of friends. I got him thoroughly quiet, and then one morning Dave and I went out along the sand-hills and gave him a half-mile gallop with old Mosquito. He left the old horse, who was himself pretty useful over the distance, so far behind that we could hardly believe our eyes, till a second gallop put the question beyond doubt.

A little later we tried him against Paleface, Dave's famous little race mare. He beat her so handily by two lengths over a mile that, even allowing for the difference in our weights, we knew we had "a good one".

"The Squatter's Cup is as good as won," said Dave as we rubbed the big colt down with a bunch of barley-grass.

We kept our knowledge to our-

selves, and trained the chestnut without any outside assistance. He thrived on hard work, improved in his style of galloping, and flattered us into believing that, bar accidents, he was as nearly a certainty for the big race at Hillston as anything in racing can be.

At last the eventful day arrived. The sun blazed down on the parched brown course and paddock, on the square, barn-like grand-stand, with its galvanized iron-roof, and on the crowd that moved in and out in an ever-changing kaleidoscope of colour. Here and there one of the race-horses held court in a little circle of admirers, or a figure flitted through the crowd carrying a saddle or a weight-cloth. In the shade of a kurrajong tree on the slope of the hill, Hughie Warren held Canadian, awkward and strange in the unaccustomed clamour and movement. The colt looked immensely tall and leggy and was very light in flesh, but his coat betokened perfect health, and the muscles stood out upon him like cord.

Dave had pushed through the crowd. Hughie met us with an anxious face. "Where's the boy?" he asked.

"Just weighing out," I said; "here he comes!" And our diminutive jockey, saddle on arm, stepped up at the moment. His small cunning face scanned each one of us furtively as though to question how much we knew of his past misdeeds, for he had the reputation of being a magnificent horseman, but a conscienceless scoundrel, who would sell his own brother in a race. However, he was the only boy we could get at Canadian's weight—seven stone-ten—and we considered that by promising him the substantial premium of seven guineas if he won this race we had precluded the chance of any of the bookmakers, or others, bribing him to pull our horse.

Dave Wilson had agreed to run Paleface in the race, so as to ensure a strong pace for the colt, and as her weight was nine stone Hughie was able to take the mount. Albert took Canadian's bridle and Hughie went off to weigh out for the mare.

"Now," I said to the boy when I had fastened the surcingle and swung him into the saddle, "the race is a mile and a half, and this colt is a good stayer and is very fast. The brown mare will make a pace for you, and you'll steady him behind her till you come to the mile-post. At that point you'll take up the running, and unless we're all out in our reckoning, he'll come right away with you and nothing can live with him up the straight. But, whatever you do, don't wait after you pass the mile-post, wherever the mare may be."

He nodded sulkily, and the toss of his head implied that he knew more about riding a race than any owner could tell him. I watched him walk Canadian down to the other horses; I noted the easy seat, the light hand, the confident assurance of the shoulders, and I thought it a pity so splendid a horseman should bear so tarnished a reputation.

Hughie rode up to me on Paleface. His features were a study in anger, disgust and dismay. He bent down to me and spoke hurriedly.

"We're beat," he said, "beat before ever we start; the colt's stiffened. The boy's been bought by them confounded bookies. Barton's offered him ten quid to pull the chestnut, and he means to do it. Jem Rutherford heard 'em fixin' it up, and he came straight over and told me."

I was staggered by this bit of news. I stood to lose rather more than I could afford if the chestnut failed us; more than that, I had set my mind for months back on winning this particular race. Above all, my best friend and devoted comrade, Dave Wilson, was "on" him to his last pound, and I knew what failure would mean to him. For a moment I had nothing to say, no plan to offer.

Dave Wilson joined us, and we told him the plot. For a moment his face

darkened. Then a smile, Dave's perennial smile, broke over it. "The chestnut's a hard horse to stop when he's galloping, isn't he, Billy?"

I knew this was true; my shoulders still ached at that moment as the result of the morning's gallop on him. No horse I ever rode before or since pulled so strongly and so steadily. But I looked at the workman-like figure of our jockey as he rode down towards the post. "Yes," I said, "that's true enough; but where's the horse on earth that crooked Nat can't hold?"

Dave only smiled, and whispered a word of two to Hughie, who gathered up the mare and cantered off after the others.

"Well, of all the scoundrels I ever knew or heard of—" I began, but Dave Wilson stopped me.

"Wait a bit, Billy," he said; "the race isn't lost yet."

I marvelled that he should take things so easily, and followed him, wondering, as he threaded his way to the rough grand-stand.

There were seven horses in the race, and Bygone, from Lachlan Springs, was favourite. Paleface, on her reputation, was backed to win quite a lot of money; but the others, including Canadian, were practically friendless, and it was quite easy to get twelve or fourteen to one about the unknown chestnut colt.

"I'll lay twenty to one Canadian," yelled Barton, the bookmaker, as we passed his stand. "Twenty-five to one to you Mulga Plains gentlemen!" he called to us.

Dave straightened himself, and a steely glitter came into his honest eyes. For a moment I thought he was going to hit the man. Then he spoke very quietly, and with a courtesy that must have cost him an effort:

"I'll take you, Barton—twice over, in pounds."

The layer of odds booked the bet with ill-concealed avidity.

I was aghast at Dave's confidence, considering what Hughie had just told us, and I remonstrated with him as we climbed the steps of the grand-stand. "The chestnut's a hard horse to hold when his blood is up, Billy," was all he would say.

The start was a good one, but soon Hughie, on Paleface, pulled out in the lead, and the others followed in a string; Bygone second, Winnie third, Canadian fourth, and Donnelly's gray a bad last.

At the end of half a mile, with the pace a cracker all the way, Paleface had increased her lead to three lengths, Bygone and Winnie were racing neck and neck, and Canadian pulling Nat half out of the saddle, was a length behind them.

"If that infernal scoundrel stops him," I muttered, but Dave put his hand on my arm. "Wait a bit," he said. "Watch Hughie!"

At the mile-post Paleface was tiring, she had come the full distance at the top of her speed, and now she began to drop back to her horses. Winnie now gained on her rapidly, and Bygone was only a length behind. Two lengths farther back the big chestnut horse, full of running, was fighting for his head, Nat up in the stirrups holding him easily with gentle, magnificent hands. Sick at heart, I turned my head away and, I'm afraid, swore deeply and wholeheartedly. There was a roar of "Paleface is beat!" and when I looked up Winnie and Bygone were racing neck and neck in the lead, and Paleface had dropped back alongside Canadian. Then, suddenly, I saw Hughie draw his whip and bring it down once, twice, thrice, with what seemed cruel and unnecessary vigour.

"What's the use of him flogging your little mare like that, Dave?" I said. "She's done; he must know that!"

But Dave was chuckling to himself behind his race-glasses.

"Good old boy; give it to him!"

And, even as he spoke, the chestnut colt, maddened with the blows of

Hughie's whip, sprang wildly forward. Even crooked Nat's superb hands could not hold him now, and he tore up the straight like a horse possessed by a devil. For a stride or two Hughie raced the mare up behind him and gave him a parting slash across the rump that put another foot on his stride. Seeing that all chance of stopping him without attracting the attention of everyone on the course was now over, Nat loosened the good horse's head, and he shot up to the leaders like an arrow from a bow. In a few strides he had both of them beaten, and going on alone he won the Squatter's Cup by a full four lengths.

How we cheered as the riders came back to scale; whole-hearted cheers for Hughie Warren, who had saved us our money and won me the cup.

"Yes," said that dapper little stockman afterwards, as we stood in Canadian's box talking it all over and examining four savage-looking welts upon the colt's shining quarter, "yes, I laid it on to him pretty heavy, poor beggar, but I handed Mr. Nat a couple over the thigh at the same time just to show there was no favouritism."

HIS SOLDIER MOTHER

By MARGARET YANDIS BRYAN

A QUIET night, with just a distant roar
Of cannon! So it is with war.
Life goes on in the same old way,
And as the dawn must usher in the day
So we must find our hopes and hold them true,
Our hopes for victory, for home, and you.
If we are brave, dear one, who gives us courage to keep on
Our way, and to be manly, to be strong?
Whose letters bring to us most joy and cheer?
Who tells of home news, never letting fear
Creep in those lines? She, who has put us in God's care.
Must reflect strength and love to us in prayer.
Who gave her sons with all a woman's grace,
And left a memory for them—her smiling face,
Her faith, her trust, her love? There may be heroes, dear,
Upon the battlefield; but those who speak no fear,
Who fight their battles silent and alone,
Sitting beside the firelight at home,
They, too, are heroes; for it is most true
God made the bravest of the brave in such as you.

THE WHITE GARDEN

By LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

YOU care for me (oh, so tenderly),
And you bring me to sit in the garden,
Watching me all so anxiously.
And I love you and ask your pardon,
Because I can laugh no longer.
But I try—oh, I try—to tell you
That it's really not all sad
And that here in my white, white garden
I am almost, almost glad!
For love (O, my Lover!) is stronger
Than blood and blackness and death.

He was such a glorious lover!
(Oh, the years of golden weather!)
And how we joyed in the colour
That we found in the world together:
From the tawny shades of our Eastern rugs
And the gleam of our copper-lustre jugs,
To the rose and the green and the weird ice-blue
Of winter and summer and springtime hue!
Oh, the hyacinth-beds when the "south-west" blew!
But love (O, my Lover!) is stronger
Than blood or blackness or death.

I wish I could make you understand
As my Lover does in his far-off land.
For he knows why my flowers are all silver white;
He knows why the sun is like pale moonlight;
He knows why the brown and golden bees
Are white, and the grass and the whispering trees.
Only the sky so far away
Grows bluer and nearer every day—
For love (O, my Lover!) is stronger
Than blood and blackness and death.

THE GODMOTHER

By Henrietta Kendrick Reeves

"WHY, mademoiselle, what on earth are you doing out this slippery day?"

"It is for my soldier. I am his godmother. There is of some linen, some tobacco and *tenez*, madame, I send money also," she replied.

She was standing before the money-order cage at the post-office, the old fingers trembling with eagerness. The little eyes were as piercing as gimlets, and an expression of beatific satisfaction illumined a face of hills and hollows like the brightness of motor-lights overspreading a worn roadway on a black night. Seeking *le mot juste,* I should say that mademoiselle presented a Gothic facade. Her bonnet of amethyst velvet was a pointed arch with a delicate tracery of lace ornamenting the apex; the white hair was pompadoured in a corresponding point; the nose and eyebrows were Gothic, and the high cheek-bones made pendant arches to the central *motif.* She was always garbed in good taste. I often wondered how she did it. She looked so genteel in her black mantle, and the purple clematis on the bonnet contributed an unmistakably *Gaulois cachet.*

"You must let me take you home in the motor. With this coating of sleet on the streets it is not safe for you to be mounting the electric cars," I said.

I had visions of mademoiselle with a broken hip laid up for months at the Old Woman's Home, her ultimate shelter since she had become too feeble to hold her place at the Seminary, where she had been instructor in French for years.

"Madame," she excitedly continued, nodding acceptance, "the miracle has happened. *Figurez-vous,* when I read in *Les Annales* the announcement that Monsieur Brieux—ah! *ce bon Brieux* —was selling the brushes made by the sightless ones, the poor soldiers who have lost their eyes, I wrote at once and sent two dollars for a brush; *ordinaire, pas grande chose,* any brush from *ce cher* Brieux is great thing, is it not, madame? This morning the brush arrives, and there was on it carved a name in straggling letters—letters traced by the fingers without the eyes."

Her lips quivered and the cracked voice ended in a sob. I took her arm and led her to the automobile, inquiring:

"And the name?"

"It was the name that has been carved on my heart for fifty years."

"Not the young professor at Amsterdam?"

"Yes, the same. I have just posted a letter to André Rouet, care of M. Eugène Brieux at Chartres. Perhaps *le Bon Dieu* will send me of his news after all these years."

"The same name," I considered; "it may be his grandson."

"It will be four weeks to get an answer. Then I shall know."

"Mademoiselle, do tell me some more about André and those days at Amsterdam."

"You really like to hear?"

"Indeed I do."

"Ah, well. I was a governess for two years in the family Maertens. On their walls there was an ancestor by Rembrandt, a burgomaster—they were *grande famille.* Fulda, my charge, was thirteen, and Urlus was eleven."

"She was very delicate, was she not?"

"Consumptive. For that we spent much time in the open. On fair days we made promenades in the country, passing the afternoons among the fields and by the canals. We sang always; it was good for Fulda to sing. André was tutor for Ulrus, for the Latin and the French, and they liked very much to accompany us. Ah! we have many happy afternoons to gather the poppies! André like to hear me sing. He said it was to him the *rossignol* at Salons, and he saw always the long white road and the tall poplars of his dear Provence. One day, when we returned to the house, at the door André press in my hand a little box and he say: 'Léontine, it is my message to you—to-morrow may I say it?' For a moment he held my hand and I look into his eyes like mirrors and feel my face red like the poppies on his hat. Then I go to my room and lock the door to open the box. It is a gold heart on a chain. On the front, there are letters: *'A. Léontine. A.R.'* Scratched with a knife on the back of the heart, very fine, is: *'Je vous aime.'* I have never seen him since that day."

When mademoiselle was moved she always resorted to the present tense. Perhaps she found it more primal. Her glow had faded to twilight solemnity. I dared not intrude upon a sacred moment, and waited silently for her to resume the confidence.

"That night I dreamed of the poppies. I stopped to pick a crimson one, and *vite*—the flower change to a snake and stung me on the forehead. I awoke with a start, conscious of a knocking on my door. 'Mademoiselle, mademoiselle, you are to come at once!' It was the voice of monsieur at my door. I threw on my long mantle and sought the apartments of madame. She had the white face and the eyes of tragedy. Kneeling at Fulda's bedside, she was speaking to her and rubbing the hands. Fulda's eyes were closed and she looked like a waxen image. The tiny blue threads of veins on her temples were the only signs of life. The pillow, the white *linge—all—all* was drenched with the red blood. I knew the dreaded hemorrhage had come.

"'The doctor, madame, he must come at once!' I said.

"'Monsieur has gone for him. Get quickly the brandy and the hot water,' she replied.

"The maids, aroused by monsieur, entered and we worked to put warmth into the little white body. When the doctor came, he found the pulse very weak. By morning she had silently gone to sleep. There was no more blood for the heart to pump and it stopped. During the days which followed, I never left the chamber of madame. The house was a tomb. Every evening I found poppies in my room. Franz, the butler, said that André left them for me at the door. One evening there were no poppies. It was about the sixth day. I wrote a few lines, giving the letter to Franz to carry to André's lodging that night. The next morning, Franz came to tell me that André had gone. Since the evening before he was not there—*disparu,* and Frau Helst knew nothing of him. I wait and I wait, but I hear nothing. When madame recovered a little her strength, she said she could not see me any more; it made the heartache worse. So I went to my sister in London, and very soon I place myself in the *famille* Wearthern."

"And you never heard from André again?" I asked.

"Never. I left with Franz a letter for André should he return. He had also my address, but after one letter I hear nothing from Franz. It is as though the city of Amsterdam were swallowed by the sea."

I had heard the bare outlines of mademoiselle's story before, but without the dramatic human values which the name on the brush had now brought forth. I dropped her at her door, and did not see her again for several weeks. Upon my return from New York, I went out to resume my French lessons. She was dictating to me the opening chapters of "Père Goriot", and the interminable sordidness of the Maison Vauquier offered few allurements, save as art—which is always long. Upon entering the building, I encountered some of the members of the board and learned that mademoiselle had fallen into disgrace and was not in favour with the lady managers of the Home. She had offended these bombazine souls, who, enthroned on horsehair sofas and surrounded by an aura of piety as unyielding as the horsehair, sat in judgment on her frivolities. Mademoiselle followed a road to heaven other than the one staked out by the board of managers. She had committed an unpardonable sin; she had the effrontery to remain seated at her knitting while prayers were being said in the parlour for Miss Lucy Brown, whom the Lord had seen fit to release at the age of eighty-one.

"There she sat, knitting gray yarn for the soldiers, just as though Miss Lucy were in her bed instead of her coffin," said Mrs. Keever.

"Yesterday she ordered a dozen grape-fruit from Drone and Jackson, and gave them around to the old ladies. They'll be so spoiled they'll think they are living at the Plaza Hotel. I never saw anybody so careless with money," said Mrs. Closen, who would never have that particular sin to answer for.

"What should she do but spend four dollars for a new-fangled electric pad just because Aunt Marie Owen has cold feet at night! And our electricity keeping it going," rejoined Mrs. Keever.

"But the worst of all was that she wrote Dr. Simcox when he treated her neuralgia."

"What was it, Mrs. Closen?" I asked, knowing that she was bursting to tell.

"She sent him a bust of Lord Byron and said she knew that Lord Byron was tired of living in an Old Woman's Home. And her room so comfortable, with two windows!"

"It is a rule of the Home that half of what anybody earns should be turned into the treasury. These old ladies are like children, they should be disciplined," renewed Mrs. Keever. "All winter long she has been giving French lessons and sending bundles to the trenches. Spends every cent on those soldiers, and says she is a godmother. She even sent one a watch —as if they had time to be wearing bracelet watches!" (One would have thought that the entire French army was strung in watches as thick as scales on a fish to have seen Mrs. Keever's expression of intolerance.) "Now she has spent all her money again and can't go to Chatauqua this summer. It ain't no use at all sending all that money to France," concluded Mrs. Keever, who on occasions of strong feeling sometimes lapsed in language.

"I suspected as much," I replied. I did not tell them that mademoiselle's friends had on foot a little scheme to defeat the ends of justice, *alias* Old Woman's Home managers.

"Can't you talk to her and persuade her to give less?" said Mrs. Closen, appealing to me.

"But it makes her so happy to give. Her whole life has been spent in giving. That is why she is here. She gives me more time than I pay for. She gives her books to her pupils, her fruit to the old ladies—and her heart

to France. Please don't discipline her this time," I pleaded.

When I arrived within the portals of mademoiselle's room upstairs, I found her even busier than ever. She was sewing up a bundle, headed for Paris, in the stout cloth demanded by the French postal authorities. Her little nest gave out an innocently illogical air of gayety. There was plenty of fresh air; a pot of primroses was smiling on the window-sill, and beside it lay a basket, of Indian weave, full of oranges. On the table, ready for reference, there was a fat Larousse and several numbers of *Les Annales*. The place diffused a little atmosphere most unexpected in the chamber of an inmate.

"Bon jour, madame. So you are back again; and I have a letter from France!" was her beaming greeting to me.

"Good! Am I to see it?"

"It is wonderful—quite wonderful," she replied, passing me a letter of many sheets of foreign paper.

I glanced at the writing in dismay. It was the finest possible script, beginning at the very top and extending to the last fraction of the page.

"The writer of this is certainly endowed with the national virtue—the thrift which mademoiselle lacks," I thought. "Surely *'A la Prévoyance'* hands over his lintel, even though it be not a visible sign."

"Mademoiselle, do read it to me! It sounds so much more beautiful on your tongue," I said, returning her the steel-point manuscript. And she did. I found it younger and quite as vital as Balzac. The following translation is made from my notebook:

"Chere Marraine:

"It is I, Jeanne, who write for André. I am his eyes since he came back from Verdun with the bandage on his head and the decoration on his breast. I go every day to the hospital and read to him the great events and the glory of France, while he makes the brushes. On fair days the soldiers work in the garden. It is called the Garden of the Sightless. Now, since Maitre Brieux sells the brushes, they cannot work fast enough. The whole of France wants a brush from the shop of the Maitre; even you of the far Tennessee have sent them your aid.

"I am so happy that André and I were married before he went to the frontier and gave his eyes for 'La Patrie'. He bids me thank you, chere Marraine, a thousand times for your letter and the money. The letter was to him the voice of the past speaking to the present. He is a great-nephew of André Rouet, of Salons, who was once a tutor at Amsterdam. Uncle André told him many times of the great love that came to him there and of the evil misfortunes which followed. To the end, he hoped that the blessed Providence might cause you to know that he was never faithless.

"When André, as heir, made the examination of the papers and things which Uncle André held dear, he found a yellowed 'mouchoir' with the name Léontine embroidered in the corner. Folded beside it, there were some poppies which fell to pieces when he touched them. André bids me write you that Uncle André went at once to seek you when he recovered from the long fever which carried him almost to the gates of the Great Beyond. You had gone to London, and his former pupil knew nothing of your address. The 'famille' Maertens could not pardon the long absence and refused to receive him. There was a maitre d'hotel named Franz, whom he sought, but Franz had retired to Volendam to live with his son, who owned a schooner. Together, they had sailed for some port in Denmark. Neither Franz nor the schooner ever returned. It was an accident that caused the fever, and Uncle André knew nothing from the moment that he was struck on the head by the boom of the boat until he awoke in the hospital. When he began to remember and inquired where he was, Soeur Beatrice, who nursed him, told him that seven weeks had gone by while he laid there, parched by the fever and tortured by the effort of the brain trying to think. She said that he was brought to them almost drowned. The sailor who dragged him from the water insisted that he had called a warning before shifting the sail. Uncle André, it seems, had sat like one in a dream and was swept overboard before it was known what was happening.

"André bids me write that his uncle remained 'vieux garcon' for all the years that followed the luckless search. He became a professor at Grenoble and lived among his books. André feels that you are his godmother d'amour and sends to you his tender affection. He bids me say he is happy to make brushes for the honour of France, whose single soul is Valour.

There is yet a chance that he may see when the doctor removes the bandages. I pray every day to the Blesséd Virgin, who was once a mother, that he may see the face of the little one who is coming soon.

"Your grateful godchild,
"Jeanne Rouet."

"Ah! mademoiselle," I sighed, "all the romances are not in books, after all. Did you have faith in him all these years?"

"The faith of youth is strong—"

"And yours did not grow feeble with age?"

"André was so clean-eyed, madame, but it is good to know. This is for the little one, and this flannel will make him warm petticoats, and I shall embroider them with a *feston bien solide* for the dear Jeanne," she said, displaying billows of pink wool and white flannel with that radiant expression which every woman wears when she fondles the trappings of an anticipated baby.

"Mademoiselle, I am afraid that the army of France will wear your Chautauqua trip on its back this summer, as it did last."

"I have so much to make I will not know if it is hot. Besides, there is the young Cordon; he wants lessons all summer to pass the examinations of the autumn."

"But, mademoiselle, you know second summers in the heat are often dangerous for old ladies, as well as babies," I hinted.

"I can be very comfortable on the north porch to crochet the caps, and there will be letters to write," she parried.

"As well try to stem a torrent with a toothpick as to attempt to divert the earnings of mademoiselle from the needy," I thought while taking leave of her.

Two months later, when the heat swooped down upon us like a swarm of clouds from Hades, and the managers of the Home grew restive under the apprehension of another spell similar to mademoiselle's illness of last summer, her friends made up a little purse and presented it with an instant command for mobilization at Chautauqua. When I went out to say good-bye, I found her too happy for expression and overflowing with a gratitude that put mere words to shame.

"To think, madame," she said, "it is a little girl—and they have named her Léontine. It is such a beautiful world, and everybody is so good to me."

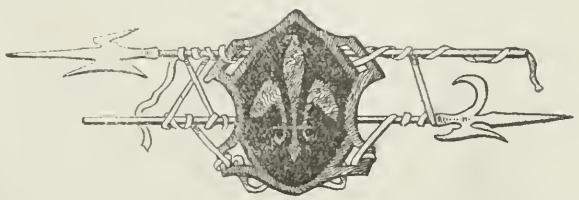
"You cast your bread upon the waters—" I began.

"I cast bread? What have I ever done for anybody? *Dites,* madame," she eagerly continued. "I am making the christening-robe. Would you use the blue or the pink ribbon?"

"I would use red, white and blue. The tri-colour for Léontine, by all means."

"*Bien.* Of course, she will be a patriot. *Vive la France!*"

"And *la Victoire!*" I fervently concluded.



NOTABLE MARYS

By Ida Burwash

THE title "Notable Marys", may suggest a romantic vision—the vision of lovely, hapless Mary Stuart, and of her attendant Marys busy with harp and lute and song and delicate embroideries, as in that famous

> "palace of pleasaunce
> Might be a pattern in Portugal or France"

they encircle their brilliant Queen. It is a charming vision, but the notable Marys with whom this sketch has to do must be viewed from a more prosaic standpoint.

They are notable chiefly to-day for their personality and work, rather than their beauty; for their prominence as forceful thinkers of their century; for the fact that in clearness of insight and breadth of sympathy, they stand more closely in touch with the progressive woman of the moment than do many sisters of her own generation.

Their lives in point of time cover the eighteenth century. The "Letters" of the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu were written during the first half of that century, up to the time of her death at the age of seventy-one, in the year 1761. Mary Wollstonecraft's book, "The Vindication of the Rights of Woman", was published in the year 1792. Her life was short in comparison with that of her predecessor, as she died at the age of thirty-eight, in the autumn of 1797.

Of the ease and brilliancy of Lady Mary's style in writing, of her unique experience as ambassadress in the East, as of her clever and amusing chronicles of the Court of George the First, it is unnecessary here to speak. Many criticisms and appreciations of her work have been written. But few, if any, have emphasized the fact that she was the first woman of her century to make public protest against the limitations of her sex, especially regarding education.

Before noting what she has to say upon this subject, it may be well to glance at the status of woman at that time, as gathered from authentic sources. From Lady Mary's biographer we learn "that the education of women had then touched a low ebb, that if they were not coquettes, gossips, or diligent card-players, their best praise was to be notable housewives".

The ideal of a notable housewife of that day is rather curious in comparison with our modern interpretation of the term. "The mistress of a country mansion," continues Lord Wharnecliffe, "was not only to invite, that is, to urge and tease, her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish when chosen with

her own hands. Each joint was carried up in its turn, to be operated on by her and her alone, the department of the host being to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them—the curate, the subaltern, or the squire's younger brother—if suffered by her neglect to help himself to a slice of the mutton before him, would have chewed it in bitterness and gone home an affronted man, *half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election.* There were then professed carving masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically, from one of whom Lady Mary said she took lessons three times a week that she might be perfect on her father's public days, when in order to perform her functions without interruptions she was forced to eat her dinner alone an hour or two beforehand."

Mr. St. John, a more unsparing critic, declares that Lady Mary lived in an age when women in general studied scarcely at all, when they received no instruction beyond what was then (he is writing in the first year of Victoria's reign) bestowed on cooks and housemaids. Other writers indicate that her education was largely self-acquired, her studies undertaken spontaneously.

Yet another alleges that she was instructed by the same tutors as her brother, receiving with him the same classical training. If this be true, Lady Mary stands forth a most signal success as a first product of that coeducation which was to be so ardently demanded by her successor, Mary Wollstonecraft.

What Lady Mary herself had to say upon the subject of woman's education in her day is expressed very clearly in a letter to Bishop Burnet. After an apology for touching on such "improper" subjects as Church and State, she continues: "For my sex is usually forbid studies of this nature and folly reckoned so much our *proper* sphere, that we are pardoned any excesses of that sooner than the least pretension to reading or good sense. We are permitted no books but such as tend to the weakening and effeminating of the mind. Our natural defects are every way indulged and it is looked upon as in a degree criminal to improve our reason or fancy, if we have any. We are taught to place our art in adorning our outward forms and permitted without reproach to carry that custom even to extravagancy, while our minds are entirely neglected, and by disuse of reflection, filled with nothing but the most trifling objects our eyes are daily entertained with. This custom so long established and so industriously upheld makes it even ridiculous to go out of the common road and forces one to find as many excuses as if it were a thing altogether criminal not to play the fool in concert with other women of quality whose birth and leisure only serve to make them the most useless and most worthless part of creation. There is hardly a character in the world more despicable or more liable to universal ridicule than that of a learned woman: these words imply, according to the received sense, a talking, impertinent, vain and conceited creature."

This was a bold onset, and the college girl to-day rejoicing in established liberty has reason to remember that boldness as a potent factor of her freedom.

Of marriage Lady Mary makes no mention, but on the question of motherhood she has registered a plain opinion. In a letter to her daughter, Lady Bute, congratulating her on the birth of a son, she writes as follows: "That part of life which we passed together you have reason to remember with gratitude, though I think you misplace it. You are no more obliged to me for bringing you into the world that I am to you for coming into it, and I never made use of that commonplace argument as exacting any return of affection. In the case of your infancy there was so great a mixture

of instinct I can scarce even put that in the number of proofs I have given you of my love, but I confess I think it is a great one if you compare my after conduct towards you with that of other mothers who generally look on their children as devoted to their pleasures and bound by duty to have no sentiments but what they choose to give them—playthings at first, and afterwards the objects on which they may exercise their spleen, tyranny and ill-humour. I have always thought of you in a different manner. Your happiness was my first wish and the pursuit of all my actions divested of self-interest. So far I think you ought, and I believe you do, remember me as a *real friend.*" Here this writer of an older time steps far in advance of her contemporaries in that, at a period when parental authority was rigid, she established a confidence between her daughter and herself very similar to that of the modern mother and daughter, best interpreted perhaps in modern speech as "being chummy."

Finally, Lady Mary is notable as a pioneer in social effort. That she was one of the few women of her century to realize that a woman's sympathies could be useful outside her own four walls is best shown by her endeavour to introduce inoculation into England. Ever alive to new ideas, she quickly realized the worth of that practice whose results she studied while living in the East. Satisfied while there of its efficacy, she had her young son inoculated during her stay in Belgrade. But on her return to London, her proposal that the practice should be tried in that city was received with bitter opposition. With the exception of Dr. Maitland, the surgeon who had accompanied the Wortley Montagus to Turkey, the medical faculty in a body rose against it. An excited spectator of the day asserts that even the clergy thundered from their pulpits against "the impiety of taking events out of the hand of Providence". Lady Mary, undaunted, finally prevailed so far as to have the experiment tried upon five criminals. Four recovered satisfactorily, the fifth confessing that he had had smallpox in childhood. Still the proof was not considered sufficient. Lady Mary then had her infant daughter treated, inviting four of the most eminent doctors of the city to watch the progress of the case. But so opposed were they still to the idea that she writes to her sister that she was afraid to leave the child alone with them for a moment, so unwilling were they that the treatment should succeed. None the less the fact is now acknowledged that the benefits of vaccination which followed inoculation should be tested in England.

Two hundred years have come and gone since all this happened. How little and how great has been the march forward of women during these intervening centuries it may be interesting for the woman of the twentieth century to investigate for herself. Glancing backward, an historian of modern times reminds us that the general ideas as to the mental education of women in the early days of the Georges were entirely different from those which dictated the education of men. That the idea that a sister should read and study the same books as her brother was as foreign as that she should learn to swim or to manage a rapier. The more honour then is due to Lady Mary that hers was the sole voice raised in protest against such limitation.

The century had passed its meridian when that voice and protest alike sank into their final silence. But already new things were at hand. Already there was growing up in London a second Mary, who was carrying on to wider issues the effort so bravely begun by her namesake and predecessor. Though their mental point of view was largely similar, the circumstances of the lives of these two Marys could not well have been more unlike. Wealth, position, opportunity await-

ed Lady Mary from her birth. Poverty, struggle and sorrow were the birthright of Mary Wollstonecraft. By her perseverence and energy she managed to educate herself sufficiently to obtain a position first as mistress of a school, later as private governess. And it was while occupied with private pupils in Ireland that she wrote her first novel, now chiefly interesting as a record of her personal experience.

It was not till she settled in London in the year 1787 that she turned her attention seriously to letters. During the four years spent in that city she worked for Mr. Johnson, the well-known publisher, bringing out several books for children, educational in aim, and occasional articles for *The Analytical Review*. Mr. Johnson thoroughly appreciated his young Irish friend. From first to last, through all her dark days, as her bright ones. he remained her unfailing counsellor. At his house in London many of her happiest hours were spent. It was frequented by many of the foremost men of the day, the readiest and keenest thinkers, and among them, as a listener to and sharer in their talk, Mary felt her mind spurred on to fresher effort.

It was during these years that Burke's celebrated essay, "Reflections on the Revolution in France", was published, and it touched the mind of his young countrywoman as with a live coal. The discussion it at once stirred up regarding the Rights of Man drew from this second Mary her prompt argument for the Rights of Woman. Her alert brain was instant to understand, and at the moment seemed to be the only one to understand that the one proposition must follow the other. She was the first woman to hear the faintly growing murmur of remonstrance of her sex, the first to gather up the growing sentiment regarding the emancipation of women and to give it expression.

It is for this service to her generation that Mary Wollstonecraft is notable, and not as some would rather say, for the romantic experiences of her life that shortly followed—the experiences of those stormy days in France, succeeded by such quick despair in England, that had it not been for a kindly hand stretched out to her at a very awful moment, the dark waters of the Thames would have closed forever over yet another victim. It is comforting to know that kindness, love and home awaited her beyond that darkest hour, even though her final days of sunshine were destined to be short.

Her book "The Vindication of the Rights of Woman" is memorable as being the first proclamation of that movement peculiar to the nineteenth century, and which is still continued as the "Woman Question". Its demands, summed up, are two—those of equality of education—alike for woman as for man—and equality of civil rights.

The evils it sets forth concerning woman are first the abject nature of her economic existence; and secondly, the stunting of her growth, intellectually and morally, by the rigid exactions of men in holding her subordinate to serve their pleasure. Its author admits the mental inferiority of women in her day, but holds it largely due to the over-wrought sensibility demanded of them by man, to the neglect of the development of their powers of mind. Perhaps no better treatise has been written on this subject of over-sensibility than the searching analysis of Meredith in his novel "The Egoist".

As a furtherance of higher education the book in question proposed first a system of national schools with co-education. For very young children it foreshadowed kindergarten methods. It argued further that should such higher education be granted to women, all professions should be opened to their choice as freely as to men's. Finally it suggested a woman's capacity for the study of medicine and nursing.

So much a matter of course is every one of these propositions to-day, one is apt to forget the courage displayed by their originator in throwing her gauntlet so boldly in the face of public opinion. The same methods of reply were customary then as now. Sarcasm, jests, not always of the finest, patronizing pity were poured forth upon her. Horace Walpole proclaimed her abroad as "a hyena in petticoats", though he admitted he had never read a word of her book. To his mind such a work was distinctly a revolutionary factor, and he hated revolutions as noisy and disturbing. Hannah More, famous as a member of the Blue Stocking Set, likewise refused to read it, on the plea that *she*, personally, had all the liberty she wanted. An array of influential periodicals flocked into the fray. *The Monthly Review* wavered. While agreeing that both the condition and character of woman was capable of improvement, and admitting that the book suggested much that was deserving of attention by the public, it carefully skipped out of danger by adding that the writer's opinions were fanciful, her projects romantic. Other critics advised her manfully to return to the weak elegance of mind, the sweet docility of manner, and to the exquisite sensibility which was the acknowledged ornament of her sex. Finally, *The Critical Review* capped the climax by lordly suggesting that to commit both author and book to oblivion would be the kindest treatment that could be shown.

Amidst this clamour an encouraging note was heard. William Godwin, one of the ablest thinkers of the day, openly commended the book. Knowing something of its writer personally (at a later date she became his wife), he knew that it was not restlessness of unfilled days or life that had evoked the work, but the sincere conviction of its author that she was speaking the necessary truth in the cause of a fuller and abler womanhood. His logical mind realized that if the abstract right of man will bear discussion and explanation, the abstract right of woman cannot be excluded from the same test. In consequence he admired not only Mary Wollstonecraft's insight and her courage in striking straightly and alone at the false foundation on which woman's whole life was then based, but the courage likewise of her solitary hope that it might be rebuilt upon as firm and free a basis as the life of man.

With regard to the second proposition, the demand for civil rights, the little book in question voices for the first time what John Stuart Mill so boldly proclaimed a little later, that, given democracy, woman must remain comparatively powerless so long as the franchise is denied her. The practical accomplishment of this demand remains to be thrashed out in future, but as a matter of abstract right it stands to-day unquestioned. At the date, however, of the publication of this book the advocation of universal suffrage was distinctly shocking. None knew better indeed than Mary Wollstonecraft herself the ridicule it would provoke; that it would be considered and condemned as the wildest of all Utopian schemes. Yet, laughter to the contrary, her demand so early formulated has not only persisted through two centuries, but repeats itself anew as a compelling problem of a third.

In the matter of the social work that appeals so nearly to the sympathies of the modern woman, the book has little that is definite to say. Yet occasional suggestions indicate that its author had an inkling at least that such questions as the true constitution of the family, the relation between domestic and political problems, the prevention of crime, and other social complexities must eventually to some extent find their solution at the hands of women.

WITH CANADIANS from the FRONT

By Lacey Amy

V.—WAR INFIRMITIES AND THERAPEUTIC MARVELS

IN a study of the war it is uncertain which rouses the most wonder, the engines of destruction, the unprecedented physical effects on the soldiers, or the development of surgery and medicine. The remarkable advance of the destructive machine I have already treated in part, although each succeeding week proves that there is no limit to it. At the time of the penning of that part there were no "tanks", although a few of us had some unproclaimed idea of their coming; and even they are but the beginning of war's frightfulness.

The side of war less known to the public, because less dramatic, less pleasant to contemplate, less immediately material to the progress of victory, is the physical conditions induced by this novel struggle. In the old days of stand-up fighting, of mere guns and rifles, where some shadow of honour clung to both sides, there was small incentive to advanced surgical methods and practically none to new medical ideas. Soldiers fell pierced by a bullet or a sword or a lance, and the result differed immaterially from the accidents of daily life. Sickness was merely the sickness of civilian life and was treated as such.

But with the arrival of trench warfare everything altered, from the training of the soldier to his ailments and treatment. It is no longer a matter of passing out from a camp to a pre-arranged battlefield, like a great military tournament, with retirement at fall of darkness for rest and care of the wounded. There are no camps now, save rest-camps, where the soldiers are out of the struggle for a definite period. The fight is carried on without ceasing from exposed trenches that make camp life at the rear a rest indeed. And retirement is temporary defeat; rest is but the substitution of brigades or divisions whose period of relief has expired.

Whoever heard of "trench-shins" or "trench-feet" before this war? Or of shell-shock?" And even nephritis and rheumatism and hernia, while illnesses of peace, have become much more the illnesses of the style of warfare in Flanders and France. "Trench-shins" may sound like a flippant name for an unimportant ailment, but to the sufferer it is temporarily as bad as a serious wound and less eager to respond to treatment. In reality it is a form of rheumatism that attacks the lower part of the leg in painful form, due to standing in mud and water. It is as incapacitating in time as a shrapnel wound. "Shell-shock" is more descriptive, but fails utterly in the indefiniteness of its application; for shell-shock may range from a mere mental surrender of the moment to staring madness or

complete and everlasting paralysis.

Nephritis, an inflammation of the kidneys, has attacked many an otherwise strong soldier, and at the first of the war was not appreciated in all its seriousness by the doctors, largely because its inducement by such a condition was, of course, entirely new. But soon it entered into the list of diseases which received special consideration and yielded to modern therapeutics with gratifying readiness. Of course, in its favour stood the physical record of the sufferer, whose presence in the army denoted a constitution prepared for its eradication. That it was taken in time stands to the well-being of hundreds of Canadians whose previous health had unfitted them for describing their symptoms to the doctors.

Other kidney diseases have been induced by exposure in the trenches, being assisted by conditions of diet and bodily protection and care. But with the more careful study of results the soldier has been safe-guarded in a manner never thought possible at the beginning of the war.

The menace of rheumatism was more thoroughly understood from the first, and it has always received special treatment. "Frozen" feet are seldom frost-bitten, but a form of rheumatism caused by the continued cold and damp. The provision of trench mats, a raised slat walk along the bottom of the trench, has done much to keep feet dry—at least to give them a chance to dry. Never after that awful first winter have those fathomless depths of mud so inconvenienced and threatened the soldiers.

Although I have never heard hernia officially recognized as a war injury, I have come across too many cases not to see the connection. In modern warfare the manual labour forced on the soldier is infinitely greater than at any other stage of war's history. Always there stands within easy range of rifle fire a great line of men who must be kept supplied. There are trenches to dig at fever pace and under all kinds of conditions. There are wire fences to erect, wounded to be retrieved under fire, strenuous night patrolling. And, while motor transport has been developed to completeness at the rear, everything near the front line is the work of human hands.

Take an ordinary night's duties. A relieving column is going in. That in itself is a novelty of this war. And each man carries a load that would frighten him under peace conditions. In addition to his equipment of rifle, cartridges and pack, he probably staggers along under a roll of barb wire, or fence-posts, or extra supplies for those who remain at the front. And the conditions of approach to the front line are in themselves a strain. Perhaps for miles the incoming soldiers twist and turn and bump along through utter darkness in a trench not wide enough to give them ease of swing, and so crooked that a wall always seems to be facing them. Here and there are holes, probably filled with water, cave-ins, the chaos of recent shelling, dropped equipment and supplies. The physical strain is, of course, tremendous. And to evade the irritation of blind trench progress some who perfer to risk the open stagger into shell-holes or deep trenches whose first announcement is coincident with a few broken ribs or a bruised body. Walking unannounced into a six-foot trench in the dark is not a recreation to encourage.

The most interesting of the physical effects is shell-shock, both from the variety of its evidences and from its treatment. Essentially a thing of this war, its every mood and twist is a novelty which has called to its study the best medical minds in the country. While in every case shell-shock is a nervous affection, it is far more varied in its forms than anyone but those in daily touch with it would suspect. There are those who maintain that fifty per cent. of the soldiers, even including those in the trenches, suffer

to some slight extent from it; and my own observation leads me to believe it. Its existence is noticeable in a petulance at unnecessary or sudden noise, and in the apparently unreconcilable effects of extreme sensitiveness to irritation and extreme indifference.

In its least serious recognized form it may go no further than a slight trembling under excitement, perhaps a profuse perspiration. Sufferers by the thousands have been temporarily relieved of trench life for nothing more than a startled shrinking at the sound of a gun. It has been found that it is much better to give the sufferer a chance to recover from the first slight symptoms than to leave it until months of careful treatment is required. A slightly more advanced stage in some is the perspiration that breaks out, the debilitating effects of which anyone can appreciate.

Of course, shell-shock is the result of the guns. In some cases it may come from the mere overwhelming roar itself, as anyone may have felt the mental irritation caused by the uproar in a stamping mill. But usually the physical condition of the soldier protects him until the shells begin to crowd him in quantities that leave him no time for recovering his poise. But the event of bombardment that claims its shell-shock victims by the score all along a much strafed line is being buried by the earth thrown up by an exploding shell. Very few cases of shell-shock have I encountered that were not induced by this terrifying experience or started on their way by it.

The story of shell-shock lends itself to dramatic effects, to startling narration of incident, for in it lies at times the weirdness of mental unbalance, of physical uncontrol, of ludicrous action, of mystifying and sudden recovery.

Where the effect is slight—it may not appear slight to the uninitiated—the sufferer usually treats it so lightly that the onlooker sees but the funny side of it. This is increased by the knowledge that shell-shock is ordinarily but temporary in its serious effects. For instance, seated at a card-table one evening with a French-Canadian soldier who looked fit for any trench, someone brushed a tiny ash-tray into his lap. Instantly, trivial as the incident was, one hand began to shake so violently as to threaten the table itself. It was early in my acquaintance with shell-shock, and while I recognized it immediately I was much embarrassed for the sufferer. But embarrassment was uncalled for. For a second or two he watched his own right hand waving back and forward as if it belonged to someone else. Then he calmly seized it with his left and held it still, smiled down on it, and addressed it in the most pleasantly detached manner: "Hold on, there. Easy now, easy." Twenty seconds later he was dealing.

The relieving feature of it is that the boys themselves treat it so lightly. A certain few make fun of it in others, and lay it to "funk". But there is none of that in the vast majority of cases, V.C.'s suffering with others, colonels with privates; and many of them are as eager as their more fortunate comrades to return to the fight. While, of course, it is "nerves", it is a form that comes so suddenly in its worst type as to be uncombattable. To me it is always distressing, and sometimes beyond description in its dire effects on the nervous system for the time being.

One of its worst forms is to deprive the sufferer temporarily of sight, or speech, or power of movement. That mental equipment has some influence on it seems evident from the fact that, at least in these forms, it is much more prevalent among Imperial than among Canadian troops. One Canadian soldier I know was paralyzed at first from head to foot. When I met him power had returned as far down as his legs, and he was most cheerful and hopeful. Slowly life crept downward, accompanied by pains like rheumatism, and soon he was walking.

The cures—that is the wonderful part of it. Being "nerves", it sometimes demands treatment that might appeal to the outsider as cruel. There are in London special hospitals devoted to its cure. It was found that the treatment it demanded could not be administered in the ordinary hospital, nor could the disease be studied save by those whose attention was undiverted by the other injuries of war.

The essence of treating mere trembling is absolute mental rest, with sufficient physical exertion to keep the mind engaged without fatiguing body or mind. This, too, is the method for the final stage of recovery in all cases. By the experiences of one convalescent home situated in the midst of a large garden, work in the garden produced surprising results. The patients were set to raking or tending flowers or keeping a certain path in condition. On the results was founded a special hospital at Buxton. The work must be quiet, free from sudden noises and movements, and restful in every way.

The treatment for the various forms of paralysis is different. The very principle of it is surprise. Which should prove the diversity of shell-shock. A man whose tongue refuses to express itself, whose eyes refuse to register, whose limbs refuse to perform their work, must be taken out of himself. The recoveries are usually amusing. A dumb man by mistake presses to his lips the lighted end of a cigarette—and cusses involuntarily. A friend tries to cheat him at cards—and in the blaze of the moment is told the particular kind of rogue he is. He falls into the water —and screams for help. One dreamed that he was entangled in the German wire and shouted his fear.

Blindness is more difficult because it cuts off the most active sense and makes counter-shock less startling. But it yields like speechlessness in the end. Paralysis forgets itself. One shell-shock patient rose from his invalid's chair and leaped into the Thames to save a sinking girl. At a "revue" an actor fired a pistol, and a helpless paralytic jumped to his feet.

It is the knowledge of these recoveries that has developed a treatment along lines hitherto unrecognized by therapeutics. In shell-shock hospitals mesmerism is a standard experiment that is frequently effective. The doctors bully unmercifully at times, until the exasperated dumb patient expresses his anger. More than one has found it impossible except by word of mouth to convey his repugnance at the doctor's frank conviction that he is faking. A doctor comes to the chair of a paralytic and suddenly orders him to stand. In sheer surprise and alarm the patient may obey. Or the doctor seats himself quietly by the bedside of a speechless patient asleep and begins to talk. The patient awakes and replies before he remembers his affliction. Once a nurse so angered a patient by telling him that he was no gentleman that he exploded in a vivid recital of his impressions of her, although he had not spoken for weeks.

In another case speech returned to the soldier through embarrassment. The nurse accompanied him to a barber's, excused herself while he was in the chair, and when settling time came the poor soldier found he had not a cent. He began to explain that he would return with the money.

Again, friends of the sufferer lay themselves out to cure him. An Australian was made to speak by his friends cutting the cord of a hammock in which he lay above a stream. As he clambered up the bank, boiling with rage, "Who the —— did that?" he roared. Trick cigarettes and matches are given, to explode near the patient's face. Bent pins are placed beneath them. Bad news is suddenly delivered. They are cuffed and booted and trodden upon and generally made miserable. And sooner or later some instinct within protests

at further maltreatment and yields. The dumb or blind or paralyzed shell-shocked soldier leads the life of a dog—for his own good.

For the ordinary cases, especially where the evidence of shell-shock is localized in a limb, massage is most beneficial, the subtle progress of the treatment from soothing gentleness to stiff kneading and rapping—always under medical advice—breaking down the barrier of nerves.

Perhaps the disease which the public and the soldier have most feared is spinal meningitis. Evidence seems to prove that the Canadians brought it to England early in the war, but its spread—in so far as it did spread—cannot be ascribed to the Canadians. The infection of an English nurse who died from it was traced to her association with a Canadian officer, who was found to be a germ carrier; but other cases have developed in France where there were no Canadians.

There has not been much loss of life from it, and its treatment has advanced to the point where there is little danger. I have talked with a number of Canadians who have completely recovered, although recovery is slow. It seems that the disease is being carefully watched, and when taken early is not necessarily dangerous. Three or four English physicians have made a special study of it.

At this time it is safe to say that at one stage of the war the most serious menace to the English arms was measles. The details of its prevalence during two or three months of the second year will probably never be known, but whole camps were in quarantine. No one but the authorities will ever know the anxiety that prevailed.

In the surgical department has been the most remarkable advance. It was quickly found that the greatest danger was not from the wounds themselves, but from a variety of sepsis that seemed to breed in the very soil of France. Wounds in themselves trivial developed seriously, and the word went forth that the utmost endeavour must be made to dress the slightest wounds as quickly as possible and to get the wounded man back to the hospitals without delay. There the main effort was towards frustrating septicæmia. Success has been marvellous. Even shrapnel wounds, the worst of all and the most likely to become infected, are looked upon with less anxiety.

The very method of disinfecting altered, and as this is writing it is still altering. That, of course, is the essence of wound treatment. The old application of peroxide of hydrogen, the standard the world over before the war, has been left somewhat in the limbo of the past. Iodine, in various forms, is the immediate hope; and it has justified itself. In hospital it changes again. A simple saline solution that anyone can make in a few minutes is the universal disinfectant and cleanser. Its curative properties have astounded the profession. It is a return to grandmother's remedy, but slightly altered in preparation and strength.

Now a new method is being experimented with by the celebrated American physician Dr. Carrol. His solution is simple but more or less arbitrary at this stage, and its application is a development of flushing that has prevailed for many months at the front. The result thus far is a wound healed in a fifth of the time formerly considered satisfactory.

There are, too, several discoveries that assist materially in the healing process. For instance, an English doctor has experimented successfully with the application of a celluloid covering to the wound beneath the dressing. The celluloid does not adhere, and in redressing the wound is never irritated and the patient is saved much suffering.

Much of the success of the hospitals depends upon the attitude of the wounded. Never have men gone through so much with such lightness

of heart, such unfaltering courage. I will never forget a visit to one of the largest London hospitals where special attention was paid to face wounds. The doctor, showing me some of the worst cases—I would soon have had enough had it not been for the cheer of the sufferers—brought me to a bed where a Scots lad had received enough shrapnel in the face to have killed him at any other stage of the world's medical development. I will not describe his face, as it had healed. Sufficient to say that one eye was gone, the other equally useless for any practical purpose.

"How the things to-day?" inquired the doctor, in that careless way which alone admits inquiry concerning health. In the broadest of Scots the poor, deformed face lifted itself towards the doctor's and a patient smile twisted it. "Canny, doctor, canny." Then with a surge of exultation, as if every ill had dropped from him: "I can see the light."

"I can see the light!" How petty the indispositions of civilian life!

"What got you?" I asked a Toronto lad, the terrible condition of whose head was concealed by dressings that had been changed twice a day for a year. He grinned. "Don't know. Must have been a sixteen-inch shell, direct hit, I think," he laughed. His only worry was how the silver plate which he would be compelled to wear through life would act under the cold of Canada.

The work of the surgeons is beyond belief unless one is moving amidst it. Thousands of men will return to Canada capable of resuming their work, who would never have had a chance under the surgical knowledge of even the beginning of the war. And thousands whose lives would have been unbearable will suffer only slight inconvenience. The small proportion of deaths would have startled even the theorists of pre-war days. And so much of the recovery is practically painless that the wounded soldier is openly congratulated by his companions. It means "blighty" for him, and comparative comfort.

"You shouldn't be here; you should be dead," blurted out a doctor to a lad whose forehead, from temple to temple, a bullet had ploughed. And the fortunate fellow knew no inconvenience save the dressings.

Hospital is pretty nearly heaven to the soldier who has spent much time in the front lines in the winter season. I personally know many of them who, convalescing in the summertime from old wounds, purposely deceived the doctors so as to return to the trenches by early fall with the chance of getting back wounded to the hospitals for the winter. It is one of the best influences on his fighting that a soldier dreads the trenches more than the wounds that will send him to the rear. He may be killed—although the chances are unbelievably small—but if he is only wounded he is willing to take the chances.

The last stage of refitting the soldier for the fight of life is worth a book to itself. New limbs that act almost like the original, nerves and bones that are made once more to do their work, muscles that are renewed —the details are as wonderful as the rareness of amputation. And still medical science is in its infancy. That is one of the grandest results of the war, that the science of human conservation recognizes more than it ever did its incompleteness and is determined to seek the remedy.

War is indeed terrible, but much of its terror has been eliminated by the call of necessity. As the engine of destruction amplifies, the problem of conservation and physical salvation grows with it and goes even beyond it.

THE VILLAGE STREET

From the Painting by F. McGillivray Knowles

The Siege of Germany from the Sea

BY COMMANDER CARLYON BELLAIRS

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON WHAT MIGHT BE CALLED "THE LAST PHASE OF THE WAR"

IN articles by Englishmen, addressed to neutrals, it is frequently argued that the Kaiser's silly charge that we brought on the war is disproved by our failure to prepare an army. It would be better to recognize any lack of preparation as our statesmen's folly, and learn the lesson to look ahead and meet the future.

As our alliance consists of five first-class navies against two, and wielding forces of at least three to one, the conditions afloat are more favourable than those for which we have always held our navy prepared. The Allies have a reserve of naval strength far greater than has existed in the land war. They have consequently had no difficulty in carrying out the chief object of war in that they have maintained at sea all their military and economic activities while completely denying the surface of the sea to the enemy, except in the Baltic and the Sea of Marmora. This success we knew from history could not end a war, but it is a condition leading to a victorious peace. It is only when we examine the secondary objects of naval war that we see indications of failure, due to the fact that we did not plan ahead, and that the different navies do not possess the co-ordinated and united effort of one force under a single direction.

Our forefathers, for instance, knew how to handle a situation where neutrals like Holland and Denmark were supplying some of the trade an enemy could not get into his own ports direct. Vast neutral interests have been created in this modern form of smuggling, interests which not only work for Germany, but will powerfully influence these neutrals, whose territory might be so useful to us in the strategy of war, against intervening at a favourable moment, as Roumania has done. Drifting into error is usually followed by concealment of error, and this has not only been the case in regard to the blockade, but in other directions. For instance, Mr. Balfour in his controversy with Mr. Churchill, revealed that the Admiralty had failed to anticipate the need for cruisers on the routes to defend our trade, and had not provided a single submarine-proof harbour on the six-hundred-mile stretch of our east coast. The worst case of unexplained inaction was the failure to make cotton contraband. Had this been done any time during the first six months of war, the enemy would have exhausted his available efficient pro-

pellent explosives, and the war would have ended months ago. What that means to the Empire, and almost every family in it, can easily be imagined. Take the Zeppelins, as another example. We possessed photographs and measurements of every detail of the Zeppelin type before the war. We did not build one, and yet the argument is clear. Germany was sure to use the submarine and mine, and made no secret of the intention. Our naval scouting could therefore be most efficiently done by a Zeppelin, which could manœuvre for many hours clear of both these dangers, and see across much greater areas than a surface vessel. Another example where imagination would have helped us was the mine-field, since we did not provide any sea mines until long after war was declared. Lines of mines are the trenches of the sea, more potent than trenches on shore, for their position is unknown to the enemy, and no artillery can destroy them. So long as the enemy's fleet exists, mines can only be removed by vessels protected by a superior fleet, and that involves too great a risk of attack by submarines. One more instance is permissible of how the brain of the navy failed to get to work. We provided the best submarines, but we did not send any to the Baltic until a few went there several months after war broke out. What was the obvious line of argument?

(1) Our strength in surface vessels would prevent German ships from showing in the North Sea, whereas the advantage in surface vessels lay with the Germans in the Baltic.

(2) Germany would therefore offer our submarines hardly any surface targets in the North Sea, whereas her commerce with Sweden, her operations against the Russians along the coast, such as von der Goltz forecasted, and the blockade of the entrances to the Baltic, would cause her to offer plenty of targets in the Baltic. These easily foreseeable conditions should have caused us to send a large flotilla of submarines to the Baltic on or about the outbreak of war, ere arrangements could be made to prevent us.

The result of our failure to face the future—and many other cases could be cited—is that after over two years of war, against a navy which dare not engage in battle, we have yet been denied by mines all entrance into the Baltic, the Dardanelles, and into extensive areas of water off the German coasts. We have vacillated in a way known to all in our blockade, and we have failed to terminate Germany's trade with Sweden. Nearly all our movements in the North Sea are revealed to the Germans by Zeppelins, and to judge by the number of troops we keep in Great Britain the naval authorities have given no guarantee against invasion. Across the picture of "the might have been", must be written "Too Late". We are bad starters, good stayers and sure winners; and our navy has splendidly atoned for administrative mistakes. It was brought late in the crisis to its unprepared base, but seamanship rose superior to all difficulties. In the battle of Jutland not only did our men show themselves superior in morale, but the Germans were both strategically and tactically defeated, escaping only through the information given by a Zeppelin.

The failure of Whitehall has led many to Mr. Blatchford's idea that new blood and reform should be brought in, and he has secured a great following since the Admiralty momentarily failed, on the first reports of the battle of Jutland, to support the gallant seamen who had won a notable victory. Some time ago Mr. Balfour refused a request in Parliament for reform because he disliked changes in war! He has now introduced one officer with sea-going experience during the war. That is not enough. The First Sea Lord should be a great strategist with the most recent sea-experience. All the Sea Lords of the

Board should be relieved of their administrative routine work, and hold the posts among them of Directors of the War Staff, Operations and Air Services. The present Directors are not on the Board, which is kept too busy with mere routine duties which tax energy and cramp imagination.

On the whole the navy has done so well afloat that one longs to see its own high standard applied to those in control ashore. The knowledge that there is room for improvement is really a most encouraging thought, because with every advance we increase the stringency of our siege of Germany. The navy's great services are so obvious that Mr. Balfour's able statement of them addressed to the countrymen of the naval historian, Admiral Mahan, seemed hardly necessary. The fuss made over the *Moewe* and the *Deutschland*, by a nation which in peace-time possessed the second navy and the second mercantile marine in the world, speaks volumes as to the siege of Germany in one direction, and contrasts with the regularity with which the supplies of the Allies pass over the seas. The fall of the last of the German colonies and the consequent release of British shipping employed, shows vividly the operations of our sea-power in another direction. The Germans know of it, dream of it, feel it in every fibre of their bodies—this tyranny of sea-power. It leads Hindenburg to exclaim that England is the enemy. It is what brought Napoleon down and made him cry out to his generals after a victory: "We want greater things than this, we want ships, colonies and commerce." Slowly the dim consciousness that British sea-power will make an end of Prussian militarism is turning to stark reality. Our brains must get to work on the problem of how to use our sea-power with the best effect. If the Germans think they can circumvent it, that thought will prolong the war. For every man and woman then the problem is to make the Government bring home to Germany the hopelessness of such an idea. One method is publicity. If we are really building to the full limits of our resources, the more Germany knows of it the better. If we sink submarines, the sooner Germany hears of it the better. If we get munitions from America let the fact be rubbed in. To constrain neutrals whose frontiers march with those of Germany is the way to reach the mind of the Hun, for he will very soon hear and feel our action. When he feels that he is so ringed in that there is no relief from any point of the compass, he will be in the mood to surrender. His allies must feel our sea-power not merely passively but actively. Let us remember that both Nelson and Dundonald were keen advocates of coastal operations. Syria, which offers a promising field for such raids, was the scene of Sydney Smith's successful exploit at Acre against Napoleon, causing the latter to say that a British captain made him miss his destiny!

The test of these operations is that they should inflict great damage in proportion to the force employed and cause a large force of the enemy to be absorbed in the defensive instead of the offensive, otherwise they come under Napoleon's ban that "the English love to wage war in small packets".

To know what to avoid is as important as to know what to do. I am constantly told that we ought to employ all our destroyers in hunting submarines, and our fleet in knocking Heligoland to pieces. That certainly is not the Jellicoe touch. It was by having his destroyers with him that Sir John Jellicoe was able to accomplish so much at the battle of Jutland. It was a terrible mistake to give up Heligoland, but we do not wipe out our mistake by piling another on top of it.

There is, however, a point at which it is redundant to add to the High Seas Fleet, and this should leave a large surplus of vessels for hunting

through the North Sea and protecting the trade to Holland, and through the Skaggerack. We can do more with the Allied navies, and our great object is to make their pressure and offensive felt simultaneously with the offensives on all fronts by the armies on shore. The submarine hunt is foremost among these secondary objectives because the submarines interfere with the transport of troops and munitions, and sensibly reduce day by day the 3,600 ocean-going steamers with which we started this war. So much are our steamers wanted in this war that we have taken over half, or fifty-two per cent., for the war purposes of the Allies. The important thing is to turn the hunted into the hunter by arming all the steamers. A twelve-knot Italian steamer is said to have recently sunk one submarine and beaten off two on her way to New York, and it is significant that in spite of the operations of the U53 an armed Italian steamer sailed, while unarmed British steamers postponed their sailings. The war statistics are conclusive as to the advantage of arming not only the steamers, but all patrol boats hunting for submarines. If the guns are equally available for sinking floating mines and firing at Zeppelins, all the better. Economy of guns and men can be obtained by changing them over from vessels passing out of the submarine zone to those passing in. That is a detail. The important things to remember are that it takes time to replace a lost merchant ship, it is expensive to build, and it interferes with naval work. From every point of view it is better to arm existing ships. Sometimes we need them badly for a certain purpose other than actual work. Supposing we held a hundred vessels in the Mediterranean, so that troops there could be rapidly transported from one point to another. That fact alone would place the whole German plan in jeopardy, for they have no men to spare to meet a new situation, and the transport of troops by sea is much more rapid than by the poor railway systems to be found near the coast of the eastern basin of the Mediterranean. Should the military plan in conjunction with Russia and Roumania open up a road from those countries to the Mediterranean, wheat supplies would come to us by a quicker route than the Argentine.

Always we must distinguish between what is vital and what is merely useful. It is not vital that so much of our shipping should bring us more than what is necessary in supplies, or that it should dance attendance on our navy merely because it may be useful in some conjectural circumstances. We need a stock-taking inquiry on the use of shipping so that it may be employed on what is vital. But let us keep what we have got of merchant ships by arming them. Not a submarine would dare work on the surface in action if all merchant ships were armed, and their speed below the surface is not more than twelve knots, or possibly fourteen knots for a couple of hours in the latest type. Let us, furthermore, recognize that if we build a few Zeppelins, they would be, in association with our fleet and seaplanes, more than a match for a number of German Zeppelins, and so complicate the German navy's scouting tactics. If our naval movements were co-ordinated with those of the Russians in the Baltic, it is quite possible to break the Baltic blockade of the Sound against submarines and commerce. Finally, let us think out ahead how to use Zeebrugge and Ostend, and the canal systems, and Antwerp, when they are once more in our hands.

My last point is the blockade. It has to be made more stringent. If it involves, in the case of Holland and Denmark, with frontiers marching with those of Germany, certain delicate points of national rights, we should ask ourselves this question: We believe the war involves our European civilization while all Europe, including Holland and Denmark, will

come under the Prussian heel of militarism if it is lost. The greater right to defend civilization swallows up the lesser right of international laws formed before railways gave new means of supplying an enemy and a new meaning to a principle more than once enunciated in our prize-courts that a neutral ought not to acquire a new trade with our enemy by reason of the fact that the enemy's shipping has been driven off the sea. All these considerations point to the fact that we have still means at our disposal of bringing an increasing pressure to bear on our enemy, and if under the present mild conditions of our siege of Germany the Hun has begun to "squeal", we have every reason to hope for satisfactory results as our sea power strengthens to a strangle-hold.

In the case of Greece we have prescriptive rights under our guarantee of the Constitution and under the treaties, and it is permissible to point out that with her coast, the Corinth Canal, and the majority of the people on our side, sea power can very effectively be brought into action so as to clear up the situation in a very short time. To bring Greece to our side would save us much transport work, besides giving us victory in the East against the German railway system to Constantinople.

The next article in this series is entitled "Our Strangle-hold on the German Spy System". It is written by William LeQueux, the famous authority on secret service and Continental spy systems, and author of "Spies of the Kaiser", etc.

OUR NEUTRAL SPY

By J. E. Le Rossignol

THE suggestion arose in this way. One evening at dinner we were discussing the origin of the war, and after some argument Professor Morgan said, with his usual air of authority:

"We have only circumstantial evidence, but it amounts to a demonstration. All the lines converge, and the effect is cumulative. Germany wanted and willed the war."

"Oh," said Mrs. Crawford, one of the day boarders, "that depends on the point of view. Possibly the lines are parellel. An illusion of perspective, Professor Morgan."

"An ingenious argument," said the professor, with unusual deference to a contrary opinion, "but there is a marked convergence not attributable to the point of view. Indeed, there is but one scientific point of view—that of the impartial observer, the neutral. But I thought you were for the Allies, Mrs. Crawford."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Crawford lightly. "I am a native American, as my husband was, and yet I begin to see something of the other side—perhaps because of my German ancestry. I should like to know what Mr. von Posenberg thinks of the question. Tell us, Baron, about the real origin of the war. You must know."

The Baron looked embarrassed.

"How should I know, Mrs. Crawford? I am not the Lord God, nor even the Kaiser. But this will I say: it was inevitable: it had to be."

"Inevitable! Had to be!" broke in Professor Morgan. "In that sense everything is inevitable. We are not discussing philosophy. The question is—who wanted the war? Who willed it? Who is to blame?"

"I blame nobody," said the Baron, in a sad voice, "although I have lost relatives and friends on both sides. I will say, even, that I pardon everybody. *Tout comprendre est tout pardonner.* Not that I understand it all, but the more I understand the more excuses I find."

"Excuses!" exclaimed the Professor. "That is the word. Excuses, but no justification—none whatever. I do not excuse—I accuse. I accuse the Kaiser, the German aristocracy, the whole German people."

"You cannot indict a whole nation," said the Baron mildly. "But as to the military party, I quite agree with you. It is they who are responsible—the militarists of Germany, Russia, France, England—all the countries."

"Not all the countries, by any means," retorted the Professor. "The Allies were on the defensive, and their military preparations, such as they were, were designed to resist German aggression."

"That is partially true," admitted

the Baron. "All growing nations are aggressive. But consider the aggressiveness of England, of Russia. No, the pot must not call the kettle black. They all make the same mistake."

"What mistake?"

"The mistake of thinking that there is not room for all. The world is large, Professor Morgan, and there is room for both Germans and English; yes, even for Russians. Their interests are mutual, harmonious, if only they knew it. When they realize this there will be prosperity, good-will, and peace."

"You talk like Norman Angell," said the Professor, becoming personal.

"Yes," said the Baron. "I am his disciple; and, I am proud to say, his friend. He is an American, almost."

"He is a good man," said the Professor, somewhat mollified by the compliment, "but he is an optimist, a dreamer."

"All prophets are dreamers, Professor."

"Yes, but not all are safe leaders. If England had listened to the pacifists, what would she have been today? A lamb in the midst of wolves. It is well that she had a few Dreadnoughts, if nothing else. A Cassandra is the prophet that England needs, and we also—not fools that cry, 'Peace! Peace! when there is no peace.'"

"But," interposed Mrs. Crawford, quickly seizing the opportunity to restore harmony between the debaters, "should we not try to allay suspicion and cultivate good feeling between the nations? The pacifists have done good work in this way, have they not?"

"Possibly," admitted Professor Morgan grudgingly, "but if I were planning to attack my enemy I would certainly try to allay his suspicion."

This was a well-aimed shot, and I thought I saw the Baron wince as it struck home, but he made no reply. Presently he excused himself and went to his room, where his light was burning until long after midnight. The rest of us adjourned to the sitting-room, where we discussed the Baron and his neutrality.

"He is too neutral for me," said Professor Morgan suddenly.

"He is at least a gentleman," said Mrs. Crawford indignantly. "You insulted him, Professor Morgan."

"I did so intentionally," said the Professor grimly.

"In Germany you would be called out for that."

"I know it," replied the Professor calmly. "And it would not be the first time, by any means. I remember another such aristocrat at Heidelberg, and our little affair. His serene transparency was punctured, and he was in the hospital for a month. Oddly enough, he was a Posenberg, too—an uncle, or cousin, no doubt, for the resemblance is striking. Pacifist! Neutral!"

"Why, Professor," exclaimed Mrs. Crawford, "I had no idea that you were such a fire-eater. But why should you attack the innocent nephew or cousin?"

"He is a spy, Mrs. Crawford."

"A spy! Professor, how can you?"

"Masquing as a pacifist."

"Impossible. He is an absolute neutral."

"Suspiciously so."

"If you are right, Professor, he must be a most consummate hypocrite."

"That is what I think. Do you know that he was an officer in the German army for seven years?"

"What of that, Professor? He is retired."

"Yes. And after that he spent some years in England, chiefly as a student at the University of Oxford."

"Why not? There are many Germans in England."

"Exactly."

"But he was a prominent advocate of peace."

"Even so. The movement has been worth twenty army corps to Germany."

"Yes," broke in the instructor in

physical culture, "the Baron's whole manner is that of a German army officer. Notice his posture sitting or standing, his walk, and the way he clicks his heels together as he bows. He shows his training."

"What square shoulders he has!" said the suffragette. "And how slender his waist! He wears corsets, you may be sure. But did you mark his manner toward women? Overbearing and offensive to a degree. Yes, indeed, he may well be a spy."

But have you noticed the change in the food since he came?" said the instructor in domestic science. "The cook is a German, you know. Now she puts caraway seeds in the soup and vinegar in the potatoes, and we have had sauerkraut twice in one week. It looks suspicious."

"Well," said I, trying to divest myself of all bias. "I have said nothing hitherto because I felt that we had not looked at the question from all sides. One of the chief vices in modern thinking is that we do not take account of all the factors in human life, that we do not consider social reality as a whole. We omit to allow for some cause, some motive, and our whole train of thought is vitiated. Your method is wrong, Professor Morgan. You should have more facts, and still more facts, before allowing yourself to theorize."

"I have all the facts I need," said the Professor very positively. "You sociologists are always looking at facts, and never perceive their true relations. All the great discoveries have been made by a sort of leap in thought, a stretch of the imagination, if you like. Besides, there is no time for your snail-like methods, as the Baron will leave the University in five weeks."

"You are most unjust, all of you," said Mrs. Crawford, looking around the circle with flashing eyes. "The poor man is an exile, a stranger in a strange land, and you treat him as an enemy. For my part, I will have nothing to do with this cruel persecution. It is most unfair, inhospitable, un-American."

Mrs. Crawford's desertion to the enemy's side was something of a blow to Professor Morgan, as he had been on very good terms with the young widow before the arrival of the Baron, and the boarders were beginning to gossip about them. But now the Professor had an additional motive to spur him on, and he redoubled his efforts to prove his case, with the result that he soon collected a considerable amount of circumstantial evievidence, very damaging, as most of us thought, to the Baron's neutrality. Only Mrs. Crawford and little Miss Miller, the exponent of the Montessori system, doubted and even ridiculed his conclusions; and, we believed, told the Baron what was being said, thus putting him on his guard and preparing him for the inevitable crisis.

Meanwhile, the Baron appeared to be quite unconscious of our suspicions, for he conversed amicably with everybody, and showed no disposition to evade a discussion of the great question of the day in any of its phrases. Indeed, he took part freely in all our conversation, and no one could tell by word or tone, or any other sign, that his feelings were involved in the slightest degree, or that he favoured one side more than the other. For all that, Professor Morgan and nearly all our company believed that the Baron was playing a part; but a small minority, led by Mrs. Crawford, stoutly held that he was just what he professed to be—a citizen of the world and a thoroughgoing pacifist.

Even those who agreed with Professor Morgan had no antipathy whatever toward the Baron, and the question as to whether he were a spy or not was merely one of academic interest or common curiosity, affecting in no way our normal relations as colleagues and fellow-boarders. With Professor Morgan, however, it was quite different, for he regarded the

Baron as an interloper and an enemy, and tried to make him compromise himself in every possible way. Strange to say, the Baron presently gave him exactly the opening which he desired, and the astute Professor was neatly led into a German trap.

We were speaking of the German army, and of the fearful losses of the Death's Head Hussars on the banks of the Yser, when the Baron casually said:

"That was my regiment."

He was apparently exposing himself to a deadly blow, and Professor Morgan instantly replied:

"I wonder, Baron von Posenberg, that you are not with your regiment at the present time."

The Baron looked at Professor Morgan with an expression of mild surprise; was silent for a moment; and then replied in calm, even tones:

"That is a very personal question, Professor Morgan, but I will give you the answer, if it will allay your curiosity. I was expelled from the regiment for refusing to fight a duel with a brother officer, my dearest friend, since when I have given my life to the cause of peace."

Professor Morgan was staggered, but returned feebly to the attack, trying to collect his thoughts.

"You are a disciple of Tolstoi, it seems."

"I do not stand with Tolstoi, Professor Morgan, at such a time as this. When the world is at war, a man's place is with his country. I would go back, of course, but that they made me give my parole when I left England."

"Aha!" exclaimed the Professor, perceiving a chink in his enemy's armour. "Doubtless you are serving your country quite as well as though you were at the front."

"How so, Professor?" queried the Baron smiling.

"I will tell you, sir," said the Professor, with cold steel in his voice. "You are no more neutral than I, though you have been posing as a pacifist. I compliment you on your histrionic ability, and I denounce you as a spy—a German spy."

The Baron laughed aloud.

"A spy! Lord God! A German spy! What next? Presently I shall be the devil himself. Would you like to see my horns and hoofs, Professor? I have them in my box, with all the other properties. Histrionic ability! That is good. How we find our latent talents, little by little! If only I had known it sooner! But it was left to you, Professor, to make the great discovery. Your researches in physics are thrown in the shade. In my turn, I would compliment you, sir, not upon your histrionic ability, exactly, but upon the power of your imagination. You also have missed your vocation. A great detective—a sleuth, I think you call it—was lost to the world when you became a professor of physics. Think of it! In a class with M. Lecoq and Sherlock Holmes. Ha! Ha! How refreshing it is to have a good laugh."

"Ridicule is not argument," snapped the Professor.

"No, but what argument can I give? I am a German, and therefore a spy. Now that I think of it, I wonder what I am spying in this region, so far inland. Perhaps I am interested in prairie dogs, or cactus, or sagebrush, or mountains, or gold mines. Ah, now we have it—gold mines, of course. Germany needs them. You had better look into it, Professor."

"That is your best argument and our only difficulty," admitted the Professor grudgingly. "We believe that you are a spy, although we do not know what you are doing here. But wait a little."

"As long as you like, Professor," said the Baron rising. "Before I go, let me compliment you once more upon your vivid imagination and your courtesy to a stranger."

The Professor was clearly worsted in this preliminary encounter, and wisely made a strategic retirement into the background of the boarding-

house. There he did bitter penance for his premature offensive, while striving to equip himself for another forward movement.

Meanwhile, the Baron held the field. He was now completely exonerated in the minds of most of the boarders, who were ashamed of their previous injurious suspicions. There was a revulsion of feeling in his favour: suspicion and restraint were dispelled, and he was received into our fellowship as an honoured guest.

It was one thing, however, to treat a distinguished traveller with due courtesy and hospitality; it was quite another to receive with open arms one about whom we knew but little. In this respect the men of our company were correct enough in their behaviour; but the women were, as I thought, somewhat effusive; and of these the most conspicuous was the young and charming widow who had so courageously defended the Baron in the time of his unpopularity. It was only natural, after what had occurred, that she should be more or less interested in him; but that she should so suddenly enter upon a career of coquetry—or love—with a comparative stranger, seemed to me highly improper, and even scandalous.

And yet, when one thinks of it, there is nothing uncommon in an affair of that kind. In our modern society widows do not throw themselves on funeral pyres nor immure themselves in convents; and middle-aged bachelors are fair game at all seasons. The Baron himself had more than once commended international marriages as a means of promoting world peace. Moreover, he had publicly said that he should personally be glad to meet a young American heiress who would take pity on his loneliness and devote herself and her fortune to rehabilitating his poor but ancient family. Indeed, he had gone so far as to ask our landlady whether Mrs. Crawford were rich; and when he learned that she had recently inherited a large fortune through the death of an aunt in New York he was tremendously interested, and redoubled his attentions. It began to look, therefore, as though the flirtation were developing into a serious love affair, although it was less than two years since Mrs. Crawford had lost her husband—a young engineer employed by the Guggenheims somewhere in Mexico.

Oddly enough, the Baron did not seem to be at all jealous of the late Mr. Crawford. On the contrary, he professed to be much interested in his brilliant though brief career, and talked about him frequently. He told us that he had at one time intended to be a mining engineer, and that he had even studied at the celebrated Bergakadamie in Freiberg. He had never been in Mexico, but he had thought of that country as the field for his mining career, and was well acquainted with its geographical features, its people, and even its political affairs. Surely, we thought, the Baron would not talk so freely of Mexico if he had any connection whatever with the political troubles in that country.

One day Professor Morgan came to my room with a mysterious air, to tell me that he had discovered something of the greatest significance; when I asked him what it was, he informed me that he had heard the Baron and Mrs. Crawford talking Spanish, and that both spoke with a Mexican accent.

"What of that?" I asked. "He may have learned the language from a Mexican."

"Not at all likely," replied the Professor, his eyes glowing with the joy of hunting. "The Baron has been in Mexico, you may be sure."

"And if so?" I said, to draw him out, although I could see the inference quite clearly.

"He is a liar," whispered Morgan. "Count one against him."

"You mean that he has told one lie," I said cautiously. "But even if he were a confirmed liar, what does

that prove? All spies are liars, perhaps, but not all liars are spies."

"Your brain is not working to-day, Wiggins, or you could see further implications. Why did he say that he had never been in Mexico?"

"He may have had one of a thousand reasons, or no reason at all. Punctilious truth-telling is an English, not a continental virtue."

"Wiggins, you miss the point. The Baron wished to deceive us—for a purpose."

"What purpose, then?"

"That remains to be seen. He is at least acting a part, or part of a part."

"Does the widow know?"

"Of course."

"Then she also is a spy."

"No, not that. Wait a while."

We waited patiently for some days, but neither saw nor heard anything of consequence until one dark and sultry evening, as I was seated on a bench in the park, I heard two people walking on the gravel path, engaged in earnest conversation. Presently they sat down on a bench directly behind me, and through the shrubbery I could hear every word they said. It was the Baron and Mrs. Crawford; and I had no compunctions about listening, all things considered.

"You may be right, Max, in concealing your true opinion, but I should like to hear you tell those people what you think of them. What an absurd collection they are—that pompous athletic person, that aggressive suffragette, that silly sociologist, and the crazy professor of physics. A monomaniac—don't you think so?"

"Yes," replied the Baron with a snort. "They are a pack of asses, and I should like to tell them so. But I fear that I could not do so without violating my neutrality."

"Neutrality, Max! Is it jest or earnest, comedy or tragedy? How you can play the part passes my comprehension. It must be a fearful strain."

"Frightful. The calmer I am on the surface the greater is the inward tension. I am like a picric acid bomb. Some day I shall explode, and there will be hell let loose. Verdammt! I must not speak of it, or something will happen. Yet it is a relief to talk with you, Bertha, for you understand. Ah, my dear, you understand."

"Yes, Max. No! No! You shall not! Not yet. No, I tell you! Let us go now. I had no idea it was so late."

At once I hastened to Professor Morgan to tell him the news, expecting that he would be wild with excitement, but he took it very coolly, as though he had known it all before. Even when I told him that Mrs. Crawford and the Baron were already calling each other by their first names, and going still further along the pathway of love, he seemed quite unconcerned. I was puzzled, and even irritated, at his indifference, and well-nigh resolved to have nothing more to do with the case. It was no affair of mine, for a spy could not injure me in any way, nor a widow contribute in the slightest degree to my happiness. Yet it distressed me to think that another lovely American girl—for she was a mere girl—might be carried away by the scion of a foreign pauper nobility.

Two days later, after the close of my lecture, as I was at my desk making some preparations for the following day, the telephone rang, and as I put the receiver to my ear a low, sweet voice spoke:

"Professor Wiggins?"

"Yes, Mrs. Crawford," I replied.

"You know my voice, I see."

"How could I forget it, Mrs. Crawford?"

She laughed gaily.

"Pretty good for a married man. But tell me, Professor Wiggins—is Professor Morgan near by?"

"In the next office, Mrs. Crawford. Shall I call him?"

"Thank you, Professor Wiggins. I

wish to speak to him about a matter of some importance."

When Professor Morgan came I offered to retire, but he particularly requested me to remain, saying, in a jocular manner, that he might need me as a witness. Then he gave his undivided attention to the telephone, or, rather, to the gentle voice vibrating there.

"Are you there, Mrs. Crawford?"

. . . .

"No. Mrs. Crawford, and I have been feeling quite disconsolate, I assure you, since my rival appeared on the scene."

. . . .

"No rival? That is good news, Mrs. Crawford."

. . . .

"Yes, Professor Wiggins is with me. Silly sociologist! Ha! Ha! Yes, we are both here. He does not quite understand, but I will explain the situation."

. . . .

"The spy? You have some further evidence. I am glad of it."

. . . .

"Your husband's papers? He has not asked for them, of course."

. . . .

"Your room searched? Fine! I expected that. Where was the Baron?"

. . . .

"With you at the theatre? Very good! A perfect alibi. Then it was the cook, or Miss Miller. Her name is Müller, you know. But they got nothing, of course."

. . . .

"The First Trust Company? Yes, perfectly safe. If they were published we should be at war with Mexico within a week."

. . . .

"You must lead him on, Mrs. Crawford. You are a German sympathizer, you know, and Germany needs those papers. The more trouble for us the better for her—war with Mexico, war with Japan, labour war—all's grist that goes to her mill. Anything to save the Fatherland. Well played, Mrs. Crawford! A great game! Go on with it! You will win!"

. . . .

"Oh, that is a mere detail. You will, of course, not surrender the papers without asking that the Baron show his credentials—a letter from the Ambassador, or at least the local Consul. Then you will deliver a sealed package addressed to the Ambassador, containing something or other, and you will receive a receipt. That is the barest outline, Mrs. Crawford. Think it over and modify it to suit yourself."

. . . .

"Then you will send the original papers to the Department of State, with a full account of all the circumstances up to date. The whole plot will be exposed, the Baron discredited, your husband avenged, and you will have done your country a great service."

. . . .

"I shall have helped you, Mrs. Crawford."

. . . .

"Good-bye, Mrs. Crawford."

"Well, Wiggins." said Morgan as he put down the receiver. "What do you think of that?"

"Think?" said I, somewhat nettled. "How can I think when I have no facts? No material for thought! Why all this mystery? Those papers—"

"Forgive me, Wiggins. It was not my secret; but now I am permitted to explain. They are notes made by the late Mr. Crawford in Mexico—a full account of the Madero-Huerta conspiracies and other matters—a most intimate exposé of state secrets by one who knew—before he was murdered."

"Murdered!"

"Yes, that his secrets might die with him. But Mrs. Crawford escaped and carried the papers with her. Germany would like very much to publish them just now. The country would be aflame with wrath—as when the *Maine* was destroyed. A war with Mexico

would put a sudden end to the export of munitions, for one thing. You see, Wiggins?"

"Yes, I see. But this gives us no conclusive evidence against the Baron."

"Conclusive enough for me. Only one link missing, and now we have it—a motive. Presently we shall have documents to clinch the argument, and the chain will be complete."

"Oh," said I dubiously. "That is not so clear to me. There are too many unknown quantities in your equation. The Baron may be no baron at all, for example."

"The family resemblance is striking."

"Or the widow may be no widow. There was no murder, perhaps."

"It is attested by witnesses."

"Or there may be no such papers as she describes."

"I have examined them."

"Or you may have searched her room yourself."

"Wiggins, you are losing your mind. Sociology has softened your brain. Cease to look at reality as a whole, for Heaven's sake, and follow the clues that we have found. Your method gives us a tangle of disconnected threads, leading nowhere."

"Well," said I, in a conciliating tone, seeing that Morgan was irritable. "I do not deny that you have a strong case, a very strong case. I was merely trying to show the chance of error. Science should make us cautious."

It was fully two weeks before anything definite occurred, and we were growing anxious about the outcome, although Mrs. Crawford sent us reassuring messages from time to time. More than once it occurred to me that she might be playing a double game, but I instantly dismissed the thought as an unworthy suspicion. As for Morgan, he trusted her with a lover's faith, and his only concern was whether she could accomplish her difficult task.

At last the suspense came to an end. It was high time, for the summer session was about to close, and on the following day our little company would disperse, never to meet again. So it was a glad welcome that I gave to Morgan as he burst into my office, frantically waving an opened letter in the air, and exclaiming, in a voice that sounded like a trumpet call—although it could not have been louder than a stage whisper:

"We've got him! Ah, the damned spy! We have him!"

"Aha!" cried I, only a shade less excited than my colleague. "Good for you, Morgan. What is it? Out with it. But let me close the door first—someone might hear."

"True," he whispered. "Walls actually do have ears, in these days of physical science. But listen to this:

Auraria, Eldorado, July 25th, 1915.
My Dear Professor Morgan:

After some delay and much finesse, I have obtained the evidence about which we spoke. The Baron is the most elusive personality I have ever known. Be careful, or he will escape us yet.

Please use the papers as you may think best, and believe me,

Very sincerely yours,
Bertha von Arndorf Crawford.

"That is satisfactory as far as it goes," I said. "But the widow's name—what does that signify?"

"Nothing," replied Morgan. "The name is German, but the family has been American for three generations. There is nothing hyphenated there, but it misled the Baron all the same. He thinks she would give her life for the Fatherland. But here is something else. Listen!"

Mrs. Bertha von Arndorf Crawford,
Rumford Hall,
Auraria, Eldorado.

Dear Madam.—As you have asked me for a statement regarding the Freiherr Max von Posenberg, it gives me great pleasure to assure you that he is a gentleman of high family and unblemished reputation, and that any confidence which you may repose in him will be absolutely respected.

I have the honour to be, dear madam,
With high respect,
Frederick Hermann,
Consul-General of the German
Empire for Eldorado.

"That covers the ground, doesn't it?" said Morgan exultantly.

"Well," I demurred. "It appears to cover altogether too much ground—like the Delphic Oracle. I wish it were more specific."

"Wiggins, you are hypercritical. Let me read you this":

Received from Mrs. Bertha von Arndorf Crawford, a sealed package addressed to the German Ambassador at Washington. The important papers which it contains are to be returned to the owner as soon as possible.

Max Freiherr v. Posenberg.

Witness,
Frederick Hermann,
Consul-General.

"That is better," I admitted in reply to Morgan's look of triumph, "and yet I have an uncomfortable feeling about it—a vague sense of uneasiness which I cannot explain."

"You talk like a woman, Wiggins. Get rid of your intuitions and vague presentiments—nothing back of them."

"I hope not, Morgan," I retorted. "But your mathematical demonstrations are not always satisfactory. You may get a plus or minus result, both fulfilling the conditions of the equation. Von Posenberg is or is not a spy—not very conclusive, that."

Morgan laughed loud and long, and in that moment of confidence I, too, felt that my fears were groundless.

The dénouement came that very evening, as we were talking of our coming dispersal and our plans for the rest of the summer. Professor Morgan was, as I knew, awaiting an opportunity to resume the attack, but the Baron anticipated him, according to the usual German method—offensive-defensive.

"So, Professor Morgan, we part tomorrow. You have made my stay in Auraria very interesting. But do you still think me a spy? Have you any further evidence?"

"We have, indeed," retorted the Professor. "For one thing, you have never been in Mexico, and yet you speak Spanish with a most peculiar accent."

"I got it in Argentina, Professor. Only an expert could tell the difference between the dialects. Anything else, my friend?"

"Then I am an expert, Baron. But let that pass. You have been posing as a neutral, for reasons of your own, but I have to tell you, sir, that your neutrality is a farce. It must be a fearful strain to maintain so calm an exterior when the inward tension is so great. Some day you will explode, like a picric acid bomb. Would you like to explode now, Baron?"

"So I was overheard," said the Baron, in sharper tones, his piercing eyes searching our circle and fixing upon me as the probable culprit. "So you listened, Professor Wiggins. Well, I trust you heard all I said. There are spies and spies, as I see. And I will tell you, my friends, that there are two kinds of neutrality—the neutrality of the head and the neutrality of the heart. In the former sense I am absolutely neutral, for I perceive the latent and active causes of war in every country; I deplore the folly and futility of it; I blame no country and no person; I hope and believe that war will cease and the reign of peace be established in the earth. But, ladies and gentlemen, friends and enemies: the man who says that I am neutral at heart lies in his teeth. To the devil with such neutrality! I am German through and through. I pity France; I despise Italy; I loathe Russia; I hate England; and I should like to see Germany trample all her enemies into the dust."

"Including the United States of America?"

"All her enemies."

"I knew it," said Professor Morgan grimly. "You are an alien enemy. And do you still deny that you are a spy?"

"A spy!" sneered the Baron. "Be-

cause I do not choose to declare my sympathies in an enemy country, I am a spy. I do not see the connection. What am I spying, then?"

"I will tell you, Baron von Posenberg. You have been trying to lay your hand on some papers relating to Mexico, state secrets, that, if published, might plunge our country into war—a war that would be highly advantageous to Germany at the present time."

The Baron was silent for a moment, as though stunned by the unexpected attack. Then, recovering himself, he burst into a harsh, mirthless laugh.

"Ha! Ha! Well done, Professor! So you have sprung the trap? Well laid, I must say. Papers about Mexico! State secrets! That is news to me. And where was I to find these papers, Mr. Detective?"

"They are the property of Mrs. Crawford."

"Mrs. Crawford—Bertha! Is this a fact?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Crawford.

"And did you tell this man that I was trying to obtain possession of your papers?"

"I did, indeed."

"Then, Mrs. Crawford, it becomes my painful duty to say in the presence of this whole company that you are not telling the truth."

"That is a deliberate lie, Baron von Posenberg!" said Professor Morgan sternly. "And a stupid lie, too, for we have the proofs at hand. Do you deny that you presented this letter from the German Consul to Mrs. Crawford authorizing her to trust you with the documents?"

"The letter is genuine, my dear Professor, but you are utterly wrong as to the purpose of it. Read it again, and I will interpret. There was a tentative and conditional proposal of marriage between myself and Mrs. Crawford, and the Consul's letter was a testimonial to my social standing and moral character."

"Testimonial! Moral character! Very good, Baron. And the receipt which you gave to Mrs. Crawford—no doubt you can interpret that, also."

"Assuredly," said the Baron with a smile of triumph. "It was, as I understood, a receipt for some papers establishing the right of Mrs. Crawford to inherit the property of an alleged aunt who recently died in New York. As the aunt was of German birth the Ambassador was in some way concerned, and the papers have been sent to him."

"Highly probable, I must say. And what interest had you in this property?"

"That is another very personal question, Professor Morgan, but I will satisfy your curiosity once more. The inheritance was an essential condition to the proposed marriage. It was the dowry, you see."

"One more question, Baron von Posenberg. What possible motive can Mrs. Crawford have in denouncing you?"

"Ah, Professor! Who can fathom the mind of a woman? If I were to guess, I should say that the dowry was a fiction, and that the lady was piqued at me for declining to take her for herself alone."

"Oh! Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Crawford. "What a tissue of lies!"

"Lies, madam? Then it is your word against mine. But the Consul will testify for me."

"I also," said Miss Miller. "The Baron told me of the projected marriage with Mrs. Crawford and I warned him against her."

"The testimony of Fräulein Müller is thrown out of court," said Professor Morgan, delivering his last shot, "for she was seen leaving Mrs. Crawford's room on the day it was searched. There is more than one spy, it would seem, in our midst. Against the testimony of the German Consul I will place that of Professor Wiggins and myself, together with information from other sources which I will show to anyone who may care to see it. We have proved our case, I take it."

"You may think so," retorted the Baron, as he rose to go. He clicked his heels together and made a formal bow to each of the company in turn.

"Well," said I, when the company had dispersed, and only Mrs. Crawford, Professor Morgan and I were left to talk over the results. "Well, Morgan, we did not secure a conviction after all. The jury disagreed, as I could see. It is a pity that we could not present more conclusive evidence."

"What more would you have, Wiggins? You did not expect the Baron to confess, did you?"

"No, but he had such plausible explanations for everything. All the facts fitted his theory quite as well as ours."

"Not at all, Wiggins. You miss the point entirely. You do not doubt Mrs. Crawford, do you?"

"Surely not; but a purely unbiased judge might. From the scientific point of view all things are possible—all good and all evil. I believe in my friends—in myself—but I know that we might sink into the nethermost pit. I tremble when I think of it."

"Tremble no more, Professor Wiggins," said the window laughing. "Take this little diary, Professor, and after you have read it tell me whether you have a shred of doubt left. If you have, I will show you some letters from friends in Mexico, and an interesting photograph of the Baron. He was concerned in the death of my husband. Do you wonder that I played the part of Delilah?"

"I believe you fully, Mrs. Crawford. But why did you let him go?"

"He has not gone," broke in Professor Morgan, "and when he goes he will be deported, sent back to Mexico, where the Zapatistas are eagerly awaiting him. It would be better for him to be with his regiment at the front."

"I wish," said I, hoping to clear up one more doubtful point, "that we could have seen the papers which the Baron was trying to get, and those which he actually received. Then we should have practically all the essential documents in the case."

"We will show you the original documents to-day, before they go on to Washington. As to the contents of the sealed package, there was nothing but a letter addressed to the Baron, a copy of which we have kept. Shall I read it aloud, Mrs. Crawford?"

"Certainly. There must be no secrets from Professor Wiggins."

"Except one, Bertha."

"Be careful, or you will let the cat out of the bag. Please read the letter, Professor Morgan."

"Well, here it is":

Auraria, Eldorado, July 21, 1915.
Baron Max von Posenberg,
In care of his Excellency the German Ambassador.
Washington, D.C.

Sir,—Before you see this letter you will have realized, I hope, the impossibility of my granting your request. The papers relating to Mexico have been sent to our Government at Washington, and will aid, I trust, in saving my native land from the assaults of declared enemies and the treachery of pretended friends.

As to the evidence relating to the inheritance from my grand-aunt, Mrs. von Arndorf, about which you were so much concerned, you can, if you wish, verify my statements at the Probate Court in New York.

I have the honour to be, sir,
Sincerely, your enemy,
Bertha von Arndorf Crawford.

"One more question," said I, "if I have not bored you enough already. Do you think that the Baron has read this letter?"

"Of course," said Professor Morgan confidently. "How else could he have prepared his defence? Otherwise, I should almost believe him innocent."

That was what I was thinking, but I had not yet read the diary.

A VILLAGE STREET

From the Painting by A. Suzor Cote
Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

TIME THE WRITER

By Mrs. Arthur Murphy (Janey Canuck)

ONE has yawned and said how the year does nothing but open and close. This was an idle saying, and ill-advised, like declaring the covers are all there is to a book.

In the 365 pages of the year's volume none are blank, for Time's pen is ever at point and its record is ineradicable. Nothing can erase it, neither tears, nor blood; neither stamp of censor, nor pencil of blue. Time is a grim inexorable scribe. "What I have written," he says, "I have written."

Marconi writes on the air. The Nazarene wrote on the sand. Moses with his finger wrote on tables of stone. We all write somewhere, somehow. Time keeps the copy. Not a sign is lost, neither a comma nor a dash; nay, not so much as one blot. Lady Macbeth might wash her hands and say, "Out, damned spot", but the colour remained. "Yet, who could have thought the old man had so much blood in him?"

Once of a day, with his submarine, the Prussian Spoiler wrote beneath the sea—wrote with stealth and swiftness—but Time set out the lines for all the world to read. Woe! Woe! This was Time's most baleful story. Mercy of God! this was the record of a nation's supreme sin.

On one page, it is a new map that Time, the caligrapher, draws out; on others a computation of figures, a chemical formula, a standard of arms, the staring folly of a man's heart and how he fashions evil; a young song that is like sweet honey to our mouths, or a strong ideal that has sprung full-armed from the head of the world. Yes! this is what he sets down, and other things I cannot mind, for Time knows nothing of an eight-hour shift and he is the Lord of Language.

Does a woman weep that the heavy white years have come upon her; because of joy or weariness; that her love is dead; that she is tossed into the discard? Does a woman cry for deceitfulness; because of a raging shame; for lost anchors, broken cisterns, or for any of life's false grails? Time counts her tears. His inexorable pen is a match for all it sees.

Does a woman serve unnoticed at an obscure post? Time sees and takes the story. It maybe she but knits gray socks for the gray trenches, but into their web she gathers the strands of her broken life, her sorrow—yes, or even her sin. Once, a certain Mary, who was a courtesan, brought the im-

plement of her sin, which was a box of sweet-smelling spikenard, and broke it at the feet of a just man made perfect. Time has told the tale in scores and hundreds of dialects and, as yet, it is only in the first edition.

Once, a humble man stood out against the world.

But listen, O Gentiles! while this story is most strangely bewitching, it is an old, old one and oft repeated. Let us leave it then; let us leave it and hurry on.

Here at home, our Mother Canada has had many and diverse scribes. Lest she forget, the Jesuits have left her their *Transactions*; the Factors of the Hudson's Bay, their *Logs*; and the Riders of the Plains, their *Reports*. That she may then better remember, the Indians and Esquimaux have set down their lineage, their history, their religious tenets, and the stories of their chase—each in his own tongue, each by his own pen. They have set it down on totem poles, on pottery, on walrus tusks, and in basketry. They finished their story and are gone.

But, Time, the annalist, has never written *Finis* to his volumes, for his tales are never concluded. The story of the Magna Charta, the Crucifixion, the finding of America, and of the discovery of anæsthetics, are still in process. There are a seriate which bid fair to continue to the end of the world. The translation of the Bible is said to have cut off the head from Charles I. The French Revolution was the result of Rousseau's *Contrat Social*, and the results of the French Revolution are still a continuous operation.

As a writer, Time knows nothing of the egotism of the "we"—that is to say, of one man endeavouring to persuade the public that he has the authority of several or, indeed, that he is backed in his opinions by all the penmen of his political or literary stripe. Contrariwise, Time has modesty—a grace most amiable and desirable—and ever holds his pen to the narrow and proper confines of the first person singular.

While it is true that his yearly records may naturally frame themselves into an epic, a lyric, a drama, or a pastoral, yet, never by any chance, do they become didactic or philosophic. Time, the chronicler, expresses no opinion. 'Tis a courtesy much above our deserving, and he shall have praise of me unceasingly.

And, hark, ye people! As an author, he has other and stranger distinctions. (Where can you find his like?) Here is a penman whose "lode" is never worked out; whom no one "discovers", and whose last story is not of necessity "his best". He seeks no publisher; takes no royalties; reserves no rights. His books are open to all, and have no need of translator.

Does he scribble on the fleshy pages of our faces? They who run may read. Does he scrawl on the clay? Nature, in her cool dispassionate manner, takes the page and files it away that a million years hence some weak-eyed, hairless, long-fingered geologist may decipher the narrative and republish it with annotations to the confusion and taming of the priesthood of his day.

Some have it that Time has never written on the sea, but he will some day—without a doubt he will, for, in these latter times, it has come to pass that the sea thinks and feels and is a-thrill with life.

So ho! but this is a thing to astonish the heart, how men have strung her body through and through with arteries, with nerves, and with tongues of fearsome fire.

Of a truth, Time, with his pen, will write many and many a wrinkle on her azure brow. He is sure to manage it someway.

And, after all, it may be that the waves of the sea are actually wrinkles and that the Japanese are precise as well as poetic when they designate the etched and crooked lines on a

woman's face as "the waves of old age".

Why Time writes I cannot say, unless it be as the bond-servant of Eternity. Or it may be that the sharing of his oil with the foolish is his one and allotted mission in life. Sometimes, I am inclinable to the belief that he writes just for the joy of it, like any other good writer, caring no whit for the reader or critic.

Did I say he was a "good" writer? I must have, for already the ferocious felons—that is to say, the critics—have risen to object. Time has no originality, they say. As an author, he is a mere narrator of facts. He opens no virgin territory and is without distinction of style. He is much too heavy-handed; too madly lucid.

But such comments were to be expected, for no people, whether they be critics or the actual readers of books, have ever loved the faithful chronicler of their age or country. Speak admiringly in the South of a southern writer and the room rises to protest. "*That* lame boy," they will say, as Mary Chaworth said of Byron. Tell the North about the charms of their special annalist, and a score of pistols are to your head. Like Byron, too, he is "mad, bad and dangerous to know".

Yes! this is the trouble with Time —he knows what everyone does better than anyone.

There is a gossip-tale that, some day, Time will die and that there will be an end to his pestiferous pen. One John, isolated on the Isle of Patmos, himself a writer of no mean calibre, declared how he had a vision and in it he saw a mighty angel come down out of the heavens.

And this angel, whose face was like the sun, stood with one foot upon the sea and one upon the land and swore by him who liveth forever and ever that Time should be no more.

Whenso Death may come to Time is an idle speculation. I like to think he will live always. It was Israel Zangwill who said about Robert Louis Stevenson, "Can you bring home to yourself the death of a man like that?"

But if Time should die—if Time be dust and ashes (even as you and I) then let us wish for him the same agreeable end desired by the old professor in *Hyperion*—that he might die with a proof-sheet in his hand.

Some have it that Time is a peddler with a pack; some say he is a reaper with a scythe; I proclaim a new symbol, Time is a penman with a pen.

Our New North

BY R. G. MacBETH

AUTHOR OF "THE MAKING OF THE CANADIAN WEST," "OUR TASK IN CANADA," ETC.

WHEN theFathers of Confederation were gradually evolving their great plan for a new nation under the old flag, they were dealing primarily with the Upper and Lower Canadas and the areas down by the Atlantic. But there is ample evidence to show that "their souls yearned beyond the sky-line", and that they were looking forward to the annexing of the immense domain stretching out from the Great Lakes to the shores of the Pacific and the Arctic oceans. In other words, as Sir Leonard Tilley is said to have expressed it in the language of the world-visioned Psalmist, the hope was cherished that the Dominion might be from sea to sea. Accordingly we find that men of both political parties cooperating in a common cause, with the approval of the Imperial authorities, "took occasion by the hand to make the bounds of Empire broader yet".

And so it came to pass after some negotiations that the Hudson's Bay Company surrendered for a consideration the charter which had practically given them the monopolistic control of half a continent for two hundred years. Then the tide of immigration began to come westward to old Fort Garry and the country round about, even though some eastern people openly doubted the wisdom of trying to settle and farm in such "hyper-borean regions". And as the Canadian Pacific went on driving its iron horses across the plains and the mountains to the western seaboard, the human tide followed closely to the foothills of the Rockies, whence it surged more directly westward, following the wake of the railway into the rich mining, lumbering and farming areas of British Columbia.

But for years the great northern hinterland towards the Peace and Athabasca and Mackenzie Rivers was left in its aboriginal wildness. True, settlers began to percolate through to old Fort Edmonton, on the North Saskatchewan, but some wiseacres shook their heads and wondered what would become of these adventurous spirits. To-day not only is Edmonton a flourishing city at the heart of a wealthy agricultural province, but away hundreds of miles beyond Edmonton there is opening up a New North, to which there is flowing quietly but increasingly a stream of Anglo-Saxon immigration.

This movement northward we consider a good thing for the human family, for the north has always been the mother and the nurse of the strong nations of the world. Not in equatorial lands where a dreamy existence can be dragged out or shuffled through, without even the necessity of toiling for a livelihood—not there have the great peoples of the earth been cradled, but in the north where

there is some need for effort, where the crisp air gives a healthful tang to the atmosphere, and where the sweeping breeze puts iron into the blood of men. Hence Canada should be glad that she is finding an ever-widening horizon and that a hitherto unknown and wonderful northland is coming to the front to be the nursing-mother of a virile people.

Not long ago, in connection with home mission work, I had the satisfaction of taking a trip with two others engaged in the same errand, into and through the remarkable Peace River country, and the desire to make more definitely known this latest and last great fertile area of Canada is strong within me. When the war is over everyone knows that the Dominion of Canada will once more be the Mecca for immigrants, and it is good to know that not only have we room for millions in the parts of Canada already considered settled, but that there is a new portion of the land where many thousands of comfortable homes can be founded. But because real homes are the citadel of a nation let us exercise discrimination lest we invite immigrants to whom the idea of the home as an institution is unimportant.

We all were agreed at the end of our journey that the people we met in the scattered settlements and villages of the north were of a singularly good type. They are interested in religion and education, they are eager for churches and schools, and have them wherever there is population enough, and they joined in with the rest of Alberta in saying emphatically that they were going to build up their communities without the moral and economic handicap of the liquor traffic. Hence the people who now go into the north will find that those who are already there are living up to the best traditions of the older settled portions of Canada. This is one of the best auguries for the success of this new domain.

As a field for the operations of the hunter and trapper and trader the Peace River country dates many long years back. But its history as a field for the farmer, the man who is the real basis of a country's progress, is only of this generation. For it is less than thirty years since the late Sir John Schultz, then a Senator of Canada, began to urge upon Parliament the desirability of investigating the new north. A great many considered that he was unreasonable in desiring to put the country to the trouble and expense of investigating what they called a wilderness. But Schultz, with his well-known enthusiastic Canadianism, persisted and secured the appointment of a commission. Of this commission he was made chairman, and the results of the investigation, as presented to the House in 1888, amply justified the trouble and expense undertaken. That an enormous agricultural area existed there was a fact established beyond a doubt. But in the report there was a note of hesitation as to urging people to go into the country in view of the fact that it was a long distance away from railway facilities. The same general note ran through nearly all the literature published in regard to the country up to recent years, but it can now be removed. For the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway, starting at Edmonton, is to traverse the great district northward and westward to the boundary of British Columbia, where it will eventually be linked up with the coast cities. From McLennan, a divisional point on that road, the Central Canada goes northward to Peace River Crossing, where it will bridge the great stream and then go on beyond it. And from Spirit River, on the main line of the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia, another branch will run southward to the famous Grande Prairie district.

Within a few months most of these points in the Peace country will be reached by the steel, so that settlers now going in need no longer fear iso-

lation or great distance from markets.

In our recent trip we had the pleasure of travelling by rail, trail and river, going from Edmonton to the end of steel, thence by trail to the Smoky River, and on that swirling rapid stream in a primitive boat down to the majestic Peace and the new town at the crossing there. From that point we passed over and went overland by motor through the Blue Sky country, north of the Peace River some seventy-five miles westward to the old Hudson's Bay post, Fort Dunvegan. There, crossing the river again, we drove by wagon-trail about ninety miles through the Spirit River settlement to Grande Prairie, from which point we drove thirty miles to the Smoky, and went down a hundred miles more to the point nearest the steel again.

We went through the country in the harvest-time and so had good opportunity for seeing what it could produce. We knew beforehand, of course, that, at two world's fairs, the prize wheat had come from points north of the Peace—from Shaftesbury, on the north bank, and from Fort Vermilion, two hundred and fifty miles almost due north from the Crossing. And we knew that a carload of wheat from a three-year-old farm (which we visited) in the Blue Sky district, had been shipped last year by team and train to Winnipeg, where it caused some excitement by reaching the highest grade. But even with this knowledge we were hardly prepared to find, as we did find, that owing to the prolonged daylight the harvest was considerably earlier than at points farther east, and that there were in the New North some of the best fields of wheat and oats we had ever seen in all our experience either in the East or the West.

The extraordinary luxuriance of the grasses and pea-vine should make the whole country the delight of the stock-raiser, while the climate was described to me, by men whom I had known elsewhere, as the best all-year-round climate they had known. We experienced no storms or high winds during our three or four weeks in the country, and people claim that they are few, either summer or winter, throughout the territory. So that the snow in winter does not drift.

At Peace River Crossing, where there is already the nucleus of a city, the scenery is superb. Into the silent-flowing and majestic Peace at this point there comes from the south-eastward the rapid-rushing Smoky, and from the south, through a mighty canyon, the Little Heart River. The river banks and ravines are heavily wooded and the water of these streams glistens through the everygreen in all directions, so that for the last seven or eight miles into the Crossing, the Central Canada will be a wonderful scenic route. So beautiful is it that a famous old Vermont miner, who had travelled widely, told his friends that when he died he would like to be buried where his grave would look up and down on this incomparable scene. He died many miles away, but friends fulfilled his wish, and so on the high south bank of the Peace his grave is found, with this pathetic but goodly epitaph:

H. F. DAVIS,
Born in Vermont, 1820; died at
Slave Lake, 1893.
Pioneer, pathfinder, miner and
trader.
He was a friend to every man, and
never locked his cabin door.

Thus does the famous old miner, whose peculiar soubriquet of "Twelve-foot Davis" was derived from a certain claim measurement, testify by his resting-place to the unique beauty of the situation.

Fort Dunvegan is on the north bank of the Peace, some seventy-five miles or more west from the Crossing and twelve miles north from where the main line of the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia road passes on its westward way. The old fort was built a century ago, by Fac-

tor McLeod, who, with the passionate love of the homeland strong within him, called it after the seat of his gallant clan in the Isle of Skye. Some irresponsible exploiters in real estate put Dunvegan on the market a few years ago, because the railway, though not projected to the fort, had put the name into its title in order to describe the well-known district through which it was passing on its way towards British Columbia. But the old fort, though never likely to see a city, is still in the old business as a post on the frontier. Its name remains as a tribute to one of the grim, hardy, conscientious traders whose love for the homeland did so much in early days to hold this great country for the Empire.

Spirit River, Grande Prairie, Saskatoon Lake, Ponce Coupè, Bezanson and many other names stand for splendid farming areas and some of them will be centres of population in the shape of towns. All of them are yet in their infancy, but their possibilities are very great. They are only beginning to hear the splash of the waves on the edge of a wide land soon to be covered by a great and increasing human sea.

LAND OF THE NORTH

By JAMES COBOURG HODGINS

LAND of the north! to thee we raise
A song of love, a hymn of praise,
Pride of our hearts! we pledge to thee
Our utmost strength and loyalty.

May thy pure fame no foulness mar,
Nor clouds of passion dim thy star;
The future thine to hold in fee—
Thrice-favoured child of destiny!

Thou Greater Britain yet to be!
Thou mightiest of her progeny!
Hold as thine own the sacred trust
Of rule beneficent and just.

Defend her honour as thine own;
Unbare thy sword to guard the throne;
Should threatening foes her place disturb
Aid her their insolence to curb.

From sunrise on the eastern sea,
To the Pacific glad and free,
Pace day and night the long patrol
That binds the Empire of the soul.

MAJOR BRUERTON'S WEDDING

By Franklin B. Wiley

"IT'S the most curious courtship you ever heard about."

Young Eliot Lerwick glanced up at the speaker. She was just settling into the car-seat ahead of his with the deft, sidewise movement that women make in swinging their skirts out of the way as they sit down. He caught a glimpse of the rose-tinted curve on an oval cheek and the white plumpness of a slender throat, from which she was pushing back her high jacket collar with a small, daintily gloved hand.

It was her voice rather than her remark that had attracted him, and he listened now with a pleased intentness to her clear, musical tones and inflections as she went on talking to her companion, a fresh-faced matron dressed in mourning:

"They met at the Mayhew's soon after he settled in Maxfield last April. But he didn't call for the longest time, although he was invited to, of course, and it was perfectly plain that he was deeply interested in her. They had nearly given up expecting him when, one evening about half-past nine o'clock, he called, and stayed until after eleven. Think of it! That was last June, and he has called at the same hour almost every evening since then. But he hasn't declared himself yet. Did you ever hear of anything so queer? Why Philippa Lerwick allows it to continue I cannot understand."

Eliot was startled by the sudden mention of his sister's name. It roused him with a sort of shock from the mood of restful satisfaction that had stolen over him while he was absent-mindedly contemplating the girl, and admiring the graceful poise of her head, the well-bred jauntiness with which her stylish hat rested on the lustrous coils of her dark hair, and the entrancing effect of a tiny curl that nestled just back of one delicate, shell-pink ear.

He felt a natural desire to hear more about this strange affair in which his sister seemed to be concerned. But the girl's next words were drowned by the strident tones of a train-hand as he hurried through the car calling out the names of the stations at which the train was to stop. A minute later the car began to move, and the next moment it rolled out of the huge, dusky interior of the train-shed into the failing light of the late September day.

Unable to make out amid the rumble and jar of the train what the girl was now saying, Eliot leaned comfortably back in his seat and looked idly out of the window, while the car swung with gathering speed across the switches, swaying from one side to the other with each rapid shift from track to track.

At first he could think only of what he had just overheard. It perplexed and annoyed him. Who could this newcomer in Maxfield be? Why did Philippa let him call so regularly at

such an hour? She must have known that it would be talked about; so why had she not stopped it before people began to gossip?

But at this point he reflected that there was no use in puzzling over the matter when he would soon be at home and could ask his mother and sister themselves about it. He tingled with pleasure at the thought, and his memory went back with a leap to the chilly April day when he had last seen them, more than two years before. He remembered with what a forlorn sinking of the heart he had responded to the final good-bye they waved to him from the front veranda as the company marched past on its way to the station; and he recalled with a faint smile how hard it had been just then to carry himself with the martial dignity which he felt was demanded of him as a second lieutenant. He wondered if they had changed very much, and if they would be surprised at the alteration in himself. Of course they would not expect to find him exactly the same. But would they be prepared for the transformation that more than two years of campaigning in distant lands and climes had wrought in him? To be sure, he still showed to some extent the effects of the wound that had resulted in his being invalided and sent home on a six months' furlough. But the home-voyage had done wonders for him. He was almost as bronzed as before he had been shot, and he had regained more than half the weight he had lost while in the hospital. He might still be a trifle gaunt and sallow; but he assured himself, with pardonable pride, that no one could help remarking the difference between the boyish subaltern of two years before and the veteran captain of volunteers who was now chafing with impatience to realize the bright anticipations of his home-coming.

The train had already left the long rows of city houses behind, and was speeding across the picturesque Riverdale Fens toward the open country. Some tall poplars and the high arch of a small stone bridge stood dark against the crimson west. Then the view was shut off by the wooded shoulder of a low hill, past which the train dashed with a resounding roar, and swept into the stretch of straight track that runs like a rule from Valleyford to Glenwood.

Eliot looked with delight at the familiar features of the home landscape. In the fading afterglow, meadows and hillslopes, house roofs and church spires seemed almost as unsubstantial and dream-like as in the visions of them that he had so often seen in his mind's eye by the campfire and on the march. But his heart sang within him that it was all a joyful reality, and his hungry eyes feasted on each well-known prospect as the train rushed on.

Before Hillsborough was passed it began to grow dusk, and when the train stopped at Maxfield, the station lights were gleaming through the growing darkness. Eliot alighted just behind the two ladies, who hurried across the platform and entered one of several carriages that were in waiting. All that he could see in the uncertain half-light was that the younger one was tall and trim of figure and quick and graceful in movement. He did not get a look at her face, but he heard her voice once more, and was sure that its vibrant melody would enable him to know her again.

As he started homeward it made him feel almost like a stranger to find that the straight board walk which used to lead from the end of the station platform to the turnpike had been replaced by a curving gravel path bordered by shrubbery, and he welcomed with a momentary sense of relief the sight of the old familiar elms in the little green on the other side of the road. He began to wonder what changes he would find at home, and to question whether he had done well in planning to surprise

his mother by arriving before he was expected.

The night had fallen swiftly; a few stars were already out, and here and there a window was lighted up. As he paused at the crossing to let several carriages from the station go by, three men came up behind him.

"I tell you there is some mystery about it," one of them said.

"The whole affair is certainly peculiar," declared another, whom Eliot instantly knew by his voice to be Maurice Vernor, an old classmate; "and one of the queerest things about it is the way he acted when Gregory congratulated him on his engagement."

"When was that?" exclaimed the first speaker. "I hadn't heard before this afternoon that there was any engagement."

"Neither had Gregory," replied Vernor dryly, as they moved on only two or three paces behind Eliot. "But you know him—always taking things for granted and putting his foot in it. His wife heard some gossip a short time ago about Miss Lerwick and her mother having been shopping in the city a great deal, and told him that she believed there was an engagement, and that they were getting the trousseau ready. Of course it didn't take him long to twist this harmless bit of conjugal guesswork into a positive statement that the engagement had actually been announced. So when he saw the major at the station yesterday morning he stepped up and congratulated him. I never in my life saw a man look more puzzled than the major did at first. Then, as he grasped the meaning of what Gregory had said, he flushed violently and the next moment turned so pale that I thought he was going to faint. He recovered himself with a palpable effort, and looking Gregory straight in the eye with a glance that was like a sword thrust, he said, 'Mr. Gregory, gentlemen do not jest on such a subject and if I hear any more loose joking at the expense of the young lady whose name you have so unwarrantably coupled with mine, I shall hold you personally responsible.' And with that he swung on his heel and left Gregory literally quaking."

"But look here!" cried the first speaker. "You say this happened yesterday morning, and the wedding invitations were posted early enough to-day to go out by the last mail delivery this afternoon. You don't mean to tell me that there has been time enough in the interval for them to come to an understanding, set the day, order the invitations, and get them engraved, printed, addressed, and mailed so as to reach us when they did!"

"It doesn't seem possible," agreed Vernor.

"I tell you," pursued the first speaker, with impressive emphasis, "either the ordinary time-record for doing all these things has been broken into little bits, or else the major lied to Gregory."

There was a significant pause, which Vernor ended. "I give it up," he said. "It's beyond me. But there's something wrong."

"I only wish I had the right to interfere and sift the matter," burst out the hitherto silent one of the trio. "I'm certain Miss Lerwick is being imposed upon in some way. I think that brother of hers might have had horse-sense enough to stay at home and look after her and his mother instead of taking somebody else's place at the front.

A moment later "good-nights" were exchanged, and the last speaker came on alone at a more rapid pace. He passed Eliot with a swinging step, but hung on his heel for an instant at the next corner while he lighted a cigar. A carriage was just turning from the side street into "the Pike," and as the flare of the match fell for a second on his face, a voice —the same that Eliot had heard on the train and at the station—called from the vehicle:

"Oh, Mr. Gilbert! How fortunate! I was just on my way to your house. Would you mind taking this parcel to Harriet? She needs it for to-night; and I'm afraid my mother may be growing anxious about me. Thank you ever so much! Yes, I came out on the express with Mrs. Mercer. She returned from Washington this afternoon. I've just left her at her house. By the by, she'd only heard a hint about Philippa Lerwick and the major; so I had to give her the details."

"I'll wager you didn't give her the very latest news about them, Miss Percival."

"What makes you think so? What is it?"

"Their wedding invitations are out; they came in the last delivery this afternoon."

"Mr. Gilbert! you don't mean it! Why, I told Mrs. Mercer that he hadn't proposed yet. When is it to be?"

"The seventeenth of next month, at Saint Paul's."

"Oh, I'm sure there must be some mistake. I shall go straight over to Philippa's this evening and ask what it means. Why, Mr. Gilbert, the major went in on the train with me this morning, and he never mentioned Philippa nor gave me the slightest hint that there was anything between them; and he told me he would probably be away three or four weeks."

"Three or four weeks! That's cool! The seventeenth is only a little more than three weeks away. He'll have to leave off the last week, if he means to be at the wedding."

By this time Eliot was beyond earshot, hurrying on more anxious than ever to reach home—his head in a whirl; a thousand thick-coming fears and conjectures treading tumultuously on each other's heels, as he hastened under the arching elms along "the Pike" and up the winding drive to Merryhill, the family home.

He faltered at the door, smitten with renewed fear as to the effect that the shock of his sudden return might have upon his mother. But quick ears within had heard his footfalls; there were rapid footsteps in the hall, the door opened, and his sister appeared on the threshold, while a little way behind her stood his mother, with one hand pressed against her bosom.

"Dear Eliot! I knew it was your step," cried Philippa, as he kissed her and then caught his mother in his arms.

There was no chance for any explanation in the early part of the evening, much as Eliot desired it. Even had there been no interruptions from Betty the housemaid, who tripped in several times, her face wreathed in smiles, to ask for directions, or from old Hugh the butler, who came in grinning broadly to get Master Eliot's baggage checks, it would not have been easy to make inquiries, for his mother and sister, who fairly beamed with happiness, so plied him with questions that he had little opportunity to ask any himself.

Even after dinner, when they went back to the fire-lighted library, the gentle catechizing was continued. But at length the tide of talk began to ebb; and finally a moment came when only the snap and crackle of the burning wood were audible as the leaping flames in the wide chimney-place sparkled over the shining brass of the andirons and fender and the polished mahogany of the furniture, and gleamed on the gilded backs of the serried rows of books all around the room, and sent fantastic shadows flickering over walls and ceiling.

Eliot's impatience for an explanation of the meaning of what he had heard on his way home had become somewhat tempered by reluctance to intrude a topic that might disturb the quiet of this peaceful hour. But if the habit of self-control, born of his two years' training as a soldier, had up to this moment enabled him to repress every sign of his turmoil of mind, the habit of acting with decision and without delay, acquired in

the same hard school, now impelled him to take prompt advantage of this opportunity to learn at once what he wished to know. Without hesitation, therefore, he turned to speak to his sister; but, as he looked at her, his purpose wavered and a sudden strange diffidence seized him.

This was not the Philippa of former days, girlish, care-free and open-hearted—this regal woman reclining in her easy-chair as on a throne of state, while the firelight shone on the coiled glory of her burnished hair, the white and rose of her flower-like face, and the exquisite outlines of her shapely form. He was still debating how he should begin to question her, when she looked at him, a tender smile curving her imperious mouth and brightening in her clear brown eyes, and said with a pretty air of gentle reproach:

"You have not congratulated me yet, Eliot."

"About what, Philippa?" he inquired innocently.

"Didn't you get my letter?" she asked in surprise.

"Which one?" he responded. "I haven't had any from you since I left."

She exclaimed in dismay. "I sent it in care of the steamship company at Montreal," she explained. "I was sure it would reach there in time. But I remember now, you told us that the steamer made an unusually quick trip and got in ahead of time."

"Yes," he assented, "that's probably why the letter missed me. But you haven't told me what the news is yet."

"I am going to be married," she said softly.

"My dear girl," he cried. "He is the one to be congratulated."

"Ah, but you won't say so, when you know who it is."

He was too absorbed, however, to take in fully the implication of her words. On the instant he came to a decision. "Perhaps I do know him in a way," he said gravely; and added, in response to her look of questioning surprise: "I overheard some people talking about you both, on my way out from the city, and, to be frank, what they said rather startled me."

"What did they say?" Philippa calmly inquired.

"They said, for one thing," Eliot replied, "that 'the major' as they all called him, has been coming here after nine o'clock almost every evening since some time last June, and staying until nearly midnight."

"Oh, no!" cried Philippa quickly, "he has called only two or three times a week, and he has never stayed much after eleven; has he, mother?"

"No, dear," answered Mrs. Lerwick. "But it is true that he always comes after nine o'clock; and you know, Philippa, I have repeatedly told you he ought to call at a more seasonable hour."

"But he is unable to," protested Philippa.

"You know well enough you have admitted that he has never given you any good reason why he cannot," returned her mother severely; "and he always calls everywhere else except here at the proper hours."

"That is strange," remarked Eliot.

"Oh, it is not the only strange thing about his conduct," declared Mrs. Lerwick. "He never seems like himself when he is here; he is as prim and stiff as an automaton; and sometimes he ignores what is said to him in a way that I think is positively rude. But Philippa can see nothing to criticize, and he is certainly devoted to her. So far as I can learn, he talks of nothing but his love for her, and hers for him. In speech he is a paragon of a lover. Otherwise the man is a perfect stick. Would you believe it, Eliot, he has never even offered to kiss her!"

"Mother!" cried Philippa, with a crimson face.

"It's true; you told me so yourself; and you didn't warn me not to tell."

"You like him, anyhow," declared

Philippa desperately, "you know you do."

"Yes, dear, I do," admitted Mrs. Lerwick at once. "He has impressed me from the first as one of the best and most delightful men I have ever met; that is, he has impressed me that way everywhere except in my own house. It's curious, Eliot, now I think of it, how I've seen more of him and learned to know and like him better elsewhere than I have here; and how Philippa has seen so little of him anywhere except here that, if he had not called on her so regularly, she would hardly know him. My belief is that he's so sensitive and has such a horror of gossip that he has tried to avoid it, and has simply made matters worse, as retiring people are so apt to do."

"By the by, how long have you been engaged?" Eliot abruptly asked his sister at this point.

"Just eleven days to-morrow," she replied with amusing promptitude.

"Eleven days!" he echoed, "and the invitations out already! Isn't that rather rushing matters?"

Philippa flushed. "Mark had special reasons," she explained, "for keeping our engagement quiet and for hurrying the wedding. But how did you know about the invitations?"

"I overheard about them," he replied, "and more than that, I overheard Maurice Vernor telling how your major denied at the station yesterday that you and he were engaged."

Mrs. Lerwick uttered an exclamation and Philippa looked mystified, but incredulous. Before she could speak, Betty went bustling through the hall, and immediately Eliot heard the voice of Miss Percival at the front door, and Philippa hastened out to greet her.

A low-toned colloquy followed, interspersed with silvery laughter and the sound of kisses, and then the two came into the library and Eliot was introduced.

"I've heard so much about you, Captain Lerwick," said the newcomer, graciously extending a little hand, "that you hardly seem like a stranger. I hope you have entirely recovered from your wound."

Her limpid gray eyes looked solicitously into his. But when, still retaining her hand, he assured her, with needless fervour, that he was quite well again, the humorous dimples at the corners of her large, mobile mouth deepened, and her red lips parted in a smile so bewitchingly sweet and yet so roguishly challenging that, with soldierly promptitude, he lost his heart to her then and there.

Meanwhile Philippa had lighted a large piano lamp and now drew her friend down beside her on a sofa, and for the next half-hour the talk was wholly about bridesmaids and dress and the wedding arrangements. But Eliot could see that their pretty neighbour had something on her mind and at last out it came.

"Philippa, dear," she asked hesitatingly, "is the wedding really to be on the seventeenth? Is the date on the invitations correct?"

Philippa looked at her in amazement. "Of course it is, Rhoda," she replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Because the seventeenth is only a little more than three weeks off," answered the girl, blushing with embarrassment, "and the major told me this morning on the train that he was going away and would probably not be back for three or—four weeks."

Eliot saw his sister's hands close convulsively and the colour die out of her face. But with assumed carelessness, she answered in a strained voice, "Probably he did not stop to think exactly how short the time is to the seventeenth."

Rhoda changed the subject at once, and, after a few common-place remarks, said that she must go. She declined Eliot's offer to see her home, declaring that the maid who had come with her would be all the escort she needed. Eliot did not press the point. He had a question which he was

anxious to ask, and, as soon as their visitor had gone, he asked it.

"Philippa," he inquired bluntly, "did you know that the major was going away?"

"No, Eliot."

"Didn't he speak about it last evening? Don't you know where he has gone?" questioned Mrs. Lerwick.

"No, mother."

"Humph!" ejaculated Eliot indignantly. "By the way, who is he? You haven't told me yet."

"You know him," responded Philippa. "Major Bruerton."

"Bruerton! Good God!" exclaimed Eliot, staring at her.

"What is it?" she cried, growing paler if possible than before, as she watched his darkening face.

"There is some rascality back of all this," he said at last. "Just what, I can't fathom now. But I've something to tell you about Bruerton that I never thought to breathe to anyone. Under the circumstances, it's only right that you should be told. As you know, he commanded our battalion for several months, and took a great fancy to me. I liked him immensely, and we became very intimate, and when I was wounded he helped to carry me off the field. That evening I told him about Aunt Caroline's diamond ring that mother insisted I should take with me because she thought that it might help me where money might not, if I ever happened to be in a tight place. I showed it to him, and begged him to keep it for me. But he demurred, because he was likely to be in the field for an indefinite time, and feared he might lose it. He was much worried about it, and finally hid it under the lining in one of the bottom corners of my leather despatch-case. In the night I was aroused from a doze by someone moving near me. It was Bruerton, and he had my despatch-case in his hands. I saw him take out the ring, slip the case back behind my pillow, and leave the tent. I was so dazed by the surprise and suddenness of it, and so weak and light-headed, that I never stirred nor spoke. I thought it might be a delirious fancy, and in the morning I asked the attendant if anyone had been in to see me. He said that Major Bruerton had. I managed to get out the case and examine it. The ring was gone. I have never seen Bruerton since."

As Eliot ended, his mother threw her arms about Philippa, crying, "Oh, my poor darling!" and burst into tears. But Philippa herself, erect and dry-eyed, continued to regard him a little longer with an inscrutable look. Then, murmuring that the lamplight hurt her eyes and the firelight was pleasanter, she gently disengaged herself from her mother's clinging embrace, and, rising to her feet, steadied herself with her left hand on the back of the sofa and reached over to put out the light.

Eliot saw that she was trembling in every limb, and stepped forward to help her. As he did so, his eye was caught by the flash of a diamond sparkling on the third finger of her left hand in the full radiance of the lamplight. The setting was of a rather peculiar pattern. He stood stock-still gazing at it for an instant, and then, seizing her hand, raised it nearer the light and examined the ring intently.

"Who gave you this?" he asked.

"Mark," she replied breathlessly. "It is my engagement ring."

He dropped her hand and stepped back, facing them both.

"Mother! Philippa!" he said hoarsely. "I will take my oath that this is Aunt Caroline's ring that Bruerton stole from me at San Mateo."

Philippa swayed, and he was just in time to catch her as she fell. She had fainted.

In the anxious weeks that followed, no message was received from the missing major, and no glimmer of light was shed on the vexed questions, why he had left and where he had

gone. In all Maxfield there was no one about whom so much was said and so little was known as Major Mark Lawton Bruerton. But Philippa's confidence in him never wavered. Even the shock of Elliot's revelations could not shake it. For her faith in her lover's loyalty and integrity rose superior to all such trivial things as evidence and proof. She *knew* that he could explain everything when he came back, and that he would come back she did not doubt.

So the wedding preparations went half-heartedly on, and the day for the ceremony drew nigh and finally dawned. In the interval Eliot had naturally found it necessary to hold frequent conferences with Rhoda Percival, ostensibly about Philippa; and it was astonishing how many points were constantly arising that needed immediate and prolonged consideration before they could be satisfactorily settled. Doubtless he derived more profit, if less pleasure, from his discussions with Maurice Vernor, and his occasional consultations with Rhoda's father and Dr. Heath, the family physician; but he generally found it easier to dispense with these than with his talks with Rhoda, especially when some detail of the wedding had to be settled. Feeling sure, however, that there would be no ceremony, Eliot had privately had a circular engraved, announcing that the wedding had been postponed, for unexpected and unavoidable causes, to a date that would be announced later; and he had arranged to have copies of this circular delivered about an hour before the time set for the ceremony, if the Major had not returned and explained matters before then.

When therefore Philippa, looking like a spectral Dido in her shimmering wedding robe and trailing orange blossoms, insisted on being driven to St. Paul's at the appointed hour, it was to peer forlornly into an empty church, and pace in tragic silence a draughty vestibule, and then pass back with a stony face to the carriage, and be driven home in despair too deep for tears.

As a last resort Eliot had that morning bethought himself of telegraphing to a friend in the Militia Department at Ottawa on the chance that, although the major had resigned from the army, the department might have kept track of him. Late in the afternoon came a long reply stating that Major Bruerton had recently been in Vancouver in attendance on a private court of inquiry held, pending action upon his resignation, to investigate charges against him of conduct prejudicial to the interests of the service. The court had reserved its decision owing, it was said, to the perplexing fact that, although the testimony proved that the major had done what was charged, it also proved that he had unquestionably done it from the most worthy and commendable motives, while he himself denied positively that he had done it at all.

About half-past eight that evening, Eliot was sitting alone in the library at Merryhill, trying to make out what this fresh instance of the major's incomprehensible conduct could mean, when Vernor came in with the news that the missing man had returned and was at home. Three-quarters of an hour later, the two friends were on their way to the major's, in company with several other hastily summoned witnesses, including Mr. Percival, Dr. Heath and young Gilbert. At their destination they were informed that the major had gone out at the hour when he usually called on Miss Lerwick. Hastening to Merryhill, they entered the drawing-room to find Mrs. Lerwick stooping over Philippa, who was seated upon a fauteuil sobbing as if her heart would break, while a few feet away, stiffly balanced on the edge of a reception chair, was Major Bruerton.

He was a tall, compactly built, strikingly handsome man, with piercing eyes and a soldierly presence. His gaze was fixed intently on his betroth-

ed, and there was a pathetic expression of baffled devotion and deep yearning in his look. As Eliot, Vernor, and two or three others stepped in front of him, his glance wavered as if he were trying to gaze past them at Philippa again. Otherwise their presence did not seem to disconcert him in the least, and he did not alter his attitude.

"Perhaps, Major Bruerton," said Eliot sternly, "you will condescend to explain your unexpected presence here this evening after your most extraordinary absence from town this morning."

The major slowly rose, and still more slowly sought out Eliot's sombre countenance in the circle of unfriendly faces before him.

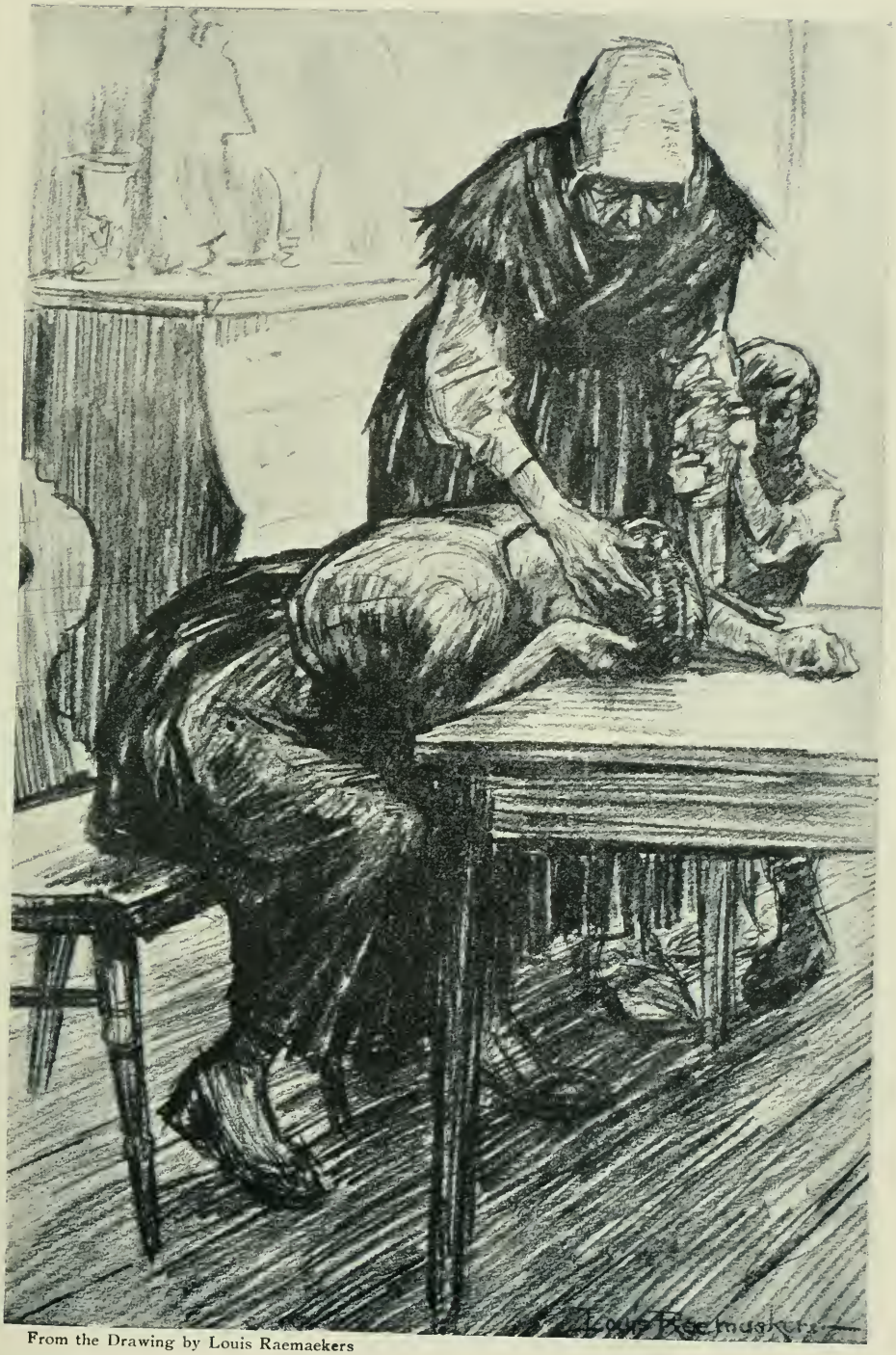
"Eliot," he said, in a monotonous voice, "I did not expect to find you here." Then, after a pause, he added, "I came to see Philippa."

To the onlookers his cool indifference of manner and extreme deliberation of speech savoured of studied insolence. Eliot's blood glowed through the dark tan of his cheeks, and with a fierce oath, before any one could interpose, he struck the major full in the face.

The latter, to the amazement of every one, made no effort to ward off the blow. With a strange, distressed cry, he staggered against the chair on which he had been sitting, and clutched the back of it. Steadying himself, he gave a most portentous yawn, and straining back his shoulders and half raising his disengaged arm with a prolonged muscular contraction, as if he were stretching, he rose to his full height, and glancing round the ring of lookers-on with a wide-eyed stare of utter bewilderment, exclaimed in a thrilling tone, "What does this mean? Where am I?" and sank back unconscious.

Under Dr. Heath's prompt treatment he soon revived, and a half-hour later the doctor entered the library, to which the rest of the party had retired, rubbing his hands with satisfaction and showing a cheerful countenance.

"I am happy to be able to report, gentlemen," he said, "that no ill effects are likely to follow the shock which Major Bruerton has suffered, and which in some instances of this kind has been attended by the most serious results. As you have doubtless already surmised, he was a somnambulist of the most pronounced type. I say 'was' because, so far as medical science can forecast the future, he will never be one again. The blow that roused him from his life-in-sleep broke forever the fetters that bound him to that extraordinary existence. The mystery of many of his acts is a mystery no longer. Although the impulses that governed him in his active sleep owed their origin to his waking thoughts and feelings, he was as completely unconscious in one existence of all that he did in the other as if he had actually been two men, each living in a different hemisphere. He tells me that for years he has been subject to attacks of overpowering drowsiness in the evening. At first, when they recurred only at long intervals, he tried to resist them: but, as they increased in frequency, he gradually fell into the habit of going to bed as soon as he felt them coming on. He had begun to fear that in time they might force him to relinquish society, as they had already caused him to resign from the army. This dread and the charges hanging over him kept him from showing the charming young lady who has promised him her hand any attention in his waking life, but could not prevent him from following the irresistible impulse of his heart in his life asleep. It is somewhat trying to her to find that the man who wooed and won her is in a sense not the man who is to wed her. But"—and the good doctor's eyes twinkled—"you will be glad to know that I have every reason to believe the major will eventually succeed in reconciling her to the change."



From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

A BELGIAN HOME, 1914

THE PIONEER FORT OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

By R. J. Fraser

THE impecuniosity of Charles II. gave birth to two great monopolies, only one of which has survived the attacks of rival competition. The Hudson's Bay Company, though its chartered rights have these many years been surrendered, still wields in the particular region in which they first exploited the trade a dominance over all other rival concerns. It is a monopoly still, of fact if not of law. Especially is this so on the shores of the great bay where their first trader landed. Here, where about two hundred and forty years ago the flag of the "H.B.C." was first unfurled on land, the company reigns supreme to-day. Throughout the whole of the Canadian northland it wielded an influence that has gone far in shaping the destinies of the land, and in the Hudson Bay region it is still supreme. The Government treaty agent, the "missioner", the commandant of police, all hold minor rank in the eyes of trapper, Indian, or half-breed. Their liege lord is still the factor of the Company.

All men are now free to come and go, to trade and sell and gather furs in the northern territories, but distance and climate and the difficulties of transportation still raise more formidable barriers against strangers than law or protection could devise. Nature's laws of limitations have afforded more protection to the fur-trader than all the man-made laws of the state.

It was Henry Hudson who, in 1607, first sailed into the great inland sea, and though he lies in an unmarked grave the name of the dauntless mariner goes down to posterity attached to the waters which claimed his life. In the natural course of events the great fur-trading company adopted it as their own.

Radisson and Groseilliers and Gillam are to us but three of the many illustrious names associated with the making of early Canadian history. But to the men of the "H.B.C." they carry weight, for they were its pioneers.

Two hundred and forty-odd years ago a ship sailed away from England bearing in it a company of adventurers whose destination was the far-away little-known shores of James Bay. To-day we would dread to venture into unexplored waters in a vessel the size of the *Nonsuch*. But these early navigators and seekers after wealth were adventurous spirits, and they fearlessly entered the great uncharted waters of the north. Though Hudson had long ago perished, and

Frobisher, Fox, Baffin, Davis, and James later on followed the course of his tiny vessel, but little information of a practical value had been obtained.

Despite the difficulties, unknown dangers on sea and land, the pioneer traders of the great Company sailed westward, undaunted. Up to this time the greatest obstacle to their ambitious plans had been the lack of capital and a royal consent to the undertaking. Radisson and Groseilliers were brothers-in-law and life partners. They long had been familiar with the Canada of the French and the great lands beyond the lakes. In 1659 they had even made a journey northward to the shores of the inland sea, and the visions of wealth to be made in that region had fired them with the ambition to make it theirs. But in Quebec and in New England they failed to interest merchants in the scheme of establishing fur-trading posts in the bay. Then to Paris they went. They had little success there.

They then turned to the English, and in court circles found their man. The dashing Prince Rupert became their sponsor, the necessary capital was found, and with hearts aglow with enthusiasm over the "great idea" the adventurers pierced the northern barriers of ice and guided their little vessel southward again to the foot of James Bay. Captain Zachary Gillam was the navigator, and Radisson and Groseilliers the traders, "trail-breakers" for the Honourable Company of Gentlemen Adventurers Trading into Hudson Bay.

The summer of 1668 was well advanced when the *Nonsuch* arrived off the mouth of a river in latitude north fifty-two. The exploring traders named it Rupert. When the barque's keel grated on the gravel the journey was ended; a boat was lowered and Gillam and Groseilliers went ashore, and the site of Fort Rupert, the pioneer post of the Company, was selected.

Little has been told us of the description of the "fort" the first-comers erected on the low bank of the Rupert River, beyond that it was of the type common to most of their later establishments. A stockade of heavy spruce timbers was loop-holed and supported by four corner bastions. The second voyage of the *Nonsuch* brought several small brass cannon, which were mounted on the walls, but used for little else than saluting purposes.

Within this enclosure were the trading-store and depot, the houses of the trader and his clerks, and a row of less pretenious shacks that housed the artisans who were brought out by the company in its earliest years. As the little colony grew, these scattered about the bay, and their places were taken by the French and Scotch half-breed progeny that sprang up in the country. Of this, the first post of the "H.B.C.", nothing now remains but a row of hollows on the bank, lined with crumbled brick—the sites of Radisson's buildings.

For some fifty years after its erection the Company held a precarious tenure of the little fort. In 1686 wild-looking men, more Indian than French, under the joint leadership of the Chevalier de Troyes and Iberville, marched from King Louis's settlements in Canada over the height of land to the north. They were rivals who had sensed the possibilities of the great trade of the northland. Fort Rupert was raided, and the enemy carried off the little brass howitzers that, though serving to overcome the Indians, failed to check the bold *coureurs des bois.*

Seven years later an English expedition recovered the place, but the following spring overland forces from Canada again drove the Company's men from Rupert. Then, one year later, the British warships *Seaforth* and *Bonaventure* worked their way through the ice of the bay and the Company came once more into its own. By stipulation of the Treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, the posts were turned over to the French, and not

until 1713, when the Treaty of Utrecht put an end to hostilities between the English and the French, was the Company's flag again raised over the much-contested fort, to fly unmolested to this day.

From the ashes of the old timbers sprang up a new stockade. The supply ships returned in the summer with Scottish factors superseding the French pioneers, and the trade was carried on as never before. The people of Rupert were molested no more, and though the trade warfare was waged in the west, and the "Northwesters" and the free-traders gained a foothold on the prairies and in the mountains, this post saw no rivals. The banners of the "H.B.C." were carried northward, eastward and southward from Rupert and planted on the sites of tributary posts. It is only in recent years that the house-flag of a rival company has been raised alongside Rupert's House. In 1902 the world-wide fur-trading firm of Revillon Frères established a post close by.

Since that date keen-witted French traders have attempted to break the natives' allegiance to the old Company's factors, whose forefathers first bartered "skin for skin" with the aboriginal runners of the woods. 'Tis true that the trade is now divided, but the canny, close-dealing Scotsmen still retain the lion's share.

Austere and haughty lords were the old traders, governing with a hand of iron the thousands of wild children of the forest who hunted within their particular domain. Some cause for pride had these hard-living pioneers, for oftentimes the raw Scottish lad, a year or two after leaving the Old Country, would become ruler over a domain larger than his native Scotland, with undisputed sway over the lives and destinies of the half-savage tribes who trapped fur for their lord and master. For over forty years Alan Nicolson, the latest factor at Rupert House, has combined scholarly pastimes and a taste for a higher literature with a rare understanding and masterly control of the natives under his influence. The spell of the old Scottish hospitality is cast about the visitor, and the simple, yet full, life as exemplified in that of the factor draws those who have once met and lived with him and his kind back again through the gateways of the north. Well has he earned the distinction—"last of the Hudson's Bay kings".

Seated among us on the deck of our little schooner in the Rupert River he told us the story of his past. And, though for many long, weary months in the north the home-hunger had been gnawing at our hearts, we fought it down. For the hour the spirit of the place held us in its thraldom—that fascinating bondage of the far-away places. The depot, with its precious store of rich, silky pelts; the place of barter, whose time-aged floor moccasined feet had worn and polished; the little white-steepled mission-house, soul guardian of the trader and the Cree—these carried our thoughts far back into the past. Our vessel rode where hundreds of years earlier the craft of Radisson and Groseilliers had tugged at its anchor. Faintly shrouded in all the beauty of a June evening in the north Rupert House lay before us, the pioneer post of the great Company.

Tiny fires burned brightly before each smoke-stained tepee, and the strong twilight still picked out from the white and dark green background the brightly-hued dresses of the squaws. Purple and crimson and blue and the ever-present shawls; the tartans of a score of Highland clans shrouded dark-skinned faces and raven locks, fitting tributes to the hardy, fearless Scots who had hewn out of the primeval forest these cities of the wild. Behind all, from a gray black, billowy bank of cloud, the full yellow moon crept forth. The beach fires lost their brilliance, and the shadows slowly merged into one, from which stood forth only the whiteness

of the buildings and the tents. Sleigh dogs ceased their wrangling, to unite in a common cause. From the throat of one gaunt, shaggy brute issued the old, old cry of the wolf-blood, deep and long; one by one the pack joined in, and that weird, nerve-stirring serenade began. As far back as man can trace, the wolf-dogs have thus heralded the rising of the moon.

Gradually the twinkling fires burned low to a glowing red; one after another they faded out. Overhead, the stars, this while unnoticed, took up their short night's watch; a smell of resinous spruce tops, mingled with the faint smoke of dying driftwood coals, was lightly wafted from the shore. "Four bells!" rang sharply on the night. We sighed because we could not rent apart that curtain of time, years and numbers of years, and see with our own eyes all that the fading scene conjured from out the past—the struggles against nature and with man, the tragedies and successes, the scenes of adventure surrounded by the glamour and grandeur of the growth and being of the great Company.

THE COAL MINER

By A. D. MERKEL

AWAY, in the depths of the earth,
His rough-hewn workings run,
Stored there by the countless years
And the might of an unknown sun.
He wars with their alien breath,
Their dank and their fevered gloom;
He has weighed and he knows their worth,
Pays court to an awful doom.

He sees not his fellow's face,
He hears but his muffled tread;
For the glimmering light has passed,
And is lost with the ray it shed.
He bridges some hidden stream,
He knows not its source; nor cares
Where the gurgling waters pass
On their way through the darkened years.

The way of the world o'erhead
Goes on with its gain and dearth;
He feels not its varied throbs
Through the miles of the tumbled earth.
He hears but the pick of his axe,
Or, oft in the dark, afar,
The pant of some weary horse
And the clank of its laden car.

He has bowed his back to the task
Where the night and the day are one:
And he shambles the upward slope,
When the toiling hours are done.
Weary, he stumbles along,
Oh, for the strength to run,
To catch with his dazzled eyes
A glimpse of the setting sun!

FATHER FORSTER

A Sketch of the President of Assumption College

By W. E. Kelly

STUDENTS of the high school at Simcoe, Ontario, a little more than a quarter of a century ago, will easily recall the dark-haired, brown-eyed freshman, somewhat diminutive in stature, then known as "Frank", who was ushered up from a district school with all the seriousness and application that usually attend the youth similarly favoured from the outstart. That youth is now the Reverend Father Forster, president of Assumption College, in the same town.

The picture is still before us of a boy who seemed always enjoying life to the full, who laughed heartily, played football vigorously, handed in his exercises with scrupulous attention to neatness and developed the provoking capacity of inevitably gaining the highest marks in examinations. Published examination reports seem to indicate that this latter failing pursued him throughout his career as a student.

The first year in a high school lends few opportunities for leadership, and still there was something irresistible about the manner of this beardless boy, the smallest in the class, and even the wise and dignified members of the second form found themselves yielding to his contentions and views upon matters under dispute. His rapid rise from one important position to another has not taken any of us by surprise. To hear that at the beginning of his professional career and at a time when the rest of us were thinking of settling down to the seriousness of life, he had been appointed head of a Southern States college was just as might be expected. His recall a few years later to the presidency of his own college in Sandwich followed as a matter of course. This institution had had a most successful past. Many of its graduates are numbered among the influential men of western Ontario, Michigan, and Ohio. It was generous of those older men, who had added years of valuable experience to all the greatness with which their alma mater had endowed them to look with favour upon the boy president. They really hoped the good work would go on. It was the age of young men, and there was no telling how near earnestness and attention to duty might come to maintaining the prestige begotten of previous success. Less than a decade of years has passed, and the same devoted admirers of former traditions speak with pride of college buildings, almost doubled in extent, of an equipment increasing, multiplying constantly, of a staff becoming more and more efficient, of a complete reorganization of the curriculum and methods of discipline, of testimonials in the highest form

FATHER FORSTER

A Western Ontario Educationist who is endeavouring to improve the methods of Education in his native Province

any educational institution can lay claim to, as well as the confidence of its patrons.

It is one of his early friends who stands responsible for the following: "If I were asked to say what is the distinctive characteristic of Frank Forster I should answer an incapacity to admit the existence of an obstacle". Difficulties there may be in abundance, but difficulties exist only to be overcome. If you have a hundred acres of land covered with pine stumps, you have only to remove the stumps to have a farm. No small undertaking you will answer, perhaps, but no man would allow a difficulty to stand between him and the object of his ambition.

I remember an amusing evidence of this disposition in his early school days. A teacher, whose name is sacred, had a hobby. It cost his pupils an immense expenditure of time and energy upon the very uninviting task of committing to memory long lists of words which were produced as exceptions to certain rules of grammar. Class after class approached this stage in dread and horror, accepted the task under protest, but submitted to the inevitable. There was absolutely no hope of relief: the venerable man clung to his pet scheme in defiance of all opposition. Frank Forster had seen something of it, and decided upon a private interview. Like Smike, he dared. Not at all baffled by the extreme indifference with which this dignified

personage treated his youthful visitor, he held his seat and with calm determination advanced one argument after another until the good man certainly saw his hobby as others saw it. Forever afterward pupils of that class were liberated from this drudgery.

I am told that experiences much more daring are matters of common occurrence with Father Forster in his present position. All who have taken part in the management of a boarding-school profess a readiness to face anything in the ordinary round of difficulties with one single exception —the irrepressible solicitude of the all-wise mother insisting upon relaxations and modifications of the rule in behalf of her much-indulged boy, with the less enthusiastic father pressed into service as an auxiliary. The world has not heard how many boarding-school presidents have proved unequal to the assault. Nor has the world perhaps realized that the oft-deplored relaxation gradually taking hold during the past quarter of a century is due in great measure to the persistent entreatings of one parent after another, urging every consideration for that "only boy" on earth.

The President of Sandwich has had those parents to deal with also. Their story has been listened to with a patience so untiring and courteous as apparently to guarantee compliance with every request put forward. A long time was necessary to deliver the answer, and it was nothing less than an heroic attempt to reverse for all time to come the parents' views regarding the needs of their precious boy. It was not a matter of refusing assent, much less an honest effort to adjust a present conflict of opinion, but the eradication of an abuse so completely as to prevent its ever appearing again. From Father Forster's viewpoint, no other measure, of course, could be considered.

It is altogether within the range of probability that some day when the Department of Education will have said "take a chair" to this almost unknown colleague they will soon after discover that a long interview is in prospect, because the caller is there intending nothing less than to convince that distinguished body of the unreasonableness of certain favourite measures which many schools throughout the Provinces are respecting under protest. Nor need we be surprised to hear soon after that the Superintendent of Education has come to look upon the aforesaid regulations as provisions which have outlived their usefulness.

Blessed with a splendid physical constitution, Father Forster is taxing it to the very limit. Equally at home, in the pulpit, conducting a class of higher mathematics, discussing business propositions in tens or hundreds of thousands, enforcing the discipline requisite in a large residential institution, climbing to the highest point of the roof to account for a leakage, inquiring into new schemes for developing the possibilities of the college farm, his round of duties precludes all hope of leisure. There is no day in which he is not engaged in several of these; there is no season when such a novelty as a holiday can be ever dreamed of. I believe it is on record that he was absent one summer vacation on a business trip to Europe. Authorities do not agree how much ground was covered within those few weeks, but it seems generally admitted that sight-seeing was tolerated after business hours. It is only busy men who have any time to spare; this principle must have guided the society in their choice of a general manager in addition to the ever-multiplying duties incumbent upon the head of a large and growing institution.

Readers invited to interest themselves in a career are usually given to inquire about formative influences. To such, Simcoe high school takes the credit of contributing a year or two in this instance. No doubt other

centres of learning and influence did their share also. But it might be fairly questioned would the result be very different if neither high school nor college had lent a hand to his education. The history of most men, it is true, depends upon opportunity: but there are few men of achievement for the explanation of whose success we do not look both further back and forward than to the years spent in institutions of learning. On a large farm a few miles out of town nine or ten sons were brought up understanding their duty to God and fellowman and knowing from early years the value of habits of industry and faithfulness to duty. They learned how to do everything that had to be done: then attempted many things that had not to be done. Any boy who has held his own with eight or nine keen, vigorous, enterprising brothers will likely meet men in after life with equal assurance and urbanity. All the members of this excellent family and among them a highly esteemed church rector located in this district not many years ago, one after another in their respective callings have won the success which sterling character, ready compliance with duty and practical efficiency alone can secure. A mother gone to her reward, a father whose slower step and diminishing frame record fourscore years and more did their part and did it well.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE WATCHMAN AND OTHER POEMS

By L. M. Montgomery. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

ALTHOUGH the author of "Anne of Green Gables" and "Anne of Avonlea" has been known for years to all readers of *The Canadian Magazine* as a poet of fine sense and fancy, this is the first volume of her poems that has appeared. That fact is perhaps not so noteworthy as the gratifying circumstance that this time this gifted Canadian writer's work is offered to the public by Canadian publishers. Heretofore her books have been published by a Boston firm. The change, of course, does not mean that Mrs. Macdonald (L. M. Montgomery is in private life the mistress of the manse in an Ontario town) is neglecting her large American audience. Her novels have made her sure of that, so that if the copyright laws permit it, she might well publish her next novels first in Canada. Her verse is marked by gentle rhythm, exquisite conceits, and actually breathes out the fragrance and beauty of field and wood and murmuring brook. She is above all else a nature poet. Here is an example of her work:

Surely the flowers of a hundred springs
Are simply the souls of beautiful things.

The poppies aflame with gold and red
Were the kisses of lovers in days that are fled.

The purple pansies with dew-drops pearled
Were the rainbow dreams of a youngling world.

The lily, white as a star apart,
Was the first pure prayer of a virgin heart

The daisies that dance and twinkle so
Were the laughter of children in long ago.

The sweetness of all true friendship yet
Lives in the breath of the mignonette.

To the white narcissus there must belong
The very delight of a maiden's song.

And the rose, all flowers of the earth above,
Was a perfect, rapturous thought of love.

Oh! surely the blossoms of all the springs
Must be the souls of beautiful things.

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THE WHITE COMRADE AND OTHER POEMS

By Katherine Hale. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

HERE also is the work of a frequent contributor to *The Canadian Magazine*. Katherine Hale made her mark as a poet even more widely known shortly after the beginning of the war by her brochure entitled "Grey Knitting". Now, however, we have a more ambitious venture and one that will place its author well up on the list of Canadian poets. "The White Comrade" is a pretentious narrative in blank verse depicting the spirit and emotions of the gallant Canadians who have gone to France to fight for the Empire. It is not so introspective, yet as essentially literary, as some of her other work, particularly the lyrics, but perhaps for that very reason it will meet with wide popular favour. Here are the closing lines, which will give some

idea of the style and idea of the poem:

So comes the Comrade White, down silent pain,
He comes to woods and battlefields to-day,
(Sometimes I think he loves the woods the best)
And finds free souls flung skyward, glad to go.
Among the lonely and the pain-racked ones
He comes—not death at all, but radiant life—
Comes in the eyes of comrades, lives in hearts
That give all, taking nothing in return.
He is a rumour and a far white light,
He is the singing bird, the children's flute
That called us wooing forth to give our all,
The floating glad things of the buoyant air,
Young earth's warm children, music and delight,
Live in His eyes: those deathless azure eyes,
That smile upon the moment we thought hard,
And turn our sacrifice to kindling light,
They pass through radiant gates on whom He smiles!

Katherine Hale is a Toronto lady, the wife of Mr. J. W. Garvin, editor of an anthology of Canadian verse recently published.

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INCLUDING YOU AND ME

By Strickland Gillilan. Chicago: Forbes and Company.

EVERYONE who has enjoyed the rhythmical story of Finnigan, who sent the famous message to Flannigan:

"Off agin, on agin,
Gone agin—Finnigan".

will be interested in a new volume of verse by the same author. The book, which contains a large quantity of the sentiment that appeals to most human beings, is composed of poems that make us laugh at ourselves. The author is a Western journalist, of whom Wilbur D. Nesbitt once wrote the following parody:

Once a reporter, was Gillilan,
Down on the Richmond "Palladium"—
Whenever the city was scanty of news
He'd chew on his pencil and study his shoes,
Then write a lovely hexameter—
A poem two feet in diameter;
That is, this Gillilan
Wrote it for fillin' in.

When Gillilan quaffed the Pierian
He wrote stuff in ancient Assyrian,
He also wrote yards on the subject of love,
And twittering birds and the blue sky above,
And the editor wrinkled his forehead then
And said many things that were torrid then,
That is, to Gillilan,
He talked of killin' him.

One day on the section one Finnigin,
Who ran a handcar out and in agin,
Sent in a report of a wreck that occurred—
Sent in a report that, in fact, was a bird.
Now, Finnigin sent it to Flannigan,
And Flannigan showed it to Gillilan.
That's the way Gillilan
Came to write "Finnigin".

Then Fame came and boarded with Gillilan—
He's proved to be true Indianian—
And Richmond grew famous in less than a night
Through owning the poet who sat down to write
The rhythmical story of Finnigin,
Who pencilled the message to Flannigan:
"Off agin, on agin,
Gone agin—Finnigin".

Since then it's been splendid for Gillilan—
Though no one knows what came of Finnigin.
But Gillilan's dealing in meters and feet
On the easiest corner of Broad Easy Street—
And fortune has chuckled and smiled on him,
And honours and comforts are piled on him,
Dear he is, near he is—
Here he is—Gillilan!

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THE LEOPARD WOMAN

By Stewart Edward White. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THIS is a highly imaginative story of excitement and intrique. While bearing on the present great war, its setting is, however, in Africa. An

Englishman has been sent with an important message for delivery to an African chieftain. At the same time a German is sent on to the same place on a similar message. Both know the country well and the almost insurmountable difficulties they are sure to encounter. This is the first part of the book, and that is about all there is until the Leopard Woman appears with her caravan in the wilderness, a beautiful, exotic creature who speaks English with a foreign accent, and tells the Englishman she is travelling out of sheer love of adventure through a country which has never even been mapped. She appears first as merely selfish, inexperienced, haughty to the point of silliness. And it is not very long before she falls into serious trouble in her wanderings, and the Englishman, who has left her after their first casual meeting, turns up providentially to rescue her and bring order out of the chaos of her native camp. He takes charge of her servants—whom she is utterly unable to "manage"—and is willing to act as guard to her for the rest of her foolhardy journey. But at this point he finds detailed maps of the district—marked in German—in her tent, and decides that in no case will he let her out of his sight!

How he travels on with her through the wilderness, how he is saved from grave danger, what her mission really is, and how he wins out in the end—this is the matter of the last half of the book. The errand of the Leopard Woman, and the way she carries it through to the last verge of success, is very clever indeed. She herself is not convincing, not attractive; but she is obviously intended not as a portrait of a woman, but as an instrument in the telling of an adventurous tale; and as such she is entirely successful. Culbertson himself is more possible as a human being. But the best character in the book is the African, Simba, and the most humanly moving thing in the story is his devotion to his magic bone. For the rest the novel is a somewhat mechanical, though unfailingly interesting, story of modern adventure. Its narrative style is terse and vigorous, and its glimpses of African country and customs are often illuminating.

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SONGS OF UKRAINA

By F. Randall Livesay. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

NOW that there is so much discussion of the proposal to introduce into the schools of Canada a study of the Russian language these excellent and unusually poetical translations from the Ruthenian should be read with great interest and value. Mrs. Livesay has devoted a great amount of time and study to a sincere consideration of the poetry of the Ruthenians, and the book, which is the result of her labours, should give a distinct impetus to the exchange of culture that should take place between the people of the British Empire and the people of the Russian Empire. We quote three of the translations:

SONG OF THE WOODS

What did she bring us, the beautiful spring?
Fair trees, maiden's beauty.
A maiden's beauty is as dew in summer
Washed in a spring, dried in an oven,
Set on a table, wrapped in paper.

Springtime! And now what is it she brings us?
She brought us strength, beauty of boys.
Beauty of boys is as dew in summer,
Washed in a rain-pond, dried on a fence,
Set on a table, wrapped in rags

SONG OF DEPARTURE: A BRIDE OF BUKOVINA

Dear my mother, weep not!
I shall not take all;
See, the cows and oxen
Leave I in the stall.

I take just black eyebrows,
Only eyes of blue;
And upon your table
Tears I leave for you.

And the little pathway
Where my footsteps fell
While I brought you water
Daily from the well.

A WEDDING SONG

In the green garden is fresh-fallen snow;
Horses are galloping to and fro.

A mother follows the hoof-marks deep:
"My Marusenka, where dost thou sleep?

"Help me, O Lord, her steps to trace!
Home I would take her from this place.

"Come, Marusenka, come to me!
If now ill-treated thou mayest be."

She is not in her small white bed.
She sleeps upon the straw instead

"In what straw, pray, now lieth she?"
She lieth in the rough barley.

"Whose barley pillows now her breast?"
A neighbour's barley gives her rest.

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FIGHTING MEN

By C. Fox-Smith. London: Elkin Mathews.

MISS FOX-SMITH has added one more to her splendid list of books dealing mostly with the doings of men who go out upon the high seas. Here is one which treats, on the other hand, with men upon land:

THE ROUTE MARCH

We've got our foreign service boots—
we've 'ad 'em 'alf a day;
If it wasn't for the adjutant I'd sling the
brutes away;
If I could 'ave my old ones back I'd give
a fortnight's pay
An' chuck 'em in the pair I got this
mornin'!

We've marched a 'undred miles to-day—
we've 'undreds more to go,
An' if you don't believe me, why, I'll tell
'ow I know,
I've measured out the distance by the
blister on my toe,
For I got my foreign service boots this
mornin'.

We've got our foreign service boots—I
wish that I was dead;
I wish I'd got the colonel's 'orse and 'im
my feet instead;
I wish I was an acrobat, I'd walk upon
my 'ead,
For I got my foreign service boots this
mornin'.

We're 'oppin' an' we've 'obblin' to a
cock-eyed ragtime tune,
Not a soul as isn't limpin' in the bloomin'
'ole balloon,
But buck you up, my com-e-rades, we're
off to Flanders soon,
For we got our foreign service boots this
mornin'.

*

PENROD AND SAM

By Booth Tarkington. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THIS is a remarkable collection of short stories, forming in all an outstanding study in boy psychology. Penrod's mental processes are reproduced with an accuracy which at times seems almost uncanny. He is constantly doing something, and that something is frequently, from the point of view of his much-tried parents, distinctly iniquitous; yet Penrod very, very seldom indulges in a piece of deliberate naughtiness, and when he does, as in the episode of Margaret and Mr. Claude Blakely, he is occasionally astonished to find that he has behaved in a manner which calls forth rejoicing and not reprimands. Usually it is simply that an idea enters his mind, fascinates him, and lures him on until, after he has translated it into action, he discovers to his dismay that he has made himself a subject for swift and vigorous punishment.

Penrod himself is, of course, the central figure in this series of short stories—for, although divided into chapters, this book is really a volume of short stories—but Sam Williams and Roddy Bitts, Herman and Verman, Maurice Levy and the exemplary Georgie Bassett appear more or less often in the course of the different narratives. They all take part in the game of "bonded prisoner", which had the rather extraordinary and to them quite unknown result of convincing Penrod's sister Margaret that she was a medium; "I mean, if she would let herself," as Mrs. Schofield explained to her husband. Penrod's experiences as a militarist, however, were shared only by Cam; they were

sad experiences, showing that the real, when attained, is apt to vary in a startling manner from the ideal. Penrod was accustomed to seeing "pictures of real pistols being used to magnificently romantic effect * * * upon almost all the billboards in town"; most of the books he read had in them weapons of some kind, while the "movie" shows he frequented "could not have lived an hour unpistoled". What wonder, then, that he saw visions of himself moving through vague and thrilling dramas, a trusty "revolaver" in his hand? But after actual, though brief, possession, his fervent desire was, "Wish I'd never seen one!"

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NELSON'S HISTORY OF THE WAR

By John Buchan. Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons.

THE more one reviews this popular history of the war the more one is convinced of the exhaustive study the author has given to the subject. Last month we called attention to Volumes 1, 2, 3 and 4. Volume 5 treats of the "War of Attrition" in the west, the campaigns in the Near East, and the fighting at sea down to the attempted blockade of Britain. Volume 6 takes up the campaign on the Niemen and Narev, the struggle in the Carpathians, Neuve Chapelle, and the first attempt upon the Dardanelles. Volume 7 considers the second battle at Ypres and the beginning of the Italian campaign. Volume 8 describes the midsummer campaigns and battles on the Warsaw salient.

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SONS OF CANADA

By Augustus Bridle. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THIS book, as the title might indicate, contains sketches (thirty-four in all) of men who have taken

MR. AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Author of "Sons of Canada"

an active and prominent part in various branches of the Canadian national growth. "Not," as the jacket on the cover announces, "who their fathers were, nor what their sons may be, but what they themselves did with all their might." There are sixteen crayon portraits by the well-known Canadian artist, Mr. F. S. Challoner, R.C.A. Although Mr. Bridle has been connected with journalism in Toronto for a good many years, and latterly as editor of *The Canadian Courier*, this is his first book. He has had much experience in writing sketches of this character, and in the book he has adhered to the light, personal, whimsical style that always has characterized his work. Most of the men of whom he writes are still living and still active, and many of them he knows personally, some of them intimately. So that the work is original and is done from an individual point of view. The sixteen portraits introduce Mr. Challoner in a new rôle and are an attractive addition to the volume.

TWICE-TOLD TALES

"Mair Stir in Paris"

A story worth repeating is going the rounds in Paris. It relates to a certain piper in the Scots Guards who recently visited the French capital with contingents of British and colonial troops taking part in the 14th of July celebrations. The British troops had a great reception. The streets through which they passed were thronged with enthusiastic spectators, who cheered the passing troops and pelted them with flowers. The piper in question did not say much at the time, but he thought a great deal, and finally reached a definite conclusion. On the first opportunity he made inquiries of such French friends as he could communicate with, as to the openings for a piper to a French gentleman after the war. "Mind, I canna speak much French," he said, "but I can play the pipes, and I can see there's mair stir in Paris than in Inveraray."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

*

Caviar

A million atoms massed,
A touch of sauce tartare—
It comes, 'tis here, 'tis past—
The oval urn is bare!

A something crisp that crunched,
An evanescent tang;
I knew not I had lunched,
Save for a passing pang;

A pang that strikes me dumb
And leaves my mind a wreck,
Arising from the sum
I see stamped on my check.

—*Maurice Morris.*

Just a Name

Mrs. McTavish met Mrs. Brown on a country road near a Scottish town. The former was carrying a queer-looking parcel and Mrs. Brown inquired as to its nature.

"Oh, ay, it's jist some ham fur McTavish. I always buy my ham frae Sandy, in the toon. McTavish likes his ham better than any other."

"Indeed, so? Weel, my mon is verra fond o' ham. I'm thinking I'll be getting some for him at Sandy's."

Arriving in the town she called at Sandy's provision establishment and demanded a pound of ham.

"Whit kind o' ham?"

"Oh, the same kind o' ham that ye serve Mrs. McTavish wi'."

"Ah reet!" said the grocer, adding in a whisper: "Whaur's yet bottle?"

*

The Spot Ball

The presence of Royalty sometimes causes amusing incidents to happen. It is not generally known that King George is an excellent billiard player, and once, when he was Prince of Wales, he visited some naval dockyards and in the evening entered a billiard-room for a quiet game.

When the marker was told that Prince George was to be one of the players, his self-possession forsook him altogether. Creeping up to an officer who was present, he asked in a whisper loud enough to be distinctly heard by the royal visitor:

"Excuse me, sir, but do I call 'im Ye Royal 'Ighness or 'Spot Yaller'?"

Unpreparedness

O'Flaherty: "Misther O'Sullivan, will ye stop and have a friendly discussion on the matter of Home Rule?"

O'Sullivan: "It's sorry I am, but it's not convenient just now."

O'Flaherty: "And why not?"

O'Sullivan: "Why, to tell ye the truth, O'Flaherty, I haven't got me shtick handy."—*Tit-Bits.*

*

Some Use

It was in London. A gorgeously dressed foreign officer was walking down Whitehall when he was met by two Irishmen fresh from the country. Amazed at the glittering apparition clanking towards them, one exclaimed to the other, with a sharp nudge in the ribs:

"Begorra, wouldn't I like to pawn him!"

*

A fashionable painter, noted for his prolific output, was discussing at a studio tea in New York a recent scandal in the picture trade. "Look here, old man," said a noted etcher, "do you paint all your own pictures?" "I do," the other answered hotly, "and with my own hands, too." "And what do you pay your hands?" the etcher inquired. "I'm thinking of starting an art factory myself."

*

The Road to Fame

William Dean Howells was talking, at his cottage at Kittery Point, Me., about a writer who, after a good beginning, had degenerated into a producer of trash.

"I suppose," said Mr. Howells, "he got discouraged with the moderate sale of his good work, and now hopes to sell his poor work abundantly."

Mr. Howells shook his head and smiled grimly.

"The road to fame," he said, "is crowded with men who, discouraged, are hurrying back."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Of all the funny stories I recall at the present moment I think I can work up the best laugh over the tale of the two Irishmen who were arguing about the relative merits of New York and Chicago. You know, there is a type of person who, when he knows nothing about a thing and finds you don't know either, will start in and explain it to you. These two were both of that kind. Said one:

"Why, in New York we have grass growing right on the roof, just the same as down on the ground. You can have your front yard on top of your house."

"That's nothin'," declared the other. "In Chicago we play golf on the roofs."

"Golf? You mean that game where you knock a ball back and forth across a net?"

"Yes, that's it."

"You dommed idjut, that's not golf! You're talkin' about croquet."

"Well, I meant to say croquet."

"Yes," said the other one, "I know you couldn't mean golf. How would they get the horses upon the roof for a golf game?"—Senator J. Ham Lewis in *Everybody's Magazine.*

*

Marvels of Creation

A Scotch preacher had been abroad and when he came back he was preaching to his congregation on the marvels he had seen.

He wound up with this: "And the same Creator who made the vast ocean, made the dewdrop. The same Creator who made the mountans made the pebble. Yes, and that same Creator who made me made a daisy!"

*

A milkman was proceeding home after his labours, when he was accosted by a recruiting sergeant, who asked him:

"Wouldn't you like to serve your King? It would be the making of you."

"Sure," declared the expectant milk-carrier. "How much does he take each day?"

Poor Old Bill's Luck.

First Coster: "Well, poor old Bill's gone."

Second Coster (scornfully): "Poor, indeed! Luckiest bloke in the market. Couldn't touch nuffing wifout it turned to money. Insured 'is 'ouse —burned in a month. Insured 'isself again' haccidents—broke 'is harm first week. Joined the Burial Serceity last Toosday, and now 'e's 'opped it. I call it luck."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

*

Captain John Stevenson met a recent arrival from the "auld countree" and speedily got into a chat with him over conditions there. The new arrival told feelingly of the terrible toll of war upon the fair land of Scotia, the sad tales of young men killed and maimed, the sufferings of the families left behind. His was a right sad tale in every way.

"Why, mon, we're jist plum distracit wi' it," he concluded.

"And I suppose the war has caused the price of provisions to go up in Scotland as well as everywhere else," commented Captain Stevenson with sympathy.

"Aye, mon, ye're richt," agreed the visitor. "Proveesions has gone up in price saxpence the bottle."—*Argonaut.*

*

Marks of Majesty Missing

A good many years ago, when her Majesty was spending a short time in the neighbourhood of the Trossachs, the Princess Louise and Beatrice paid an unexpected visit to an old female cottager on the slopes of Glinfinlas, who, knowing that they had some connection with the royal household, bluntly ejaculated, "Ye'll be the Queen's servants, I'll thinkin'?" "No," they quietly rejoined; "we are the Queen's daughters." "Ye dinna look like it as ye hae neither a ring on your fingers nor a bit gowd i' your lugs!"—*Farm and Home (British).*

"Let Not Your Left . . ."

"Did you hear what happened to young Dowder Simpkins?"

"No. What was it?"

"He hurt his right arm in a motor accident, and now he's compelled to hoist highballs with his left. It's deuced awkward, too."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

*

The kirk in a certain Scottish village was in urgent need of repair, and Sandy McNab, a very popular member, had been invited to collect subscriptions for the purpose.

One day the minister met Sandy walking irresolutely along the road. He at once guessed the cause.

"Man, Sandy," he said earnestly, "I'm sorry to see ye in this state."

"Ah, weel, it's for the good o' the cause," replied the delinquent happily. "Ye see, meenister, it's a' through these subscreeptions. I've been down the glen collectin' fun's, an' at every hoose they made me hae a wee drappie."

"Every house! But—but—but surely, Sandy, there are some of the kirk members who are teetotallers?"

"Aye, there are: but I wrote tae those!"—*Tit-Bits.*

*

Unprofitable

A six-weeks-old calf was nibbling at the grass in the yard, and was viewed in silence by the city girl.

"Tell me," she said, turning impulsively to her hostess, "does it really pay you to keep as small a cow as that?"—*Harper's Magazine.*

*

A Domestic Episode

"A penn'orth each of liniment and liquid cement, please."

"Are they both for the same person, or shall I wrap separately?"

"Well, I dunno. Muvver's broke 'er teapot, so she wants the cement, but farver wants the liniment. 'E's what muvver broke 'er teapot on."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

The new Governor-General of Canada

THE
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THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL

By Hugh S. Eayrs

"THINK," said John Bright, "of what the Cavendishes have done in days gone by."

One of them, the present Duke of Devonshire, is now at Rideau Hall. He has come in momentous times, and if he wants to keep up the tradition of the Cavendishes upon which John Bright remarked and to which he paid his tribute, he has abundant opportunity. In few other years could a new Governor-General take up the work of His Majesty's representative in Canada and know it for so crucial and so important work as the office involves in 1916. These are troublous days, my masters, no less for dukes than for commoners.

The Duke follows a line of governors-general whose terms of office here in Canada have been unusually successful. Earl Grey's record was so good that the whole country felt genuinely regretful when he left our shores. His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught succeeded him, and the experiment of a royalty-governor—for it was an experiment, following, as it did, upon the regime of the so popular Earl Grey—turned out excellently well. His Royal Highness left behind him the record of a people's affection for himself and his gracious wife, not merely as the representatives of the King in Canada, but as leaders of the nation, whose leading was wholly good.

The Duke of Devonshire, being but shortly with us, has been little "written up," to employ journalese. About the best history, and the truest, of his activities so far is to be found in "Who's Who", that institution so remarkable for some of its inclusions and more so for some of its omissions. Baldly, here is the Duke's history. Victor Christian William Cavendish, the ninth Duke of Devonshire, was born on May 31st, 1868. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College,

"He is said to have the temperamental failing of melancholy"

"Companionable, a good story-teller . . . . and able to enjoy a joke at his own expense"

Cambridge. From 1903 to 1905 he was Financial Secretary to the Treasury in Mr. Balfour's government. In 1908 he succeeded to the title on the death of his Uncle. He is the son of Lord Edward Cavendish. From 1891 to 1908 he was member of Parliament for Derbyshire. He has been a borough mayor. He is Lord Lieutenant of Derbyshire. He is Chancellor of the University of Leeds. In the first year of the great war Mr. Asquith made him a Civil Lord of the Admiralty in the Coalition Government.

So much for facts.

His choice for Governor-General probably astonished many people in Canada and in Great Britain. Of all the many rumours as to the successor of the Duke of Connaught, his name was not mentioned. We were first of all to have "Lulu" Harcourt, onetime Mr. Asquith's Colonial Secretary. Probably "Lulu" himself desired it. He never lets anybody forget that he is a Plantagenet and born to rule. Also he is the most immaculate of the British Ministers, and his training in the Colonial office might have been a useful link with the country which he aspired to govern. His name, however, soon gave place to that of Prince Alexander of Teck, brother of Queen Mary, and some absurd person, not grasping the vitality and reality of our democracy, suggested that he be Prince of Canada! The suggestion received no official notice, however, and beyond causing a general laugh was unproductive. The Prince came not. At last rumours were set at rest by the official announcement that the Duke of Devonshire was the man.

The Duke has always been *"the"* Duke: the house of Cavandish is the supreme glory of the British aristocracy. This is the result of a combination of circumstances. To begin with, His Grace has 186,000 acres, and is therefore the territorial chief in a land where many have large holdings. On this land are to be found enormous forests with their wealth of lumber, more deer than on the estate of any other English landlord, mines worth fabulous sums, palaces the equal of which even royalty does not possess. His picture galleries outdo even those of American millionaires who mistake themselves for *connoisseurs*. His libraries contain some of the glories of literary England, and when two hundred thousand dollars was offered for it, the offer was refused with something like disdain. Devonshire House in London stands stately and second to none in a city of many mansions.

The Duke's Eastbourne house is one

Photograph by Lyonde

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

Mistress of Rideau Hall, Ottawa, where she lived formerly as a daughter of the Marquis of Lansdowne

"The Norfolk Suit .... of the English sportsman—golfing or shooting"

of the sights of the South of England. Chatsworth, an estate of eleven miles in extent, rich in itself but richer far in tradition and historic meaning, was built in 1706, and it housed among others the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots. The Duke's castle in Ireland, for he is a big Irish landlord, is Lismore, a rare beauty spot in a land of such. His personal wealth is enormous, despite the raids made thereon by the radical legislation of Premier Lloyd George, in his ruthless progress beginning with the Budget of 1909. Most certainly, Devonshire is "*the*" Duke.

These are the outward signs and tokens of the position of the man who has come to fill the office of the first gentleman in Canada. His journeyings across our farm lands and prairies, and from cities of half a million to towns of a few thousand, set like jewels amidst imposing mountains and quiet vales, will contrast oddly with his comings and goings from one of his palaces to another. He will miss the pomp and circumstance of his ducality, yet, from what we know of him, he will count them well laid by for a year or two.

He has, to be sure, some connection with Canada already, for his father, Lord Edward Cavendish, was here in the early sixties. He was a Rifle Brigade officer, and, amongst other things, taught Sunday school at Hamilton. The Duke himself, however, has not been to Canada before. His wife, the Duchess, knows the Dominion generally and Rideau Hall in particular. She spent her early teens here, for her father, the Marquis of Lansdowne was Governor-General from 1883 to 1888. She was then Lady Evelyn Mary Fitzmaurice. The Duchess is a kindly and gracious woman who will be very popular. In disposition she is much like the Duchess of Buccleuch, a life-long and intimate friend of Queen Alexandra, and famous in her day, for she has a sprightliness and vivacious charm expressed in a winsome smile. One wonders how she agreed with the present Court in England, where soberness not to say austerity has been the ruling mood since the Queen so ordained. They say—"they" being Dame Rumour again—that the Duchess of Devonshire, who before the war held, by the way, the glittering office of Mistress of Robes, pleaded with the Queen when the latter condemned the irreligiousness of the Prince of Wales, who dared to stay away from church six Sundays hand running.

The Duke himself is very much of the Cavendish type, and to understand the manner of man he is, it is necessary to see the characteristics of those in his line who came before him. The house of Cavendish has had one of the world's supreme scientists and one of the world's supreme statesmen. The Cavendish type comes to us from the fourteenth century. The wealth of the Cavendishes came largely from the destruction of the monasteries, that act of Tudor despotism which gave so many members of the British aristocracy the foundation of their wealth. James I. created the then Cavendish an earl: it remained for a later king, whose kingship the Earl had helped by contriving, with others, the dethroning of the reigning monarch, to express his thanks by the presentation of a dukedom. Since

From the Painting by Gainsborough

GEORGIANA

First Wife of the Fifth Duke of Devonshire

then there have been nine dukes. Invariably, each has had the "garter", that rarest of orders which, until a couple of years ago, never included a commoner. An exception was made for Viscount, then plain Sir Edward, Grey.

Yet none of the Cavendishes has ever been remarkable for brilliance and only one for genius. The outstanding quality has been a certain desire for service and a solidity and stolidity which make a good governor or administrator. The exception was the Cavendish who was England's greatest chemist, Henry Cavendish, who ascertained the composition of water and arrived at the defining of the density of the earth. The present Duke, incidentally, is keenly interested in science. His laboratories are extensive and replete, and it is said that he personally is so interested in science that his main ambition is to make some sort of mark in the scientific world comparable to that made by his great ancestor. This is important, because it is index to the desire in England that the English shall conquer the Germans in the matter of their possession of the superiority in synthetic chemistry, which passed to them at the end of the last century. Were this done, it would help a great deal to give England that industrial priority which, after the war, is a goal. The Duke of Devonshire is heart and soul behind the movement.

So far as the women of the Cavendish family are concerned, they have included some famous personalities: Christian Bruce, Bess of Hardwick and Georgiana Spencer. This last was one of the world's supreme beauties, and one or two of the Cavendish ladies have been famed for their clever wit, their daring, and their love for gaming. The Cavendish type is picturesque, modest, self-repressing, perennially courteous; their men strong and virile and clean and hard-working, but rarely brilliant.

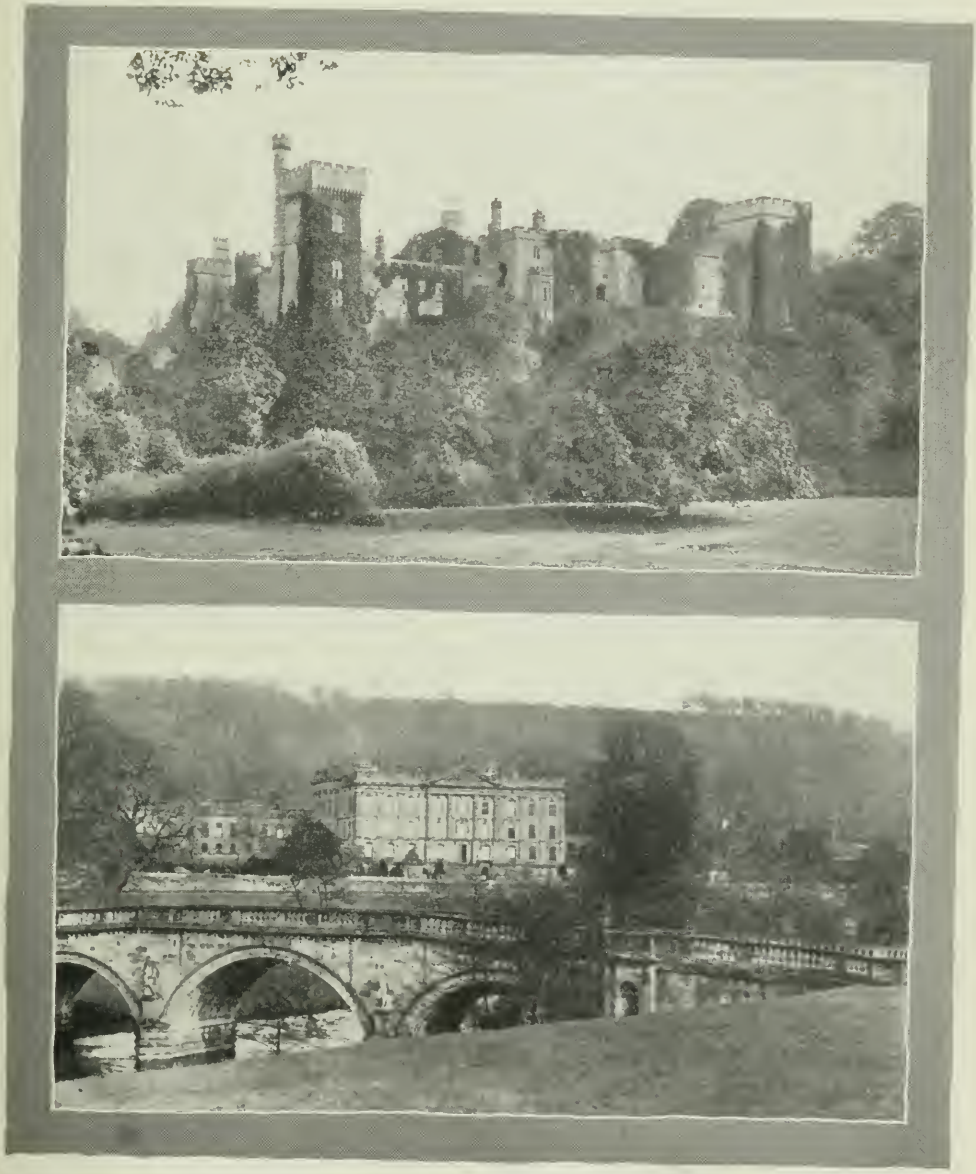
DEVONSHIRE HOUSE

The London residence of the Duke of Devonshire

The present Duke accords pretty well with the type. His is an interesting face. To begin with it is large and heavy. It is the Cavendish face in its length and heavy jaw. The forehead is broad, the hair is inclined to length and was reddish, tending darker, and readily turning gray. The eye is rather sleepy, the very anti-

LISMORE CASTLE

The residence in Ireland of the Duke of Devonshire



CHATSWORTH

The Derbyshire residence of the Duke of Devonshire

thesis of bright, and it is indicative of the mind which works slowly and somewhat ponderously. But if a steamroller moves slowly it moves certainly and to some purpose. The Duke takes his time to decide, but his decision pays for it. The heavy moustache, like that which most of the Cavendishes have worn, droops down, in the case of the present Duke, and gives one the impression of a certain dourness and moodiness, as if its owner was not very well pleased with things in general. In the main the conclusion would be wrong, though he is said to have the temperamental failing of melancholy. His Uncle, the famous Duke of ten and twenty years ago, had it, too. He has fits of abstraction, almost morbidity, during which he has the quality of aloofness, amounting to something like sullenness. It is a family characteristic, and has come to him from his ancestor the chemist, who lived a more or less lonely and monotonous life. History says that the latter dined for years at solitary and simple table, and his dinners rarely varied from the menu of a mutton chop and a glass of ale. Londoners have it that the present Duke is much the same and likes to be alone with his moodiness, when simplicity of diet and circumstance best fits him. Roast beef, a London chronicler says, is his favourite dish. If it be so it is another proof that, in many ways, the Duke is a typical John Bull. He has all the solidness and mental weight which are supposed to be that gentleman's outstanding traits.

Simplicity is the keynote of the Duke's disposition, simplicity in its best sense. He is extremely democratic, and therein he will well suit us in Canada. Mr. Balfour once remarked to him that the most useful word in the language is "Hallo".

"I agree with you," said the Duke, laconically.

This simplicity causes him to rebel, sometimes, against the circumstances and world into which he was born. He would rather pass his time with a friend or two walking across the moors, or, in old and comfortable clothes—the Norfolk suit and knickers of the English sportsman—shooting or golfing. He delights in such small parties, rambling abroad, taking things as he finds them, dropping his ducal rank, and as plain Mister So-and-So, putting up at a country inn and taking what he can get like anybody else. In that connection a story is told which is significant of the man. A few friends and himself put up one night at a country inn in the year when Mr. Lloyd George was out for the scalps of the aristo-landlords. A grocer, a furniture dealer and a tailor were in the room and with these the Duke and his friends conversed.

Said the grocer: "This 'ere Lloyd George is on the right road. The big estates of these country gentlemen keeps such as me from making a living."

"Yes," said the furniture dealer, "if wealth was properly distributed everybody would want a few new sticks of furniture, and that's where I'd come in."

"You wouldn't be wearing such things as them," said the tailor, pointing to the Duke's old and worn clothes, "if the land hadn't passed into the possession of the few."

"I agree with you," said the Duke heartily and with a grave face.

The Duke's somewhat phlegmatic temperament has been the subject of several anecdotes, some of which may be true and again may not. Unlike many of his rank, he had a good business training, for he was in a chartered accountant's office. He knows something of the law, too, for he was entered at one of the Inns. In those times, his younger days, the reigning Duke, whose features and habits the political cartoonists and writers delighted to lampoon, said to his young nephew one day, blaming him for some sin of omission or commission, "You are a silly ass."

FOUR DAUGHTERS OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

Ladies Rachel, Dorothy, Anne, and Blanche Cavendish

The young man did not answer.

"You are a silly ass," repeated the Duke.

No answer.

"You are a silly ass," came again.

"Yes," said Victor Cavendish, agreeing and long-suffering and somewhat bored.

In British politics His Excellency was neither brilliant nor outstanding, but simply hardworking, plain and straightforward in his opinions. He was a Unionist whip at one time, and a good one, though he occasionally got tired and somewhat bored with his duties. It was the first stage of the moodiness and fits of abstraction to which I have referred. His duties as whip, of course, were to get his men in for a division. One day he fell asleep when he should have been very much alive, and a *confrére*, a young lordling, said to him later:

"Cavendish, you owe me a hundred pounds."

"Why?" said Cavandish drowsily.

"Well, if you hadn't been asleep but had been doing your duty I should have been here in the House, instead of in a music hall, where I lost my watch."

Later on, however, he knew what he was about, and when Mr. Chamberlain and the Duke of Devonshire—the old Duke, if the appellation is not disrespectful—championed Tariff Reform, and Mr. Balfour, past master in the gentle art of sitting on the fence, would not agree with them, Victor Cavendish stuck to Balfour.

"The family is terribly divided over the fiscal question," wrote the late Duke. "Victor is a Balfourian, Dick a free trader, and Heaven only knows what I am."

If his Excellency is still a free trader his attitude and views should be interesting to some Canadians, though officially, of course, he will have no views.

The Duke should suit Canadians to a "T". He does not overpower with his brilliance, nor is his intellect an amazingly bright one, but he has a pleasing manner, and to him has descended the indescribable but definite charm of Georgiana, the "queen of fashion", the lady who had to be in at everything which was going, even if she tumbled in. Gracious *camaraderie* will do far more for a governor-general than brilliance or intellectuality. We have little time for the former in Canada, and intellectuality here, on account of its supposed synthesis with a quality adjectivally expressed by the word highbrow, is not positively booming. The Duke, in short, is a man's man. Companionable, a good story-teller, somewhat cynical and able to enjoy a joke at his own expense, he is essentially democratic. He has been known to be guilty of irreverence towards his own ducal estate, and has staggered his guests at Chatsworth before now by telling them that the protraits of departed kings and queens, which hang in his gallery, are really rubbish. Ancestry particularly his own, has been the target for his tilting before now, and it is said that he has been caught helping in dramatic travesties of the traditions and historic happenings which are connected with Chatsworth. He has the modern mind. He is quietly philosophic. He needs to be, for more than fifty per cent. of his immense income has been taken from him for war tax purposes and, before that, democracy was typified by the figure of "the little Welshman" looking towards Devonshire's holding as mee (a) t for repentance.

He has ardour and enthusiasm in abundance, and the very deliberateness of his mind in thinking and his mind in acting infers his quality for throwing himself wholly into what he has to do, and doing it with all his might. Despite this strength of mind and character, the Duke is a "nice" man, in the sense that the word may explain his personal charm and courtesy and capacity for meeting with cooks' sons as easily as with dukes' sons. It is this happy ability for commingling and its counterpart, which he has too, of yet retaining the marks of his birth, that is the outstanding Cavendish trait. Disraeli tried to clothe one of his fictional characters with it.

He may be relied upon to steer a middle and tactful course between extremes of democracy and aristocracy, for like his ancestress Georgiana he might be dubbed "the most amiable and the best bred person in England". He will be faithful in all things to the heraldic motto of his house, "Cavendo Tutus," and will make a worthy successor to the line of governors-general at Ottawa.

DR. EMILY HOWARD JENNINGS STOWE
The first woman who practised medicine in Canada

PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN

By Emily P. Weaver

II.—DR. EMILY HOWARD JENNINGS STOWE

IT is difficult to add a descriptive epithet to the name of Emily Howard Jennings Stowe, because she was a pioneer in so many fields. She was the first of Canadian women to become principal of a public school and the first to practise medicine in Canada. She was also the founder of a women's club which developed into the first Canadian association organized to work for the extension of the parliamentary franchise "to women who possess the qualifications which entitle men to vote". As a pioneer, she had to face misunderstanding, obloquy, ridicule, and it has been said, "It is difficult to realize the intellect, energy, perseverance and courage necessary to be and do what Dr. Stowe was and did".

Like other valiant fighters in freedom's cause, Dr. Stowe was descended from a Quaker ancestry. Her parents were pioneers in the literal sense of the word, for they settled in Oxford County when the country was cov-

ered with the great forest primeval.

Her mother, who was born in New York State, was a woman of remarkable ability and energy. She was brought to Canada as a small child, when her maternal grandfather, a relative of the American historian Lossing, settled in the township of Norwich, but returned in her sixteenth year to the United States, to attend the "Friends' Yearly Meeting Boarding School in Rhode Island". Her school days ended, Hannah Howard came back to Norwich. Soon afterwards she married Solomon Jennings, a young settler from Vermont, and became the mother of one son, who died in infancy, and of six daughters, three of whom qualified for the medical profession. Mrs. Jennings was particularly zealous in preparing remedies for the sick from the roots and herbs to be gathered in the woods. These decoctions were too often somewhat nauseous, but no doubt her interest in the treatment of disease helped to turn the thoughts of her children towards the art of healing.

Mrs. Jennings's eldest daughter, Emily, was born about 1832 and received her early education from her mother. At the age of fifteen, this young girl became the teacher of a small country school near Norwich. Amongst her scholars were boys older than herself, and in order to keep ahead of her pupils, she used to sit up studying till long after midnight.

Eager for knowledge, she desired to enter the University of Toronto, but its doors were closed against her, as a woman. Saving money from her small salary, she resolved to take a course at the Normal School. This plan she carried out, attending the session of 1853-1854 and receiving her First-Class Teacher's certificate.

Soon afterwards she was appointed principal of the public school at Brantford, a position which she resigned in 1856, to become the wife of an Englishman, Dr. John Stowe, who was by profession a dentist. He was "a liberal-minded man," and his brilliant wife could always count upon him for sympathy and assistance to the utmost of his power. Unfortunately, soon after their marriage, his health gave way: thus Mrs. Stowe was obliged to take what is generally felt to be the man's part and act as breadwinner for the family.

When this necessity came upon her, Mrs. Stowe returned to the profession in which she had already scored a success, and again, as in her very youthful days, took charge of a country school—this time the school at Mount Pleasant, a few miles out of Brantford.

But she was not destined to remain a teacher. About 1865, after the birth of her three children, she determined to study medicine, with a view partly to obtaining a better means of livelihood, partly to meeting that need (which she herself had felt most keenly) for women doctors to attend on women patients. Happier than many who venture from the beaten path, she had the sympathy of her own immediate relatives in her undertaking; but of course outsiders poured discouragement on her plans.

An initial difficulty was that she could not qualify for her chosen profession in Canada. Accordingly, she arranged to leave her home and her family for a time, to attend the New York Medical College for Women, which had been established a year or two earlier by Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the pioneer woman-physician of the United States. Mrs. Stowe was graduated in 1868.

She might have found life easier had she remained to practise in the United States, for there other women, as mentioned above, had defied the prejudices, which cried shame on the woman doctor. Instead she went back to her own land, to break entirely new ground, and began to practise in Toronto. At that date "the fees were pitifully small," and she had to overcome numerous obstacles in the road to success.

She had made an excellent beginning, however, when an act was passed to prevent practitioners from the United States coming to establish themselves in Ontario. Unfortunately for Dr. Stowe, the time that had elapsed since the commencement of her regular practice was too short to entitle her registration under the new regulations, without a period of further study, which would have involved much trouble, expense and interruption to her practice. But it chanced that she had at one period acted as assistant to Dr. Lancaster of London (who was one of the first doctors to give electrical treatments) and she was allowed to date the commencement of her practice from this time, with the result that her name was duly inscribed on the roll of legally qualified physicians.

At this stage in her career the temptation that often besets clever and successful women may, in all probability, have presented itself to Dr. Stowe. What so delightful as now to rest upon her laurels and take up the self-flattering rôle of "the exceptional woman," drawing scornfully away from her struggling sisters? If such a temptation came, it was thrust aside. Dr. Stowe had no wish to be raised upon a pedestal. Rather she felt that the fight had only begun, for the disabilities, which had made her own way hard, still rested heavily on other women and needed breaking for all women. Especially she was determined to gain for women entrance to the University, and to lift them from their too lowly position of political non-entity, with all it involves of social and economic injustice.

In this fight, she knew that she would have to face the prejudices of men and women alike (excepting only the far-sighted few) so she went to work "discreetly and warily," as the Prayer Book has it. She strove to educate public opinion by lectures while she gathered about her a few kindred spirits, for the deepening of their convictions, in a society bearing the innocuous name of the "Toronto Women's Literary Society".

For several years, Dr. Stowe continued to be its president, and amongst its members were Mrs. Sarah Ann Curzon, Mrs. Anna Parker, Mrs. D. McEwan and other women of earnestness and intelligence.

In looking over the minutes of the club, it is interesting to note the range of subjects discussed. From time to time the president gave illustrated talks on the eye, the ear, and other organs of the human body; and members read papers on notable women; on fern-culture, dress, food, etc., etc. The club was influential in obtaining seats for shop-girls and improved sanitary arrangements in stores and factories, and, though the problems were stated in slightly different terms, it seriously debated many questions which still occupy public attention, such as the provision of boarding-homes for business girls and the need of vocational training for women. Before it was three months old that larger question of "Women's Enfranchisement" came to the fore, with the result that, after some half dozen years of usefulness, the Toronto Women's Literary Club resolved itself out of existence, or rather merged itself in a new organization, under the name of the "Toronto Women's Suffrage Club".

This new club signalized its coming into being by a bold attempt to secure publicity. The City Council was asked to allow the use of the Council Chamber for the holding of a conversazione in the interests of women's suffrage. The request was granted. The Mayor and other influential men attended the meeting, and some came out timidly, others boldly, in support of "votes for women".

But the forward movement was very slow. In 1884, widows and spinsters, who were ratepayers, were given the right to vote at municipal elections. In 1889 Attorney-General Mowat received a great deputation of

suffragists to urge the passage of a bill, brought in by Mr. Waters, member for North Middlesex, to extend the Parliamentary franchise also to widows and spinsters. On this occasion, Dr. Stowe read an able address, setting forth the claims of women to the ballot on the same conditions as it is granted to men, but stating that she and her supporters would gladly accept any portion of the desired reform. Mrs. McDonell, representing the W.C.T.U., followed with a rather sarcastic speech. In reply, Mr. Mowat declared his sympathy with the cause and his unwillingness, as "a practical politician" to prophesy that they would get what they wanted "this year or next year," concluding with a pious hope that he might "remain long enough in power to be the humble instrument of carrying "their wishes into effect". He voted against the bill. That was twenty-eight years ago, but with the women's cause triumphant throughout the West, it cannot be that the present-day practical politicians of the older provinces will venture much longer to trifle with the rising tide.

With respect to educational privileges, victory was not so long delayed. Dr. Stowe's only daughter indeed had a similar experience to her mother and, seeking admission to the University, was informed (as were other young women) that "the doors of the University are not open to women". "And," added the President to Miss Stowe, "I trust they never will be." The girl accepted the challenge, replying, "I will make it the business of my life to see that they shall be opened." She kept her word, and the Toronto Women's Literary Club, of which she was a member, struggled unceasingly to break down the barriers, an end which was achieved in 1885.

In the meantime, Miss Stowe had taken a course at the Toronto School of Medicine, despite the fact that some of the professors and students deliberately made it as unpleasant for her as possible, and on May 16th, 1883, had received her degree of M.D. from the Victoria University at Cobourg. She had fought her way to victory, with a resolution hardly to be expected from a young girl, and many were the compliments and praises showered on "the first woman who had ever taken a medical degree in the Dominion".

But she had not suffered in vain. The trials she had undergone so appealed to one of her professors, Dr. Barrett, that he decided to try to establish a medical school for women. A meeting was called under the auspices of the Women's Suffrage Club, and the project was taken up so warmly that in the autumn of that same year (1883) the Women's Medical School was opened in Toronto, with Dr. Barrett as its first dean, and Dr. Augusta Stowe-Gullen (for she had just been married to Dr. J. B. Gullen) on the staff as demonstrator of anatomy. The college had twenty-three years of usefulness, but was closed in 1906, after women were admitted to study medicine in the University of Toronto.

Dr. Emily Stowe did not live to see this last step forward. In 1893 she met with an accident which interfered with her general practice, but not by any means with her interest in social and economic questions. In these later years, she spent much time at her summer home, on an island in Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

The end to her busy, effective life came suddenly on April 30th, 1903. Those who knew her best lay stress on her motherly and womanly qualities, whilst those still in the struggle to gain for women full political recognition, with all its greater opportunities, are thankful for the courage, ability and resourcefulness with which Dr. Stowe served her own generation, and those to come after.

From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

SYMPATHY

"If I catch you looking so sad again, I'll send you to Germany after your father"

THE FIRST CANADIANS IN FRANCE

By F. McKelvey Bell

CHAPTER VII.

IT was my fate, or fortune, to be in charge of the advance party which was detailed to prepare for the opening of our hospital.

Captain Burnham and I, with about forty N.C.O.'s and men and two days' rations, left Boulogne one cold November afternoon, a few days after the concert. At the end of a slow journey lasting three hours, we were deposited at the railway station of a fishing-village on the coast.

If Boulogne prides itself on its odour of dead fish, this little place must be an everlasting thorn in its side; for all the smells of that odouriferous city fade into insignificence before the concentrated essence of the back streets of Etaples. We didn't linger unnecessarily in the village, but pushed on at the quick march and, crossing the bridge, were soon on the broad paved road which runs through Le Touquet forest.

It was just dark, and snow had fallen to the depth of about two inches; the most we saw in two winters, during our stay in that part of France. It was a crisp, cold evening, and the swinging pace of our march did much to keep us warm.

From time to time we passed large summer residences and artistic villas partly hidden in the woods, but all the doors were closed, and all the windows were dark. Not a human being passed us on the road, and the noise of our shoes crunching through the crusted snow was the only sound which broke the solemn stillness of the air.

Our men, too, seemed oppressed with the weird solitude of the forest and seldom spoke above a whisper.

"Seems as though the world were dead," said Burnham, after we had walked nearly two miles in silence.

"Yes," I replied, "it gives one a creepy feeling passing through this long dark avenue of pines. The houses, too, look as if the inhabitants had fled and that no one had the courage to return."

"I understand the Bosches were through quite close to here," Burnham remarked, "in their first mad dash for Paris, and that some German soldiers were killed near the outskirts of this wood."

"By the gruesomeness of it, I can imagine they were *all* killed," I replied.

By this time we had turned at right angles to our former path and entered

another long avenue of trees. The white walls of an isolated mansion stood out in the distance against the black-green of the forest, and the fading purple of the evening sky. The grounds about it were enclosed by a high pointed iron fence; it looked a veritable prison.

After tramping another mile we emerged into an open space between the trees and the rolling sand dunes of the coast, and saw before us a large limestone building, three storeys in height and almost surrounded with broad, glass-enclosed balconies. The tracks of a disused tramway ran to the gate, and the rust upon the rails spoke more forcibly than ever of desolation and desertion.

We passed through the stone gateway and crossed the snow-covered lawn. Everything was as dark and dreary as the grave. Surely no one was within! We mounted the steps and rang the bell. Its peal reverberated strangely through the empty halls. After a few moments, however, a light appeared and a solitary man entered the rotunda; he turned the electric switch, flooding the room with a bright light. He came to the door, unlocked it, and rolled it back slowly upon its wheels.

"Gut evening, zhentlemen," he said in English, but with a peculiar Franco-German accent, difficult to diagnose. "It iss fery kolt, iss it not?"

We acknowledged the fact.

"You are from the Canadian Hospital?" he queried.

"You were evidently expecting us?" I replied. "We are the advance party from that hospital."

He pushed the door wide for us to enter. We didn't debate as to whether we should accept the hospitality of a German, but marched in at once.

"Your dinner vill be retty in a leedle vhile. I vill haf Alvred ligh'd you the grate, und you soon fery comfortable vill be."

"Show me to the kitchen first," I asked him, "and let me see what arrangements you have for supper for the men. When they are made comfortable, it will be plenty of time for our dinner."

He piloted us into a large room with red tiled floor. There was good accommodation for the men, and the kitchen ranges were close by. They had their cooks and rations with them, and as soon as we had seen that everything was satisfactory, and had chosen their sleeping quarters, we returned for our own dinner.

In a commodious room, just off the rotunda, a roaring coal fire was blazing on the hearth. Big easy-chairs had been conveniently placed for us, and Burnham and I fell into them and stretched our tired feet toward the fender upon the rich red Turkish rug. The table was spread close by, and we noticed the fine linen, the sparkling cut glass, crested silver and Limoge china. The scent of delicious French cooking was wafted to us past the heavy silken hangings of the door. Presently our German host appeared once more:

"Vat vine will the zhentlemen have mit zehr dinner?" he inquired politely.

Burnham threw himself back into his seat and laughed aloud. "Holy smoke!" he chuckled, "and we are at the war!"

"What wines have you?" I inquired tentatively.

"Anyzing you wish to name, zir," he responded with a certain show of pride.

I thought I would put him to the test.

"Bring us a bottle of 'Ayala', vintage '04," I commanded.

"Mit pleasure, zir." And he bowed and retired to get it.

Burnham slapped his knee and burst out:

"Am I awake or dreaming? We walk four miles through a stark forest on a winter night, enter a deserted hostel, are received by a German spy and féted like the Lord Mayor. I expect to fall out of the balloon any

minute and hit the earth with a nasty bump!"

"I'm a little dazed myself," I admitted, "but it's all a part of the soldier-game. Some other day we'll find the cards reversed, and have to play it just the same."

Our host, however, was not German, although that was his native tongue. He came from that little-known country of Luxembourg, which, sandwiched in between France and her Teutonic enemy, has still maintained a weak and unavailing neutrality. Being too small and unprotected to resist, the German army marched unmolested across it in the early days of war.

'Alvred,' who was a French-Swiss, and spoke more languages than I can well remember, waited upon us at table. We were just finishing an excellent five-course dinner with a tiny glass of *coin-treau,* when the sound of a motor-car stopping at the door aroused us from our dream of heavenly isolation.

As we stepped into the hall, the door opened, and in walked the colonel, the senior major and the quarter-master, who had followed us from Boulonge by road.

"Well, how do you like our new hospital?" the colonel demanded with a satisfied smile.

"We love it," Burnham exclaimed. "It is weird, romantic and altogether *comme il faut.*"

I suggested that a liqueur and a cigar might not be unacceptable after their long drive. The colonel smiled appreciatively as he replied:

"We *are* a bit chilly after our journey; I think a little drink will do us good. What do you say, Major Baldwin?" This question was addressed to the senior major, who, with the others, had now entered our dining-room.

The artistic surroundings drove the major into poetry at once. He exclaimed:

Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regrets and future fears.

"Splendid!" cried Burnham enthusiastically. "Now, let's have Gunga Din. You do it so well! How does it go? You're a better drink than I am, Gordon Gin!"

"No, no!" said the major deprecatingly. "You mustn't abuse Kipling—it's too early in the evening."

Whether the major intended abusing that famous author at a later hour, or merely reciting from him, we didn't inquire. We talked until late, formulating our plans for the morrow and for many days to come. We made a tour of inspection about the building. The colonel unfolded his plans as we walked along the halls.

"This suite," he said as we came to the end of the hall, "will make a splendid pair of operating-rooms, an anæsthetic and a sterilizing-room. The fifth will do for a dressing-room for the surgeons, and in the sixth Reggy will have full sway—that will be his eye and ear reformatory. On the left we'll install our X-ray plant, so that all surgical work may be done in this one wing."

"What about the hotel furnishings?" I inquired, "are they to remain in place?"

"Everything must go, except what is absolutely necessary to the comfort or care of patients," he replied. "It seems a pity, but we are here not only to cure patients, but to protect the Government from needless expense. In the morning set the men to work dismantling the entire building."

We walked along to the opposite end of the hall.

"Here's a fine room," exclaimed Major Baldwin, as he peeped into the dainty boudoir which I had chosen as a bedroom. "Who sleeps in this luxurious state?"

"I do—for to-night," I replied.

"I want that room for myself," he declared. "It looks like the best in the place."

How is it we always want that which the other fellow has? Its value seems enhanced by its inaccessibility.

"It shall be yours to-morrow night," I replied to this covetous request. It was no deprivation to give it up as there were fifty other rooms, which the major had not seen, more richly decorated and more attractive than mine. This little room was cosy and prettily furnished in bird's-eye maple. It boasted an Axminster rug, a brass bed, and the glow from the open fire lent it a charm which had captivated Major Baldwin's eye.

There were other suites of rooms, with private baths attached, and hot and cold running water. The floors were covered with costly Persian rugs, and the furniture was of hand-carved olive wood or mahogany. Private balconies overlooked the golf course and the forest. Every detail bespoke wealth and luxury combined with the most modern contrivances for comfort.

The colonel was amused at us. "Pick out whatever rooms you like," he said, "and enjoy yourselves while you may, for in three days' time no one but patients will live in this building. The men will sleep in the golf clubhouse, the nurses in one of these deserted villas, and we shall have another villa for ourselves."

We discovered that our hospital building was owned by an English company; hence the great number of bath-rooms—thirty-four in all. The halls and glass-enclosed balconies were steam-heated throughout, and each room had its old-fashioned open fireplace to combat the chill of winter days.

At midnight the colonel and his party left us and commenced their return journey to Boulonge. Burnham and I climbed the stairs to my bedroom, our footsteps echoing loudly through the untenanted halls. We sat and chatted for an hour before the fire. I was getting very sleepy—we had dined well—and as I looked at Burnham his form seemed to dwindle to smaller and smaller proportions until he looked like a pygmy from Lilliput. I amused myself awhile watching this strange phenomenon. By and by his diminutive size provoked me to remark.

"Do you know, Burnham, although an hour ago when you entered the room, I mistook you for a full-grown man, I can now see that in reality you are only about ten inches tall—yet your every feature is perfect."

"Much obliged for the compliment implied in your last clause," he laughed; "you corroborate suspicions which I have long entertained that I'm a handsome dog whose beauty has remained unappreciated. It's a strange coincidence, but I am labouring under the opposite delusion, and although an hour ago you waddled into the room—just an ordinary fat man; now I view you as a Colossus.

I rather approved his regarding me as a Colossus, but saw that I must at once frown upon that "waddling" idea. It's an impression I can't afford to let go abroad.

"Come, let's to bed," I cried, "and sleep 'will knit your ravelled sleeve of care'—I really think your wide-awake impressions are the worst!"

We arose at six, and under our direction the men commenced the work of disrobing the hotel. The stern necessities of war permit no sentiment. Everything had to go: The beautiful paintings, the silken hangings, the Oriental rugs, the artistic statuary were all rapidly removed and packed away for safety. The card and dining-rooms and lounges were stripped of their carpets, and before night, its former guests would scarce have recognized the place. Sanitation is the first and paramount law of a military hospital; carpets and unnecessary furniture are a source of danger, for such a variety of diseases follow the troops that special care must be given to every possibility for infection and its prevention.

By five that evening the colonel, the matron and the nursing sisters arrived, and a few hours later came the balance of our officers and men. Motor lorries and ambulances toiled

through the gates, laden with our equipment. Hundreds of boxes, crates of iron beds, bales of mattresses and blankets, folding bedside tables, bags of tents and poles were brought to the door in an apparently endless stream. As fast as the lorries arrived the men unloaded them, piling boxes and bales under the balconies for protection.

Huxford and the team did their share, too, bringing up loads of food from the train for the men and for prospective patients.

The senior major was pale and tired; he had been up since dawn and had worked hard. Nothing had been forgotten, and the transport of men and accoutrement had been accomplished systematically and well. He was a good soldier, true to his duty, stern and unflinching, and he never asked others to work without being willing to do more than his own share. Tired as he was, he would neither rest nor eat until the last box was unloaded, and the last lorrie had left the grounds—and the men shared his deprivation.

It was almost nine p.m. as Tim and Barker, staggering under the weight of a tremendous case, came across the driveway and dumped the last box to the ground. Tim sat breathless for a moment upon it, then looked wearily up at Barker, with his head on one side as was his custom when he soliloquized.

"Dat's a heavy load t'get offen an empty stummick," he gasped, "I can't lif' annuder poun' until I gets a slab o' roas' beef under me belt. I'm dat hungry I could lick de sweat off a bake-shop window."

"I smell supper cookin' now," said Barker. "Did ye see th' ranges? *Some* cookery, I kin tell ye—they kin roast a whole cow at one time!"

"An' I kin eat dat same cow jus' as fas' as dey kin roast it," Tim declared. "I'm dat weak from starvation dat a drink uv holy water 'ud make me drunk!"

About nine-thirty p.m. the men fell upon supper like hungry wolves.

"Gee! Don't food taste good—when y'er hungry," drawled Wilson, with his mouth full.

"Dat's right," Tim replied, "glad t' see y'er perkin' up an takin' a little notice agin. I t'ought youse and Huxford wuz about all in."

"Where'd you get the onion?" Wilson queried.

"I foun' dis in d' hotel garbage," said Tim as he took a large bite out of a Spanish onion, "an' I wuz jus' tinkin' wat a diff'rence dere is 'tween an onion and a cake. Hev ye' noticed it yerself?"

"I hevn't eat cake in so long, I don't s'pose I could tell 'em apart now," Wilson replied.

"Well, dey say ye' can't eat yer cake an hev it, too; but wit an onion its diff'rent—wen y' eat it, it's like castin' yer bread upon de troubled waters—it'll always come back t' ye."

Cameron looked up as if he were about to correct this Scriptural misquotation. It seemed to harass his religious sense. He opened his mouth to speak, but it was too full for utterance, and he had to content himself with a reproachful look at Tim.

Ten o'clock found everybody sleepy and exhausted. The boys didn't trouble to go to their quarters, but, crawling into any available corner, threw themselves down upon bundles or empty beds, and soon were fast asleep. The sergeant-major was too tired to care, and for one night at least discipline was happily forgotten.

In the morning early we were at it again, tooth and nail. If some of our friends at home, who think the trained nurse is too proud to work, could have only seen those splendid girls on their first day in the new hospital, they would still be lost in wonder. They washed woodwork and windows, helped to put up unruly beds, swept the floors, and did a hundred other menial labours—menial only because in our artificial life we call them so—cheerfully and speedily.

If some day, by chance, one of our nursing sisters reads these lines, and

blushes at the recollection of her work that day, let her remember that by that very labour, in our eyes, she was glorified. We shall always remember with pride those brave Canadian nurses who were not afraid, when duty called, to "stoop and conquer".

The following evening I was despatched to interview the A.D.M.S. regarding our hospital. I was met at the office door by the D.A.D.M.S., who was one of that breed of cocksure officer—now happily almost extinct.

"Hello," he cried brusquely, "is your hospital ready for patients?"

"We should prefer another day or two of preparation, sir," I replied.

"How long have you been out there now?" he demanded.

"Two days, sir."

"What! At the end of two days you mean to tell me you're not ready! You're very slow."

It was the first time we had been accused of sluggishness. It was undeserved, and I resented it accordingly. I replied—not too politely, I fear:

"You will please remember we had to dismantle and remove the carpets and furniture of a large hotel, take stock of the fixtures and house-clean the building before commencing the setting-up of our hospital equipment. We are ready for two hundred patients now—but we prefer another day or two to make everything complete."

"I'll send you two hundred patients to-night," he cried. "Be prepared for them."

The A.D.M.S., a typical English gentleman of the old school, interfered. He called his deputy aside and said to him:

"You mustn't rush patients into a new hospital in this manner. Give them a few days' grace." He turned to me and continued: "You will receive a trainload of patients three days from now. That will give you plenty of time. Kindly inform your commanding officer to this effect."

Some men brush one's fur the wrong way, and others smooth it back again. I had been so rumpled by the D.A.D.M.S. that every bristle of my not too gentle nature was standing on end—it was not only what he said, but the manner of the saying; yet the A.D.M.S., with one gentle, kindly stroke of common-sense, had soothed and made me human once again. I felt my wrath slipping quietly away, and I basked for a moment in the sunshine of a genial personality. I gratefully murmured:

"Thank you, sir. I shall tell him."

"I trust your hospital will soon prove itself a credit to your staff and to Canada. Good-night, and good luck," he said, as he shook me warmly by the hand.

It was midnight of the third day after this interview. The orderly on duty in the hall was suddenly startled by the sharp ring of the telephone-bell. He sprang to his feet and put the strange French receiver to his ear.

"Yes, this is the Canadian Hospital," he answered; and a distant voice gave this message:

"A train-load of three hundred wounded will arrive at the station at two a.m. Be ready for them!"

CHAPTER VIII.

At last the time for action had come. Three hundred wounded would arrive in two hours. One-fifth of that number would throw the average city hospital into confusion. Nurses and officers hurried from their villas. The cooks and orderlies were already on duty, and the hospital presented a scene of bustling but systematic activity.

Our ten wards, each named after a Province of our beloved Dominion, were soon ready for the reception of patients, and the deft hands of the nursing sisters added the final touch of extra preparation.

The colonel's motor-car throbbed in waiting at the door, and ambulance after ambulance, with its quota of

stretcher-bearers, whirled away into the darkness of the forest on the road to the station. It was a clear, cold night. The ground was hardened by the frost, and the pale quarter-moon cast a faint chill light over the trees.

Reggy and I clambered into the colonel's car as it started, and in a moment we were moving swiftly through the gaunt, trembling shadows of the wood. As we approached the turning of the road, we could see in the distance the flashing headlights of other motors from the English hospital, as they, too, sped toward the train.

When we reached the station a constant stream of vehicles was pouring through the gates, and as fast as each car or ambulance arrived it was backed into the waiting line. Every few yards carbide jets spluttered in the wind, adding their fitful glare to the strangeness of the scene.

After about an hour's wait the shrill whistle of the incoming French train warned us that our vigil was almost over. In a few minutes more the coaches, each with its big Red Cross, came clanking slowly into the station-yard. Car after car passed by: one, two, three, ten, twenty—it was a tremendous train. At last it stopped, the doors opened, and we had our first glimpse of the brave boys who had held the line.

Dozens of Scots and English battalions were represented, but there were no Canadians save ourselves as yet in France. Some of the boys could stand or walk, and they clambered slowly and painfully down the steep steps and stood in little wondering groups. God knows they looked tired, and their clothes were still covered with the dried mud from the trenches; for, during a battle, speed and the necessities of the moment are the important things—the refinements of civilization must await time and opportunity. Many were smoking cigarettes. Some had bandages about their head or hands or feet. Some had their arms in slings. From none was there the slightest groan or sound of complaint. They waited with soldierly but pathetic patience until we were ready to take care of them.

One tall young man who was standing apart from the others and whose face was unusually pale approached me and saluted. His right hand was thrust into the bosom of his coat, and with his left he nervously drew a cigarette from his pocket.

"Would you mind helping me light this, sir?" he asked respectfully. "I can't protect the match from the wind."

As I assisted him I inquired: "Have you had your right hand wounded? I see you keep it in your coat."

"It's not exactly that, sir," he replied, with a faint smile. "I have no right hand—had it blown off this morning." He drew the bandaged stump from his breast as he spoke and held it up for inspection.

"But you must be suffering frightfully!" I exclaimed in pity, surprised at his coolness.

"It does give me 'gip' now and again. I can bear it better when I smoke," and he pulled tremulously at his cigarette.

I helped the brave fellow into one of the waiting motors and turned to see what I could do for the others. There were dozens with bandaged feet who limped slowly toward the ambulances.

"What has happened to you chaps?" I inquired, as I came to a group of six, all apparently suffering from the same condition, and who could scarcely walk.

"Trench feet, sir," they answered readily.

At the time this was a new disease to me, but we soon saw all too much of it. It corresponds quite closely to what in Canada is known as chilblain, but is much more painful, and is in some ways equivalent to frostbite. It is caused by prolonged immersion in ice-cold water or liquid mud. In those days, too, the trenches were not as well built as they are to-

day, or the ground was lower and more boggy. Men were subjected to great privations and suffered untold hardships. "Trench foot" has now almost entirely disappeared and conditions in the trenches are altogether better.

"Were you standing long in the water?" I asked them.

"We've been in it night and day since Sunday," they replied—and this was Friday!

"Was the water deep?" I asked.

"The mud was up to the waist," one answered; "an' poor Bill Goggins stepped in a 'ole in the trench an' were drowned afore we could get to 'im."

Another spoke up: "A lad from my platoon got into a part of the trench that were like a quicksand, on'y 'e went down so fast—like as if there was a suction from below. We seen 'im goin', an' 'e called fer 'elp, but w'en we got to 'im 'e were down to 'is chin, an' we couldn't pull 'im back."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed in horror, "was he drowned, too?"

"'E were that, sir. It were jolly 'ard to see 'im go, an' us right there!" and there were tears in the good fellow's eyes as he spoke.

"Climb into the motor, boys," I said. "We'll try to make up a little for the hell you've all been through."

There were others who had been severely wounded; some with broken arms or legs; some shot through the head or chest. It was wonderful to see the gentleness and kindness of our own rough lads as they lifted them tenderly from bed to stretcher and carried them from the train to the waiting ambulances.

I stepped inside the train for a moment. It was a marvel of a hospital on wheels. It had comfortable spring beds and mattresses and soft woollen blankets. There were kitchens, a dispensary, an emergency operating-room, and even bathrooms. A staff of medical officers, nurses and trained orderlies did all which human power can do to make the men comfortable during a trying journey. Every man had had his supper, and his wounds had been dressed *en route* as scientifically and carefully as if he had been in a base hospital.

The ambulances rolled slowly away from the train with their precious loads, the drivers cautiously picking their way along the smoothest parts of the road; for to the man with a broken leg or arm the slightest jolt causes pain.

We saw the boys again at the entrance to the hospital, lying in rows on stretchers or standing patiently in line, waiting until their names and numbers were duly recorded. Each one, as this procedure was completed, was given a little card on which the name of his ward and the number of his bed was written. He was then conducted or carried to his allotted place.

How tired they looked as they sat wearily upon the edge of their beds, waiting for the orderlies to come and assist them to undress! But even here they were able to smile and crack their little jokes from bed to bed.

As soon as they were undressed they underwent a refreshing bath, in which they revelled after their weeks of dirty work and mud. After the bath came clean, warm pajamas, a cup of hot cocoa or soup, a slice of bread and butter, and last, but to the soldier never least, a cigarette.

To him the cigarette is the panacea for all ills. I have seen men die with a cigarette between their lips—the last favour they had requested on earth. If the soldier is in pain, he smokes for comfort; if he is restless, he smokes for solace; when he receives good news, he smokes for joy; if the news is bad, he smokes for consolation; if he is well, he smokes; when he is ill, he smokes. But good news or bad, sick or well, he *always* smokes.

As I entered the ward, a Highlander, not yet undressed, was sitting upon the side of his bed puffing contentedly at his cigarette.

"Are you badly wounded?" I asked him.

"Not verra badly, sir," he returned, as he stood at attention.

"But you have a lot of blood on your tunic," I said, pointing to his right side and hip.

"It's not a' mine, sir," he replied, as he grinned from ear to ear. "It's a souvenir from a 'Boche', but he did make a sma' hole in ma thigh wi' his bayonet."

"And what happened to him?"

He laughed outright this time.

"He's got ma bayonet an' ma rifle, too," he cried. "Oh, man, but it was a gran' ficht!"

"Is he dead?" I asked.

"Dead?" he exclaimed. "I hae his top-hat wi' me noo," and he held up a Prussian helmet to our admiring gaze.

I congratulated him and passed on; but I had little time just then for chatting. All the wounds had to be unbandaged, washed and freshly dressed, and although we worked rapidly, the nurses undoing the bandages and attending to the minor cases, while I did the more serious ones myself, it was broad daylight before we had finished. The morning sun, stealing gently over the trees, found patients and doctors alike ready for a sleep.

A similar scene had been enacted in every other ward. It was nearly six a.m. as the other officers and myself, with the exception of the unfortunate orderly officer, started down the road toward the villa. Our billet was about a quarter-mile away, but our mess was in the hospital building. I crawled into bed at last, very, very weary, and in a few moments was fast asleep.

It was Tim who finally roused me from this heavy slumber. He was standing at the foot of my bed with his head on one side in his customary bird-like attitude. His stiff black forelock hung straight over his brow. I was just conscious enough to hear him saying:

"Wake up, Maj! Wake up, there!"

Before strangers, or before brother officers, Tim was always respectful to us. He was a trained soldier, and when occasion demanded he could be, and was, very regimental. But in the privacy of our home (of which he was in charge) Tim treated us like children whose pranks might be tolerated but must not be encouraged.

"What's the trouble, Tim?" I inquired sleepily.

"It's time to git up," he complained. "D'ye spose y'er goin' t' sleep all day, jes because ye loss y'er beauty sleep las' night? Dis is war—dis is!"

"What's the hour?" I asked.

"It's ten o'clock," he replied, "an' dat Cap' Reggy's in de nex room—chloroformed agin; wit his knees drawed up an' his mout' open ventilatin' his brain. Dey ain't a Pullman in de whole worl' dat's as good a sleeper as dat gent."

By this time I was fully awake, as Tim intended I should be. I turned over on my side and addressed him.

"Run downstairs now, Tim," I said, "and make me a good hot cup of coffee, and a slice of toast with fried mushrooms on top."

Tim stared at me a moment in open-mouthed amazement. We were not supposed to eat at the villa, but Tim was a good cook and those he favoured with the "friendship" might coax a cup of tea before rising.

"Fried mushrooms," he repeated as he went toward the door, shaking his head slowly from side to side. "Fried —mush—rooms! Gee, an' dey calls dis *'active* service'!"

But in spite of this show of pessimism, he returned shortly with the breakfast as ordered.

When we reached the hospital that morning everything was as neat and clean as though nothing had happened the night before. No adequate description can be given of the trained nurse at the front. She is one of the marvels of the war. Patient, industrious, cheerful, self-sacrificing and brave; she has robbed war of much

of its horrors. She has made the wounded soldier feel that a sister's care, a mother's love and a clever woman's skill follow him wherever he goes. Her smile has cheered his lagging day; her gentle touch has soothed his pain and the warm sympathy of her kindly heart has made the foreign land a home. Under stress of work and nervous strain, ever forgetful of self, always thoughtful for others, no truer or nobler band of gentle women ever left the shores of Canada.

The patients had had a refreshing sleep and a good breakfast and were now snugly tucked in their clean sheets and warm blankets, looking very happy and contented. Even those who were badly wounded had partly forgotten their troubles. Some had souvenirs; German rifle bullets or bits of shell which had been extracted at the clearing hospital, farther up the line; and these they exhibited with great pride to their fellow patients. The German helmet was always an object of interest. The slanting cut in the glossy leather of one spoke better than words of a bayonet thrust which had gone home. Each little bedside table had a few priceless trinkets, bought with blood, and brought with great difficulty and care from the battlefield.

It was our custom to postpone surgical operations, except urgent ones to save life, for one or two days, in order to give the tired soldiers a chance to get a much-needed rest—a simple expedient whereby many lives were saved. The patients were grateful for this little reprieve, and showed their gratitude by recovering more rapidly.

But sometimes it was necessary to operate at once. That morning I found a poor chap who had been shot through the brain with a rifle bullet. The missile had entered the temple and emerged at the back of the skull, fracturing the bone both at the point of entry and exit. His heavy breathing and stupour told us the case called for immediate relief. In the operating-room pieces of the skull were removed, the depressed bone lifted, and in about an hour the patient was taken back to his ward. We had little hope of his recovery.

The following day when I entered the hospital his bed was empty. I thought: "Poor fellow! He has died in the night and no one has sent me word." I turned with a feeling of disappointment to the man in the next bed and asked:

"What has become of your neighbour?"

"Oh," he replied, "he's just gone out to the wash-room. He'll be back in a few minutes. He stole out of the ward while the nursing sister was in the other room."

While we were talking he walked in, got quietly into bed and reached for a cigarette. I bade him good-morning, repressing, as well as I could, my astonishment.

"You are feeling better this morning?" I remarked, as casually as if he had had a cold in his head.

"Oh, yes, I'm very well in myself, sir," he replied with a contented smile, "but I have a little headache—I'm thinkin' the bandages are a bit tight."

I loosened them and gave him a warning not to get up. He seemed disappointed, but promised not to transgress again.

It is surprising and pleasing to know that a large percentage of men shot through the brain recover. Seven out of nine who entered the hospital one day, some months later, made a good recovery, and when they left were apparently mentally sound.

A young lieutenant who arrived with one train-load of wounded, walked unassisted up the steps and smilingly addressed the registrar:

"About a week ago a sly bullet popped over the trench and caught me in the temple. Fortunately it passed out through the opposite side. They took me down to the field ambulance, and, as the surgeon wasn't very busy

that morning, he said he'd like to take a look inside and see the works." He laughed aloud at this gruesome witticism and continued: "So he gave me a whiff of ether, opened the skull and, just as I expected, found 'nobody home'. He closed the door, and here I am, fit as a fiddle. What a lucky devil I am to have no brains!"

A number of wounded officers had arrived with the men, and many of our private rooms were filled. We had retained the brass beds, a few practical chairs and small rugs for these rooms, and with a good fire in the grate they looked particularly cosy and attractive.

The nurses, too, took special pride in supplementing the meals of the patients, both officers and men, with delicacies of their own. To the hot roast chicken was added creamed asparagus or French peas, appetizing salads of fresh green vegetables—which may be had in France the year round A bottle of ale or wine and hot-house grapes or Spanish canteloupe helped to make life pleasant and hastened them along the road to health. Oh, you may well believe that nothing was omitted which made for their comfort or well-being. We felt, and justly so, that for the men who "held the line" there was nothing in this wide world half good enough. As the inspecting general remarked to the colonel a few days later:

"Give the boys the best the land affords—if they want Malaga grapes, get them. If they want beer or wine, let them have it. Spare no expense that will make them happy and well—they deserve it all!"

As I entered the room of a young English captain, I found him propped up in bed with a few magazines and books beside him. He was looking very cheerful.

"How are you feeling?"

It was our stock question.

He smiled pleasantly as he replied: "Splendid, sir, splendid. Your nurses are charmingly attentive and kind. The rooms and meals are delightful. I'm in great dread lest I get well too soon!"

He handed me a little crumpled square on which a few lines in pencil were scrawled, and continued: "I showed that note to my commanding officer before they carried me away. It was a humiliation, but it was my duty."

"What does it mean?" I asked him. "I'm sure this little bit of paper has a history."

He smiled reminiscently and began· "Our company had been holding a point in the lines which, under a terrific bombardment, had become untenable. The commanding officer ordered us to withdraw to a safer trench in the rear. I called my men and we succeeded in retiring to the position indicated, in good order and with few casualties."

"I thought every man had left the advanced trench, but a few moments later when a small body of Germans attempted to storm it, we were astonished to see it defended by rapid rifle fire from some unknown source. The battle raged for some hours all along the line, but still this little spot was stubbornly held. Again and again the Germans assailed it; but each time with the same lack of success—each attack they lost twenty or thirty men, and those who reached the trench were apparently unable to oust its mysterious defenders. When dusk fell the fighting ceased; and shortly afterwards I received this little note—it speaks for itself."

I spread the paper upon my knee and read:

Sir,—Two other men and I were left behind when the company withdrew. During the fight we collected in eight stragglers from other battalions, so we are now eleven. We held the line against all the attacks. If you, sir, and the rest of the company wish to come back now, the trench is perfectly safe.

Sergeant.

To be continued.

THE COLONEL'S PAIR OF REDHEADS

By Archie P. McKishnie

IN Martin's defence let it be said that he started in the race to Marion Nevill's favour sadly and woefully handicapped. Perhaps no wooer since man was made and woman placed beside him to awaken yearning and discontent had ever found himself in quite such a dilemma as did he this momentous season when, in response to Colonel Nevill's invitation, he was spending the closing autumn days in Shag Villa, the country home of the girl he adored.

Now, had it been an open field and no favour—but, you see, it was not; very much not! Two competitive wooers toed the scratch with Martin in the race to Marion's favour, either of whom, he felt assured, could have given him five yards and beat him to the rope with time to spare.

And the devilish part of it all was, he confessed to himself, he knew it. Yes, Martin knew it all right, and the knowledge did not serve to help him in the least. He liked Captain John Simms as a man, very much indeed, and he possessed a wholesome admiration for Billy Gregory, too. Man to man, and with man that is; as rival to rival, he hated both, and would have enjoyed tying them together and hurling them over the highest cliff into the lake.

There was something prehistoric about Martin's nature, and it was nothing for him to jump back a couple or more of centuries and become a cave-dweller. Particularly was this liable to happen when, as now, he played golf with his rivals and heard their derisive chuckles and Marion's sigh of sympathy when he missed a drive. At such times that slender, steel-nosed golf-stick took on enormous proportions with knotty protuberances along its sides, and he longed to make one fell swipe at the captain and Billy, grasp Marion by the hair and drag her to his lair among the cliffs.

Only there were impediments to the design. In the first place, Martin was not fashioned by nature to carry it out. He stood only five-foot-three, which fact, perhaps, explained why he was being frequently mistaken by visitors for the caddy; in the second place, this spirit of outlawry was but an obsession that lasted not longer than the flicker of an eyelash.

However, of one thing he was positive. Neither the captain nor Billy cared for Marion just in the way he cared for her. They were not capable of it. They were both big, raw-boned, aggressive individuals delving away at life for the kernel the shell afforded. In other words, they were brute men, veneered by civilization into fair-

ly perfect specimens, with their aims and motives selfish; and they drank too much and played poker too late. Martin was no saint himself, but he knew a girl who was as near one as it is possible for human being to be, and he wanted the man to whom she granted supremest happiness to be worthy of her, that's all.

This morning Marion came upon him seated on a mound behind the wood-hedged links, slowly and carefully filling his pipe. A broken golf-stick lay at his feet. The peak of a plaid golf-cap protruded from the much-battered piece of sod, mute evidence of Martin's recent mental soliloquy on golf in general and two players in particular.

Laughter danced in the girl's eyes at sight of him and quickly she unslung the kodak from her shoulders. At the click of the instrument Martin turned inquiringly, and admiration and appreciation of the picture before him wiped out six weeks of failure from his memory. She matched the environment so well, the gold of her hair, the pink of her cheeks, her wild bubbling life.

Then he turned the picture to the wall. She had frowned.

"Exhibit number one hundred and twenty," he shivered. "What are you going to name this one, Marion?"

"The Quitter," she returned icily.

"Eh?" Martin sat up. "What do you mean, the quitter?"

"That's what you are, aren't you, Jimmy?"

He looked away. "I'm not long on golf," he said rather lamely. "I can't play golf with any degree of success any more than I can play billiards or ride horse-back; but listen, Marion," pleadingly, "I'm no quitter."

"No?"

"No, siree, I'm no quitter. Haven't I stuck and done my level best, only to be beaten by the Cap. and Billy every time? They're players, those chaps," he acknowledged. "I'm just a misfit, that's all."

"You allow the captain and Billy to beat you at everything, Jimmy." There was banter in her tones, but Martin did not get it. To him, it was a brief, cold statement of fact. According to her own words, he was done.

He sat frozen of soul, numb of mind. A man sentenced to be hanged may live a thousand deaths before the big day, but, after all, there's nothing to be compared with the real hanging.

Martin plucked his cap from the earth and flapped it on the log. There was a certain finality in the action which the girl intuitively read.

"Jimmy," she said gently.

He looked up at her. "I'm going back to the city to-morrow," he said shortly. "I'm not going to spoil your last snap-shot, Marion. I'm a quitter."

Perhaps the autumn day was in harmony with his depression of soul. As he spoke the sun went out from the skies and the gold on shrub and tree-top faded to bronze and gray. Even the face of the girl he loved better than anything in the wide world seemed to grow sad and dreary in expression. A cold wind whipped in from across the marshy lake, lifting her cap and unloosing a strand of gold-brown hair. Never before had she seemed so dear to him—and yet so far away.

Yet all she said as they turned up the path together was:

"Of course, if you wish to go, we cannot think of asking you to stay, Jimmy."

Wasn't that like a woman! Jimmy bit his tongue and stood it like the quitter she believed him to be.

That night, in the smoking-room, Martin casually let drop the intelligence that he was striking cityward on the morrow. He fancied he detected a look of mingled contempt and relief on the faces of his rivals at the news, though both were profuse in their expressions of regret at having to part with him. However, they hoped to meet him later on in the city,

and if he would visit a certain club of which they were members, they could promise him a sociable evening, etc.

It was the old colonel, who had known Martin from boyhood, who, upon learning of his intention, came looking for him on the jump."

"What's this I hear, you young rascal?" he shouted, catching sight of Jimmy. "Jumping away just when the shooting is on! Gad, boy, it's not like you to want to get out now when the ducks are coming in. You can't go, that's all. To-morrow we'll go and have a day's ducking on the lake. Here, you fellows," he appealed to the captain and Billy, who had resumed their game of billiards, "come over here and help me reason with this young outlaw. Want's to skip out just when the duck-shooting is on. Ever hear the like of it?"

Captain Simms came over smiling. "Perhaps he is not sufficiently expert at the game of shooting to wish to try his hand," he smiled. "Of course, if you will stay, Jimmy," he added sauvely, "we'll see that you have first choice of blinds, and all that."

"Sure, we'll do our best to place you so's you can make some kind of a showing," backed Billy magnanimously.

The old colonel doubled up in a loud guffaw. "Why, you hanged idiots, let me tell you something," he cried when he could get his breath. "Do you know that this same Jimmy Martin—"

Jimmy grasped his arm warningly and broke in with, "I hate to go, colonel, of course, but I've simply got to, that's all."

"I'm going to leave him in your hands," said the colonel, turning to the captain and Billy. "Convince him that his idea of going away now is a crazy one. I've got to go over to the boat-house with Williams to look over the decoys." And he stamped away.

"Better stay," suggested the captain mildly, and "Do stay, old top," grinned Billy.

"Thanks," grunted Martin. Then, glancing up, he caught sight of Marion in the doorway. He beckoned her over.

"And what is the question before the house?" she smiled, glancing from one to the other of her guests.

"We're trying to persuade Jimmy to remain over for the duck-shooting," explained the captain and Billy in a breath.

Martin wanted to look straight into Marion's gray eyes, but he knew he would find the word "quitter" there, so he squirmed and looked fully as uncomfortable as he felt.

Low chuckles from the captain and Billy brought him back to himself. Under the circumstances an ordinary chuckle was bad enough. A derisive chuckle was worse. Martin wheeled on his rivals.

"I'll stay on one condition," he said quietly. "That condition is, if I bag fewer ducks to-morrow than both of you gentlemen bag together, I go back to the city. If I bag more ducks to-morrow than both of you together—you go back to the city."

Silence, dead and awesome silence, followed Martin's challenge. He glanced at Marion and was sure he read approval in her eyes. "Of course," he smiled, addressing the other two, "if you feel the odds against you are too great—"

"Oh, we'll take the wager," cried the captain, "that is, providing Miss Marion is willing. Of course, it will look as though we were forcing you to leave, and we don't want it that way, you know."

"Certainly not," murmured Billy.

"Oh, dear me," smiled Marion, "do not let me interfere. While I and my father will hate to see anyone leave Shag Villa, I'm sure I voice his sentiments when I say—have it all your own way, gentlemen. Suit yourselves."

Jimmy caught a flash of approval from the hazel eyes, as with a laugh she turned away. He rolled a cigarette under the cynical, contemptuous

gaze of his rivals, slowly lighted it and walked towards the door.

"Going to pack up, Jimmy?" sneered Billy.

Martin paused and half turned. "No," he answered, "going up to unpack."

Dawn crept tardily up from the east to show the curling waves of the lake champing white teeth at the low, dun-coloured sky. Martin, crouched in his blind, eyed his bobbing decoys and wondered if Billy and the captain were yet in their respective hides.

The sharp "tak-tak" of two double barrels, speaking almost in unison, gave him his answer. He gripped the pump-gun on his knees and glanced up towards the blinds at the curve of the lake. Apparently the captain and Billy were shooting from the same hide. Had they bagged any? Martin wondered.

As if in answer to the thought a long line of low-flying red-heads grew up out of the mist and swung in towards his blind. As the frantic ducks swept in and turned against the wind with set wings, the Winchester coughed six times, deliberately as the ticking of a clock. And at every cough a duck crumpled up and fell sprawling on the wind-whipped water.

Again came the report of the other fowlers' guns. This time Martin saw their skiff dancing on the waves and knew that they were gathering dead birds.

He produced his pipe and tobacco. Well, let them bag them, he thought, as he filled and lit the old brier-root.

"Swee-swish-swee-swish," and a flock of blue-bills darted above his decoys and went down with the wind at express speed.

Now, a novice at the work of duck-shooting would have taken a snap shot at that retreating flock of ducks on the chance of body-crippling a bird or two. But Martin was no novice. He simply sank lower in his blind and waited.

Far out on the lake the flock turned and curved back towards him, dropping low as they sped towards the decoys. Once again they swept outside the wooden ducks—then, as before, sped outward. Still Martin did not shoot. He knew, from experience, that a flock of blue-bills will invariably came above decoys three times. He knew also that, on returning for the third time, if they did not light, they would not return again. Accordingly he braced himself and waited the incomers, which had again turned and were speeding towards him.

This time as they flashed above his decoys, Martin's "pumper" spoke again, sharply and deliberately. Through the deepening light he was able to count the birds which the wind had driven into shore. Twelve all told. Not a bad beginning, thought Martin.

Other ducks came in to him, in singles, twos and in tattered remnants of flocks. Noon found him with eighty-one ducks as a showing. He wondered how the captain and Billy had fared. All morning their guns had been kept busy. In another hour would come the grand show-down, when he would know whether he or his rivals would have to go back to the city. He squatted in his blind and waited. But the wind had changed, the sky had become clear, the ducks had ceased to fly.

An hour later Martin loaded his ducks into his skiff and paddled shoreward. He had seen the other boats going in a few minutes before. Marion and her father had gone first, Billy and the captain close behind.

Martin had a premonition that he had failed—failed by a shade. Try as he would, he could not shake the feeling off.

They were waiting for him at the landing. "How many?" were the first words of Billy and the captain as he landed. Martin saw Marion's eager face as she waited for his reply.

"Eighty-one," he answered. "And you?"

"Eighty-two," shouted the captain, and Billy danced a hornpipe on the sands. "Tell the fellows in the city that we'll see 'em later, Jimmy," he chortled.

Marion, clad in a heavy hunting-coat of her father's, came forward and bent to examine Martin's ducks, in the bottom of his skiff. Martin longed to see her eyes, but her head was bent as slowly she counted the birds. The colonel, official referee of the contest, stood by, smiling and watching her.

Martin was gravely shaking hands with his competitors when the colonel's voice came to his ears. "I say, Jimmy's beat you two fellows, at that! He was just kidding you when he said eighty-one, He has eighty-three ducks here!"

Martin pinched himself to see if he were awake. The captain and Billy, their faces anything but smiling now, stood beside the colonel and Marion, slowly counting the birds.

Then slowly they turned and faced Martin.

"Jimmy," spoke the captain, "you got us. Shake, and good luck."

"Same here," echoed Billy in soulless cordiality. Then they turned up the path.

"We're on our way," waved the captain from the knoll. But Billy did not echo the words. He was plodding along, head down.

The colonel had returned to his own skiff to secure the birds he had bagged. Martin turned slowly and faced Marion. She was looking away across the now blue and tranquil lake. "Marion," he said softly, "you know, of course, why I made that wager."

She nodded.

He reached for her hand and took it in both of his.

"And are you sorry I won?"

She turned her gray eyes upon him. They were misty and full of a new and beautiful light. "No, Jimmy," she said chokingly, "I'm glad, I wanted you to win, Jimmy."

"Because?" he persisted.

"Yes," she whispered, "that's the reason."

They were standing, arms about each other's shoulders, planning, when the colonel's voice spoke for the third time, behind them.

"Jimmy," it said in mock severity, "you are an ambitious hunter, I must say. You have, I see, bagged the queen duck of Shag Villa."

"I have," agreed Martin frankly.

"But what I can't understand," said the colonel perplexedly, "is where the mischief the only pair of red-heads I bagged went to. Some sneaking bog-shooter must have found them in the skiff and took em—eh?"

"Quite likely, sir," said Martin.

He was trying to read Marion's gray eyes. But they were turned from him, gazing across the blue, untroubled lake.

A CANAL SCENE

From the Painting by
J. W. Beatty

OUR STRANGLE-HOLD ON THE GERMAN SPY SYSTEM

By William Le Queux

THAT spies of Germany have been very active among us for the past ten years cannot be denied, but in this, the third year of war, Great Britain may certainly congratulate herself upon the possession of a very adequate and effective system of counter-espionage and, indeed, upon having secured a veritable strangle-hold upon the enemy's spies.

To the average man or woman the working of the Intelligence Departments of both branches of the services is shrouded in mystery, as it must obviously be.

The discovery of the "Spy's post-office" in the Caledonion Road, London, in 1912, was a most fortunate incident, because letters sent there from Germany to be re-forwarded to spies were intercepted and copied. They gave us the clue to the existence of a very remarkable state of affairs, and revealed the identity not only of the spies amongst us, but also showed that German military desperadoes had been despatched to England in humble guises, but with special instructions to carry on certain sinister work, quite distinct from espionage. These Huns were raiders whose hope it was to strike, on the outbreak of war, sudden and deadly blows with explosives and by other means, with the object of crippling our naval and military organization. For a time they constituted a very grave menace to our country. What blows they actually struck cannot here be revealed. Certain disasters were, rightly or wrongly, attributed to them.

As one who was in touch with the work of counter-espionage for several years before the war, I can testify as to how excellent were the staff, and how untiring their constant efforts. Frequently, when public opinion declared that "our police were no use" —for in ignorance the public thought that the police were charged with such work—I begged those in authority to allow me to satisfy the minds of the people by lifting the veil just a little in order to show what was really in progress. But the decision was always in the negative.

Personally, I think that when an outcry was raised in 1913 against spies, the public might have been shown that we were not exactly asleep, as some speakers and writers would make out.

The "Spy's post-office" was allowed to proceed merrily for over a year, and in that period much interesting correspondence passed through the *cabinet-noir*. Persons who were quite unsuspected were found to be agents

of Germany, and the possession of a list of these gave the Intelligence Department a decided advantage on the outbreak of war, for some twenty or so dangerous persons were very quickly placed under lock and key.

The secret agents of the Kaiser sent here as desperadoes to commit outrage were a horde which, at the time, could not be effectively grappled with. For that reason guards were set upon railways, waterworks, power-stations, and such like. The very fact that these guards are now withdrawn is, surely, silent evidence of the effective measures taken to combat Germany's evil machinations. Germany established a canker-worm in England's heart, but happily this has been, in a very great measure, crushed out.

Though so much excellent work has been done it is unfortunate that public opinion has been inflamed by the apathy of other departments of the State. For example, successive Home Secretaries have bungled very badly over the enemy alien question, and it was not before the people began to riot against the policy of apathy which was inviting disaster, and Lady Glanusk held her great woman's demonstration at the Mansion House, that the Cabinet could be brought to realize the great peril, so apparent on every side. The screaming farce of the ex-German Consul Ahlers caused universal anger. This German official, who had been solemnly condemned to death for traitorous acts, was not only reprieved, but allowed to hide his identity under an English name, and entertain his brother Huns in a snug abode in a London suburb. At the moment we had Germans in every walk of life, and in all our public services. Indeed, in the first eighteen months of war, with the thousand and one examples of Mr. McKenna's paternal leniency towards the enemy alien, of which the reader is too well acquainted by the comments of his daily papers, it seemed to the people as though the British Government actually protected the Hun.

I happen to know full well that this feeling was, unfortunately, also growing among our Allies. As one who since 1906 had had something to do with secret service among Great Britain's enemies, I can assure those who read these lines that although our Intelligence Services, directed as they are by a nameless but most astute official, to whom the highest credit will be given when peace is proclaimed, have done their level best to combat the German in our midst, until some months ago they, however, unfortunately, did not receive such a hearty measure of support from the Home Department as might have been expected. Further, certain unfortunate Ministerial statements had been made in the House and in the press before the war, which were, in the light of subsequent events, proved to be not in accordance with fact. Hence the man-in-the-street believed himself misled—as he undoubtedly was.

In the first year of war he was as much misled by political juggling as he was by the Kaiser who, in that famous interview published on October 28, 1908, declared to us in those winning words: "My dearest wish is to live on the best terms with England. Have I ever been false to my word. Falsehood and prevarication are alien to my nature." Yet, at the same moment, England was swarming with his spies craftily endeavouring to plot our downfall! Indeed, the All-Highest One, when he went to the Guildhall to make a speech of friendliness, took his chief spy, Steinhauer, with him! Three months after the bursting of the war-cloud the Home Office sent a long and delightfully misinforming statement to the press in which we were gravely assured that "espionage has been made by statute a military offence triable by court-martial". As a matter of fact the laws relating to espionage had been settled by the Hague Convention years before!

Again, in this statement we were also gravely assured that the action taken by the authorities in arresting about thirty known spies who had long been watched, was "believed to have broken up the spy organization in this country".

Could anything be more calculated to irritate a discerning public?

A few months later Mr. Tennant, the Under-Secretary for War, rose in the House of Commons and informed us that "every enemy alien is known, and is under constant police supervision". Such a statement did not improve the growing feeling of insecurity, and even if it was intended to place the enemy off his guard, it was but a clumsy ruse, for there were at that moment thousands of the enemy in our midst allowed to roam at pleasure and plot against us—persons who were unregistered and unknown. So far, indeed, from that statement being the truth, Sir R. Cooper, M.P., stood up in the House and boldly declared that there were aliens in every department of our public services, and that these persons were daily transmitting reports of our movements to Germany. Not a soul rose to contradict him. Why? Because the secrets of our Budget had been known and published in Frankfort before they were known in the House of Commons! And again, a later and more glaring instance of the leakage of information to our enemies was when the news of Lord Kitchener's tragic death was published in Berlin half an hour after it had reached London. Who was the traitor?

Further, the Home Secretary's recent figures were certainly not very reassuring, for he admitted that no fewer than 7,233 enemy aliens had been granted certificates exempting them from internment. One wonders why? He also told us that there were 9,355 male enemy aliens loose in London alone, while 471 male enemy aliens were still allowed to live in "prohibited areas!" One cannot help wondering what these dear good Germans and Austrians had done to be granted such a privilege, and how many Englishmen to-day are living in prohibited areas in Germany.

Naturally such admission caused considerable anger, for it revealed the fact that the Intelligence Department was not receiving due support from the Home Office. Fighting a crafty and unscrupulous foe, as we are, we should surely not give them a single loophole.

Happily few loopholes to-day exist, yet these few must be closed. We have a strangle-hold upon German spies, and we must retain it. In most districts in England the army of secret agents has been dispersed and broken, and the desperadoes are either repatriated, or are among the 26,000 civilian enemy aliens we hold to-day behind stout barbed wire. The courts of internment have long ago discovered themselves to be a mere farce, for the Hun secret agent, a graduate of one of the spy-schools in Leipzig, Friedenau, or elsewhere—is far too wily and his purse for too potent. Happily we have learned a serious lesson. Germany intended to spring some big surprises upon us, and one of those big surprises was the sudden rising of an army of military desperadoes who were to act at a given signal, destroy our communications, our waterworks, our power-stations, our shipping, and commit serious outrages in our arsenals and munition works. But by the secret knowledge acquired before the war, acquired only by patient inquiry, continual watchfulness, and often by undertaking long journeys into the enemy's camp, the authorities held information which enabled them to strangle the serpent which the Kaiser had placed with such cunning within our gates—within the country whose hospitality he accepted—and over whose suspicion he bleated so pathetically in that famous interview in 1908.

Germany herself admits that we have upset her plans and discovered her plots, for she has now expressed

herself ready to exchange her 4,000 half-starved civilian prisoners interned at Ruhleben for our 26,000. This is a bargain which, though certainly one-sided, is nevertheless one which, if accepted by us, would meet with public approval, for we have no desire to feed and clothe them further. Probably, however, a good many of those interned at Alexandra Palace and elsewhere would hesitate considerably to return to Hunland, dreading the fate there awaiting them.

Even though so much has been done to combat the spy menace, I go further, and contend that every German, no matter what he may be, should, in these days of grave events, be placed securely under lock and key. I, long ago, suggested to the authorities that the 26,000 men now interned should be repatriated, and that the remainder of the Germans at large should be interned in their place. It is to be hoped that this will be done.

The only serious menace now remaining is the release of interned enemy aliens and the leniency shown to German women. The female spy is much more dangerous than the male of that genus, and we should not forget that before the war Germans conducted the white slave traffic in the West End of London, and in certain provincial centres. They conduct it to-day, and, without doubt, a good deal of important military and naval information is gathered and transferred by German women of a certain class within the two-mile radius of Piccadilly Circus.

In the third year of the war, however, it is certainly a matter of congratulation that we have rectified many of our political blunders in dealing with espionage, and that we have gripped Germany's spy system with a strong hand.

As one who has some knowledge of what has been done—things which the public little dream—I personally view the present aspect of affairs with the greatest satisfaction.

THE TRIAL of NILES von SHOULTZ

By Irving E. Struthers

A MYTH OF HISTORY EXPLAINED

OPPOSITE the City of Kingston, on one of the points which reach out into the bay formed in part by an arm of Lake Ontario and in part by the mouth of the Cataraqui River, rise the massive but weather-scarred walls of Fort Henry, a fortress that belongs to the stone age of fortifications whose works are as obsolete as is the flint-lock musket or the muzzle-loading cannon.

Before time had laid a hand heavily upon it, Fort Henry must have been a sight to see; and to-day, if the visitor will for the moment forget the existence of sixteen-inch guns and shells of a ton in weight, the walls and towers and sallyports of the old fortress are impressive even in their decay. They are built of the beautiful light gray limestone found at every turn in Kingston. The stonework of Fort Henry is a credit to the engineers and masons who planned and constructed those massive walls and picturesque martello towers whose most destructive enemy has been time and the elements.

Before the outbreak of the war, which led to the use of Fort Henry as a place of detention for dangerous subjects of the enemy, the visitor was shown everywhere, and one spot no well-informed guide ever neglected was the dungeon in which was confined one of the victims of the troublous days of 1837-38. It truly was a dungeon in every sense of the word —a small space in the centre of a great stone structure, enclosed by massive walls, without light except for the few faint rays that struggled through the heavily grated ventilating aperature high up in the wall, and secured by sets of barred and bolted doors of oak opening upon a narrow, winding passage that could only be lighted by torch or lantern. To-day the interior of the dungeon is in ruins. The floor of planks is gone and the masonry on which it once rested is covered by a pool of water formed by the little streams that during every rain trickle down the slimy walls. A brief survey satisfies the visitor who gladly clambers over decayed timbers and fallen stone, threads the gloomy passage, and so returns to the fresh air and cheerful sunshine.

On December 8th, 1838, there went out from that dungeon to meet death on the scaffold a man whose trial and tragic end are associated with the name of Kingston's most famous citizen and one of Canada's leading statesmen. That criminal was Niles Gustof Schobtewski von Shoultz, and his counsel at his trial was John A. Macdonald.

Among the legion of anecdotes based on the life of Sir John Macdonald

perhaps none has been given wider circulation than that recounting the manner in which he made his start in the practice of the law by his able yet futile defence of the filibuster leader, Von Shoultz, and the tellers of this story, and even biographers and historians have dilated upon the eloquence of the plea of the young Kingston lawyer—a plea, they said, that established the advocate's reputation and launched him upon a career the ultimate goal of which was the premiership of the Dominion.

In his detailed history of the Upper Canadian Rebellion, Dent tells the story in these two sentences: "He [Von Shoultz] was ably defended by the present Premier of the Dominion [written in 1884 when Sir John held that position] then a young man whose way in the world was yet to be made. The eloquence and forensic skill displayed by the clever young counsel did much to advance his own fortunes, but were of no avail to save the life of his client, who was hanged at Kingston on the 8th of December, 1838."

Collins in his Life of Macdonald falls into like error, for he writes: "Every one was struck with the masterly character of young Macdonald's defence, and though they knew that it lay not in the power of human tongue or brain to save the prisoner, they admired the skill with which he led up his arguments, the tact with which he appealed to the inexorable judges, and above all the soul-felt interest he seemed to have in his client".

That young Macdonald took a deep interest in the welfare of his client is established by facts that will be referred to later, but that he made the eloquent plea that the biographer himself grows eloquent over, is entirely false, as the records of the case make clear, and as more careful biographers have pointed out.

The painstaking Kingsford states that Von Shoultz "was defended by the late Sir John Macdonald, then a young barrister starting in his profession, but it was simply impossible to offer any defense for him." Those were the facts, but Dr. Parkin in his Life of Macdonald, goes farther and gives the tale its quietus. "The romance of political biography," writes Dr. Parkin, "long credited Macdonald with a defence of the accused man [Von Shoultz] so brilliant as to establish his legal reputation, but this myth has been dispelled by the sober facts of authentic history, which show that the counsel for the defence neither made nor could make before the court-martial any speech at all in behalf of the prisoner, who pleaded guilty from the first, and, in the absence of all extenuating circumstances, was condemned and executed."

The circumstances for which Dr. Parkin says no extenuation could be found, make up what is known as the filibuster raid into the Johnston District below Prescott, Ontario, which came to an inglorious end at the stone windmill standing on the bank of the St. Lawrence River about a mile and a half below the town of Prescott. Today the old windmill is used as a lighthouse. It also stands as a landmark in the history of two of the most troublous years Upper Canada has known for fully a century.

The mill was erected in 1822 by a West India merchant. It is a structure of considerable strength, as its walls are several feet thick. In the autumn of 1838 there stood near by several other stone buildings in front of which ran the highway leading from Kingston down to Montreal. The situation was exceedingly strong, as it commanded the approaches by both land and water; and against musketfire the stone buildings afforded perfect protection. It was this position that, on November 12th, 1838, was taken possession of by the filibusters from Oswego, Sackett's Harbour, Ogdensburg, and other places on the American side of the International waterway. Then followed the battle.

Troops soon drove the invaders into the stone buildings which their position commanded, and prevented other raiders from crossing over from the south shore of the river, but against musketry the stone walls afforded complete defence. Artillery was despatched from Kingston to Prescott, and the two days required for bringing it down were spent in comparative inaction.

On the afternoon of the 16th the guns arrived, and were placed in position at about four hundred yards from the windmill. An hour before sunset they opened fire. Soon the filibusters' position was untenable; a white flag was displayed, and an unconditional surrender followed. The prisoners were 160, including eighteen wounded. Dent writes that the filibusters' "loss was at least 20, and probably twice that number. The loss on the British side was 2 officers and 14 rank and file killed, and about 60 wounded."

One of the prisoners taken at the windmill was Von Shoultz, the leader of the filibustering expedition—"A gentleman," says Dent, "altogether too good for the company in which he was found, and with which he had allied himself. He was a man of liberal education, of soldierly character and bearing, and of high aspirations, who under favouring circumstances might well have won honourable fame. *The Kingston Spectator,* a publication long since dead, in an issue of a date a little subsequent to these events wrote that "Von Shoultz was of Swedish descent, a Pole by place of birth, and of noble extraction."

The prisoners captured at the windmill were conveyed to Kingston by the old mail steamer *Canada* and landed at Scobell's wharf, at the foot of Brock street. The greater number, including their leader, were marched to Fort Henry, there being no room in the common jail, already full of like offenders. Von Shoultz was confined in the dungeon that thereafter became one of the sights of the place.

A little more than two years before the fight at the Prescott windmill and the incarceration of Von Shoultz in Fort Henry, John Macdonald had been admitted to the Bar of Upper Canada. At the age of five years he had come with his parents and their other children from Glasgow, Scotland, to Kingston, then one of the principal cities in the Upper Province. From the Grammar School he had passed into the law office of Mr. George Mackenzie, and, completing his apprenticeship to the profession of the law, he was called to the Bar on February 6th, 1836, and immediately entered upon practice on his own account at the early age of twenty-one years.

Offenders such as Von Shoultz fell within the jurisdiction of the court-martial which sat at Kingston, and before this court the leader of the Prescott raiders came up for trial. At his request Von Shoultz was allowed counsel, and he engaged young Macdonald.

The trial took place on November 28th, and upon being arraigned Von Shoultz pleaded guilty to the capital charges of attacking the Queen's Dominions and killing the Queen's subjects. A Kingston newspaper of the time gave this brief account of the trial:

"The judge-advocate cautioned the prisoner respecting the consequences of such a plea to him; that in the present circumstances of Upper Canada he could hold out no hope for mercy, and, therefore, the prisoner must consider his situation well, and if he thought proper he might withdraw his plea and plead not guilty.

"The prisoner answered that he had been induced to take command of the invaders under false impressions, and now that he saw through the whole and discovered the delusion under which he had laboured, he was aware of the nature of his conduct. It was no use to say anything in defence, and he should persist in his plea of guilty."

Von Shoultz was found guilty and condemned to be hanged on December 8th. As Dr. Parkin writes, Von Shoultz's counsel, Macdonald, "neither made nor could make before the court-martial any speech at all in behalf of the prisoner."

One other service Macdonald tried to render Von Shoultz, but his efforts were only partially successful. Von Shoultz was condemned to a felon's death by hanging, and Macdonald endeavoured to have the sentence changed so that the condemned man might be shot as a soldier. The request was refused, but the authorities yielded this much—they permitted the execution to be carried out on a special scaffold erected at Fort Henry instead of in the yard of the common jail of Kingston, where several other prisoners taken at the windmill were hanged. And so Von Shoultz met his death within the precincts of Fort Henry which, since the outbreak of the present war, has been the place of internment of several hundred Germans and Austrians.

"The romance of political biography," as Dr. Parkin calls it, which credited Macdonald with having made an eloquent plea in defence of Von Shoultz, was based on an error easily accounted for, because a short time before the sitting of the court-martial there was a trial in the Court of Queen's Bench sitting in Kingston in which the charge grew out of events resulting from the raid, and in which Macdonald played the part that has been erroneously assigned to him in connection with the case of Von Shoultz.

Many military prisoners were confined in the Kingston jail, and on a certain night several made their escape. The jailer was a Mr. Ashley, in politics an ardent Reformer. Colonel Dundas of the 83rd Regiment, Commandant at the Fort, had Ashley arrested on a charge of aiding and abetting the escape. Ashley retained Macdonald to defend him, and the case came up for trial at the autumn term.

Mr. Gunn, who spent the closing years of his life in Walkerton, was engaged in the shipping business in Kingston during the years of the Upper Canadian rebellion. He attended Ashley's trial, and long after he wrote a brief account of it.

"John A. Macdonald, then a very young lawyer who had not hitherto distinguished himself in any way," wrote Mr. Gunn, "defended Mr. Ashley. I was present during the whole of the trial, which lasted two days or more. Mr. Macdonald handled the military authorities with great severity, for which they never forgave him, and this feeling of antagonism was kept up, each new-coming regiment evidently receiving the tradition from its predecessor in the garrison, but John A. cared nothing for that.

"Although Mr. Macdonald's friends did not sympathize with him in his onslaught on the military authorities, yet all were surprised and delighted at the wonderful tact and the forensic ability he so suddenly displayed in that trial. The jury, after long deliberation, acquitted Mr. Ashley. The name and praise of the young lawyer were on every tongue. He had made his mark."

Out of these circumstances grew the myth respecting Sir John Macdonald's eloquent defence of Von Shoultz, but it was not in defending the raider but in defending the jailer of the raider's associates that Sir John first made his mark as a lawyer and public speaker. His feet were now on the rungs of the ladder—the lower rungs to be sure, but they were there, and then he began to climb. He was soon solicitor for a bank and a large trust and loan company; five years later he was elected an alderman of the City of Kingston, and, in the autumn following that advancement, the city chose him as its representative in the House of Assembly of the Legislature of United Canada.

THE BLACK SHEEP

By John Markey

CHARACTERS: Mary Nolan, an old woman. Bessie Nolan, her daughter-in-law. Patrick Nolan, son of Mary and husband of Bessie. A child.

SCENE I.

A room in an apartment house in a Canadian city. Time, September, 1914. *The furnishings are old-fashioned but respectable. Mary Nolan is seated in an armchair and knitting. She is over sixty, and maybe over seventy. Her hair is white and her face is deeply lined.*

Mary *(to herself):* O, these wars, these cruel wars. Bad luck to them and to the man that first invented them. It's a sore heart they left me before, and it's a sore heart they are likely to leave me again. But, then, who am I to be complaining, as if I were the only one that ever carried a sore heart. *(Knocking at the door).* Come in.

Enter Bessie Nolan, carrying a baby. She is about twenty-five years of age. She is cheaply but tastefully dressed.

Mary *(rising and offering her hand):* I'm glad to see you, Bessie. I was afraid you wouldn't come.

Bessie *(ignoring the offered hand):* And why not, when you sent for me? I have done nothing that I should be afraid to go anywhere.

Mary: I'm glad, in troth, to hear you say that. I sent for you because I had been hearing different, and I didn't want to be hearing anything from anybody's lips but your own.

Bessie: I suppose you want me to tell you about the separation?

Mary: I just want to hear from your own lips that it's not true. Some people in this neighbourhood have long tongues, and you couldn't believe a word they'd say, more especially if it was bad.

Bessie: Well, I guess they're telling the truth this time. I got a legal separation two days ago from the magistrate. I have the papers signed and sealed, and Patrick Nolan has no more right to come into my house now than any other tramp, and if he did come I could have him arrested. Yes, and I would, too.

Mary *(laying her knitting down in her lap, and folding her hands in an attitude of prayer):* Never in all the days of my life have I questioned the rulings of the Almighty, and never did I try to shirk the cross that was intended for me; but I wish to God the grave had closed above me before I ever heard such words. O, my poor boy. That this disgrace should come upon you!

Bessie *(warmly):* Your poor boy, indeed! The dirty drunken loafer that has broken a young girl's heart.

Mary *(with forced calmness):* If you have no respect for his old gray-headed mother, remember he is your lawfully wedded husband and the father of your child.

Bessie *(rising with agitation):* That he is the father of my child is my misfortune and the child's, who certainly did nothing to deserve it; but henceforward and forever he is no husband of mine.

Mary: Sure you can't say that. Weren't you lawfully married according to the rules of the church? And wasn't he a good husband to you, barring the drink?

Bessie: Yes, but he didn't bar the drink, and when the drink was in him he was a brute. He destroyed my life, and he has all but destroyed my soul. But I will not let him do that. I have done with him forever. I will go my own way and try to make the best of what little faith and courage I have left.

Mary *(rising to her feet and approaching Bessie):* But the child—remember the child.

Bessie: Thank God, I have still my two hands and a stout heart, and with their help I'll look after the child. Neither you nor your son will need to worry about it.

Enter Patrick Nolan. He is slightly under the influence of liquor, but not quite drunk.

Patrick: Hello, mother! Hello, Bessie! What's all this? Swapping news? I'll bet I have a fresh bit neither one of you has heard.

Bessie turns as if to leave.

Mary: Wait a minute, woman. Maybe you'd be interested in Patrick's bit of news.

Bessie: It wouldn't interest me now to hear that he was dead.

Patrick: Well, you may hear it sooner than you think. I've enlisted. What do you think of that?

Bessie: I think it's one of your drunken lies. You're too big a coward.

Mary: He may be a fool, but he's no coward. No one of his blood, on either side, was ever a coward. Still, I hope it isn't so.

Patrick: Yes, mother, it is so. And I have made over the separation allowance to Bessie and the kid. And the chairman of the patriotic committee pledged me his word that he'll look after you. So you'll see me in khaki in a few days, and I'll bother neither of you any more.

Bessie: I'll believe it when I see it. But I've listened to your lies too long to be easily taken in.

Exit Bessie.

Mary: What in the name of all that's sacred put that into your head?

Patrick: I think it was a bit of poetry I read in the paper the other day, where it said that this war was a great chance for the black sheep, and that many a man who had spoiled his life was now making good, and many others who had brought nothing but disgrace on their families were now bringing hònour. I wish I could remember the lines; but that's the meaning of it. And that little poem got on my brain. Maybe the war will make a man of me, too. I'm afraid it's the only chance I have, now that Bessie has got a legal separation and turned me out on the street.

Mary: Your old mother hasn't got a legal separation from you, nor has she turned you out on the street.

Patrick: I know that, mother; but if I stayed here it would be the same old story over again. I got it into my head now, and I think I must go.

Mary *(deliberately):* Yes, if you got it into your head you must go.

You're your father's son for that. He got it into his head, when the American war broke out, that he must go. He was as fine a young man as you ever laid an eye on, and we were to be married in a year. But he got it into his head, like many another Canadian boy, that he ought to go to the war. And when he came back to me there was but the ghost of him left. The war didn't make a man of him, Patrick. I nursed him for five years, and then they laid him away in what they called a hero's grave. Musha!

Patrick: But you wouldn't have me stay, mother, when I have made up my mind to go? Besides, they need men, and I may be some good over there. I'm no good here.

Mary: I didn't bid your father stay, and I won't bid you stay, though God knows—*(Mary buries her face in her apron).*

Patrick: Cheer up, mother; it's all for the best. I must go up to the Armouries now. I'll see you again before long.

Mary *(following to the door, and looking after him):* And there he goes, just as his father went. And what matter if he went out to be killed by decent people, and it was the will of God? But to be massacred by them that have no regard for the laws of either God or man, and maybe left to die without a kindly hand to raise his head or a Christian voice to say, "God have mercy on your soul!"

SCENE II.

A year has passed. Mary Nolan is sitting in her old armchair and is still knitting. She has aged noticeably. Bessie Nolan is sitting beside her. She is well and fashionably dressed. The child is playing on the floor.

Bessie: Did Patrick have any news in his last letter?

Mary: What news would he have, except that he is in good health and spirits? And, of course, that's of no interest to you now.

Bessie: Sure you're always interested in hearing about anyone you know in times like these. Not that he's anything to me more than a stranger. Still you might be interested, even in a stranger, who was in the thick of the war.

Mary *(dryly):* Especially if you were getting a tidy lump of money each month by way of separation allowance. Not that I blame you, at all. Still there are women that wouldn't put it all on their backs as fast as they get it, but would put some of it away for the child, and maybe for himself, so that if he should come back without an arm or a leg he would have something to fall back on.

Bessie: The money is my own, and I'll do what I like with it.

Mary: Did you tell them that you had a legal separation from your husband when they came to pay you that money? Or that you had turned him out on the street and disowned him?

Bessie: You have a good memory and a bad tongue, and that's a terrible combination for any old woman.

Mary: My memory was so good that I never forgot either my husband or my child.

Enter messenger boy with telegram.

Bessie: Shall I read it for you?

Mary: Yes, do, Bessie. Your eyes are younger than mine. But it's too well I know what's in it.

Bessie *(reading to herself):* O, this is terrible!

Mary: What is it, Bessie? Is he dead?

Bessie: It's from Ottawa, it is, from the Department of Militia, it must be, and it says that Patrick Nolan died the death of a hero, somewhere in France. O, dear, it is terrible!

Mary *(quietly):* The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away. Blessed be His holy name.

Bessie *(crying violently):* O, what shall I do? O, why did I let him go?

Mary *(puts down her knitting and covers her face with her apron):* Cry your fill, Bessie. God help them that haven't any tears left to shed. My poor boy! And to think that your old mother hasn't a tear left for you!

Bessie: Well, it's some consolation to know that he died like a hero.

Mary: It may be for you, Bessie. You were only his wife, and if it hadn't been for the war that killed him you would never have known that he was worth crying for. But I was his mother, and I didn't need a telegram from Ottawa to tell me he was a hero.

Bessie: Your tongue is very bitter.

Mary: I suppose it is. I am getting old and my heart is drying up. I had a husband, and I had a son, and now in all the wide world I have nobody.

Bessie: But won't you forgive me, even if I confess that I wasn't worthy to be the wife of such a man?

Mary: It's not for me to sit in judgment on anyone. But I could find it in my heart to curse all wars and the man that invented them.

Bessie: But, after all, the war, which took your son and my husband, left us a hero, so that we may honour his memory and be proud of him all our lives.

Mary: Speak for yourself, Bessie. Two heroes had I in my lifetime, and to me they were as real as any that was ever put in a ballad or a story-book; but the war's took both of them. No, Bessie, wars may make heroes for other people, but not for mothers. Mothers raise heroes for wars to destroy.

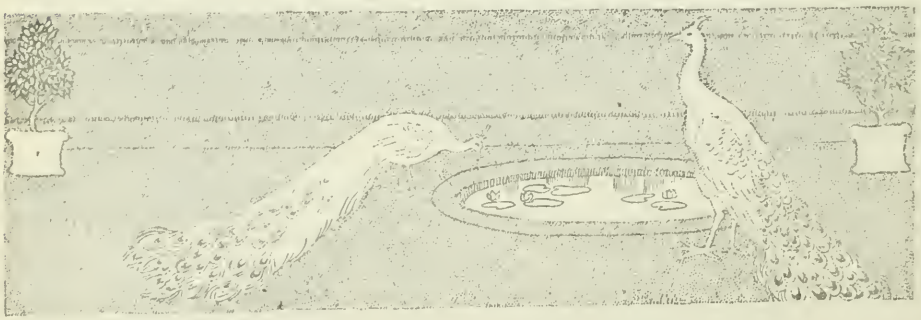
Bessie: But, at any rate, he died in a good cause.

Mary: I'm not denying that, Bessie. If there was ever a country that a young man ought to be proud to die for, Canada is that country. I don't begrudge him to Canada, Bessie. It isn't that. But it didn't require the war to make him a hero to his old mother.

Bessie *(holding up the baby):* Well, you still have Patrick's child. Won't you take him to your heart, for his father's sake, even if you do despise his mother?

Mary: I'm a hard old woman, toughened by the storms of many years; but I think if you would give me the child to nurse for a while I might have a quiet cry, and that would do me good.

CURTAIN.



SHAKESPEARE, THE GERMANS AND THE COMIC SPIRIT

By A. Haire Forster

ACCORDING to George Meredith, we know the degree of refinement in men by the matter they will laugh at, and there is no doubt that the audience in Shakespeare's time laughed at many things which we do not consider laughable at all.

The comic, then, is a co-operative process: the culture of the audience has to be considered as well as the performance on the stage, and Shakespeare wrote for an audience which he understood thoroughly.

His first aim in constructing his plays was to fill the theatre, his wit had to be such as could be understood by the people, that so much of it is still wit after three hundred years is another example of his genius.

Wit and the comic are closely connected, though easy to distinguish. Wit is made, the comic is found. The comic is the object at which wit aims. For example, Bardolph's nose is a frequent object for Falstaff's wit. It serves him for a lantern. "Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches," Falstaff says to Bardolph. "Walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern." But Falstaff, the philosopher, at once remembers that there is another side to the question. "But the sack thou hast drunk me," he goes on, "would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that Salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it." In "The Midsummer Night's Dream", Bottom appears with an ass's head; this is a comic sight. The remark of Quince: "Bottom, thou art translated", is an example of harmless wit, being a play on the word translate, used of shoemakers putting new tops on old bottoms.

Punning is a lower form of harmless wit, a pun being merely a play on the sound of words. To find an illustration of punning in Shakespeare, it is only necessary to open any of his plays anywhere; and if Charles Lamb be right in maintaining that the worst puns are the best, then Shakespeare was a good punster; in "The Tempest", he puns even on the word dollar.

A pun, Lamb says, is not bound by the laws which limit nicer wit. It is a pistol let off at the ear, not a feather to tickle the intellect. The example which Lamb gives is, however, something better than a pun; in its hopeless absurdity it is more than a mere play on the sound of words. An Oxford scholar, he says, meeting a porter who was carrying a hare

through the streets accosts him with this extraordinary question: "Prithee, friend, is that thy own hare—or a wig?" As Lamb says, there is no excusing this and no resisting it. It has the economy of expression and the unexpectedness and the escape from reason which are the marks of wit. There is a story of Lamb which shows another common element in the technique of wit, namely, faulty logic. A friend said to him, "You owe me half-a-crown." On the contrary, Lamb replied, "You owe me half-a-crown, for, if you remember, I asked for the loan of a crown and you only gave me half-a-crown."

Falstaff is well aware of this deceptive power of logic. "Thou knowest," he reasons, "in the state of innocency Adam fell, and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty."

The function of harmless wit, in fact, seems to lie in evading reason by faulty logic or in discovering the familiar, as in punning and playing on the meaning of words. Wit of this kind gives pleasure because it is like a return to the state of childhood. But wit is a weapon as well as a toy; it is a weapon of unlimited range. With it the lowest can assail the highest, the most absolute despotism can always be tempered with epigrams and cartoons. It is an unfailing weapon against incompetence or injustice in high places.

Now, Shakespeare is not remarkable for hostile wit. Englishmen seldom are, perhaps because the English have been a successful people, they have never suffered for long from oppression or injustice, and injustice is the mother of hostile wit. Hence the one great English wit of this kind, Dean Swift, had to be born in Dublin. Ireland during the eighteenth century was an ideal environment for the development of hard and hostile wit. So another master of hostile wit was Disraeli, a member of a race which has suffered injustice for centuries. But the world had used England and Shakespeare well, and so his wit is on the whole of the harmless variety, it is the play of a great and vivid and genial mind. His wit is seldom bitter, for he is seldom out of sympathy with those whom he makes fun of. Hostile wit is often partial and one-sided, and Shakespeare was neither of these. He can suffer fools gladly, at any rate, while they are only characters in his plays. Consider, for example, the dramatic character of Dogberry in "Much Ado About Nothing". He is the *reductio ad absurdum* of a watchman. These are his instructions to the watch. (They are not unlike one period of the United States diplomacy with Germany, on the submarine question):

"You shall comprehend all vagrom men," he says; "you are to bid any man stand in the prince's name." "How if he will not stand?" asks the watch. "Why, then," says Dogberry, "take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave. . . . You are to call at all ale-houses," he continues, "and bid those that are drunk, get them to bed." "How if they will not?" asks the watch. "Why, then," Dogberry replies, "let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for." Yet this Dogberry does good service in setting wrong right, in spite of his extraordinary density of mind.

Such people, in Shakespeare's view, justify their existence and excuse their incompetence by their honest dullness and by the amusement they afford. It would be foolish to attack them, it is better to accept them with a smile. Stupid people are useful in their proper place; that is one of the revelations which Shakespeare's wisdom has given to us. But when the stupid or pretentious person is in the wrong place, that is, near the top and

not near the bottom, then there is a different reckoning. If Dogberry were killed by mistake in the play, how intolerable it would be, but who regrets the death of the doting statesman Polonius. There is the true mark for hostile wit, the pompous fool in high position, the mean man, dressed in a little brief authority and by the mouth of Hamlet Polonius gets his due. Few can think his epitaph inappropriate. "Indeed, this counsellor," says Hamlet, "is now most still, most secret, and most grave, who was in life a foolish prating knave." Shakespeare could suffer fools gladly, but not bores; he was probably a man who could forgive everything except being bored. He had so few antipathies that he can easily be accused of falling short in that kind of morality which consists in perpetual prohibitions. His heaven would be a place where not only the wicked, but the good, too, cease from troubling. If we can judge of his philosophy from the plots of his plays, goodness is, in his opinion, of little use, is even a positive danger when unaccompanied by spirit and intelligence. Desdemona and Ophelia, how good they are, how submissive, how dull, how ruinous. These women make tragedies, but it is the spirited and sharp-tongued Beatrice who exposes the villain and by her loyalty turns a potential tragedy into a comedy. The character of Beatrice is one of the best examples of Shakespeare's wit, that wit which might be called mental acrobatics, a metaphorical standing on one's head, that play of the mind which in Shakespeare's view both covers and uncovers a multitude of sins.

As the comic is the object of wit, it is impossible to consider wit and the comic quite separately. Wit is the arrow, the comic is the target, the shafts of wit vary in sharpness according to the nature of the target. The comic varies in accordance with the spirit of the age. The comic is the incongruous, the inability to fit in the environment through being either too feeble or too serious.

Slender, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor", is thus a typical comic character. He is on the verge of nonentity, he is a most incompetent lover. "Mistress Anne, my cousin, loves you," says Shallow, by way of helping him, but Slender misses his opportunity sadly. "Ay, that I do," he says, "as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire."

That the comic is the incongruity, the disproportion between men and the situations in which they find themselves, can be illustrated from another side by Malvolio in "Twelfth Night". Malvolio is not below the standard for his situation, like Slender, but he swells himself out like the frog in the fable until his opinion of his own importance goes beyond all reason and he becomes a comic character. In fact, he takes himself too seriously, and thus takes the sure road to becoming comic.

"Oh! you are sick of self-love, Malvolio," says Olivia to him, "and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets."

There is perhaps no character in any play who suffers such ignominious treatment as Malvolio, the man who held too serious an opinion of his own importance.

This type of the comic is well illustrated by the German nation to-day. Germany has brought about a catastrophe for the world, but none the less, Germany is a comic spectacle. There is just that disproportion between their own opinion of themselves and reality, just that superseriousness, that seriousness about the wrong things, which makes a figure comic. The Germans have lost, at the suggestion of their rulers, all sense of the proportion of things, that is, they have lost the spring of laughter, and so, in spite of the unspeakable misery they have caused, they are in them-

selves comic beyond all expression.

In his essay on comedy, published in 1877, George Meredith tells a story of how a German professor made himself ridiculous by his vanity, and then Meredith makes this interesting comment: "I am mindful that it was in Germany, when I observe that the Germans have gone through no comic training to warn them of the sly, wise emanation eyeing them from aloft. Heinrich Heine has not been enough to cause them to smart and meditate. Nationally, as well as individually, when they are excited they are in danger of the grotesque, as when, for instance, they decline to listen to evidence and raise a national outcry because one of German blood has been convicted of crime in a foreign country." The sly, wise emanation eyeing from aloft, to which Meredith refers, is the comic spirit. He describes it elsewhere in these words: "When men wax out of proportion, overblown, affected, pretentious, bombastical, hypocritical, pedantic, fantastically delicate; whenever it sees them self-deceived or hoodwinked, given to run riot in idolatries, drifting into vanities, congregating in absurdities, planning shortsightedly, plotting dementedly; when they are at variance with their professions, and violate the unwritten laws binding them in consideration one to another; whenever they offend sound reason, fair justice; are false in humility or mined with conceit, individually or in the bulk—the spirit overhead will look humanely malign and cast an oblique light on them, followed by volleys of silvery laughter". That, he concludes, is the comic spirit. That, we may add, is the spirit with which Shakespeare is often inspired, and yet the Germans assert that only they understand him. They even claim him as a German. By these boasts, the Germans once more make themselves a comic spectacle.

THE GOLDEN STRIPE

By JAMES COBOURG HODGINS

WITH cane in hand he walks the public street,
Easing his pain. Cautious, each step a blow,
The well-known haunts he seeks, while to and fro,
Intent on work or pleasure, ceaseless fleet
The multitude. Not theirs to rise and greet
The interminable years of pain or grow
Into another life by effort slow—
Protected by his might in their retreat!

See on his palsied arm the golden stripe!
See on his face the tense-drawn look of pain!
Forever shall he stand amid that host
Who scorned the golden apples hanging ripe
Upon the tree of life and, souls astrain,
Breasted the tides of Hell and scorned the cost.

EVENING

From the Painting by
Horatio Walker

ABEL & HIS GREAT ADVENTURE

By L. M. Montgomery

Auther of "Anne of Green Gables" &c.

"COME out of doors, master—come out of doors. I can't talk or think right with walls around me—never could. Let's go out to the garden." These were almost the first words I ever heard Abel Armstrong say. He was a member of the board of school trustees in Stillwater, and I had not met him before this late May evening, when I had gone down to confer with him upon some small matter of business. For I was "the new schoolmaster" in Stillwater, having taken the school for the summer term.

It was a rather lonely country district—a fact of which I was glad, for life had been going somewhat awry with me and my heart was sore and rebellious over many things that have nothing to do with this narration. Stillwater offered time and opportunity for healing and counsel. Yet, looking back, I doubt if I should have found either had it not been for Abel and his beloved garden.

Abel Armstrong (he was always called "Old Abel", though he was barely sixty) lived in a quaint, gray house close by the harbour shore. I heard a good deal about him before I saw him. He was called "queer", but Stillwater folks seemed to be very fond of him. He and his sister, Tamzine, lived together; she, so my garrulous landlady informed me, had not been sound of mind at times for many years: but she was all right now, only odd and quiet. Abel had gone to college for a year when he was young, but had given it up when Tamzine "went crazy". There was no one else to look after her. Abel had settled down to it with apparent content: at least he had never complained.

"Always took things easy, Abel did," said Mrs. Campbell. "Never seemed to worry over disappointments and trials as most folks do. Seems to me that as long as Abel Armstrong can stride up and down in that garden of his, reciting poetry and speeches, or talking to that yaller cat of his as if it was a human, he doesn't care much how the world wags on. He never had much git-up-and-git. His father was a hustler, but the family didn't take after him. They all favoured the mother's people—sorter shiftless and dreamy. 'Tain't the way to git on in this world."

No, good and worthy Mrs. Campbell. It was not the way to get on in your world; but there are other worlds where getting on is estimated by different standards, and Abel Armstrong lived in one of these—a world far beyond the ken of the thrifty Stillwater farmers and fishers. Something of this I had sensed, even before I saw him; and that night in his garden, under a sky of smoky red, blossoming into stars above the har-

bour. I found a friend whose personality and philosophy were to calm and harmonize and enrich my whole existence. This sketch is my grateful tribute to one of the rarest and finest souls God ever clothed with clay.

He was a tall man, somewhat ungainly of figure and homely of face. But his large, deep eyes of velvety nut-brown were very beautiful and marvellously bright and clear for a man of his age. He wore a little pointed, well-cared-for beard, innocent of gray; but his hair was grizzled, and altogether he had the appearance of a man who had passed through many sorrows which had marked his body as well as his soul. Looking at him, I doubted Mrs. Campbell's conclusion that he had not "minded" giving up college. This man had given up much and felt it deeply; but he had outlived the pain and the blessing of sacrifice had come to him. His voice was very melodious and beautiful, and the brown hand he held out to me was peculiarly long and shapely and flexible.

We went out to the garden in the scented moist air of a maritime spring evening. Behind the garden was a cloudy pine wood; the house closed it in on the left, while in front and on the right a row of tall Lombardy poplars stood out in stately purple silhouette against the sunset sky.

"Always liked Lombardies," said Abel, waving a long arm at them. "They are the trees of princesses. When I was a boy they were fashionable. Anyone who had any pretensions to gentility had a row of Lombardies at the foot of his lawn or up his lane, or at any rate one on either side of his front door. They're out of fashion now. Folks complain they die at the top and get ragged-looking. So they do—so they do, if you don't risk your neck every spring climbing up a light ladder to trim them out as I do. My neck isn't worth much to anyone, which, I suppose, is why I've never broken it; and *my* Lombardies never look out-at-elbows. My mother was especially fond of them. She liked their dignity and their stand-offishness. *They* don't hobnob with every Tom, Dick and Harry. If it's pines for company, master, it's Lombardies for society."

We stepped from the front doorstone into the garden. There was another entrance—a sagging gate flanked by two branching white lilacs. From it a little dappled path led to a huge apple-tree in the centre, a great swelling cone of rosy blossom with a mossy circular seat around its trunk. But Abel's favourite seat, so he told me, was lower down the slope, under a little trellis overhung with the delicate emerald of young hop-vines. He led me to it and pointed proudly to the fine view of the harbour visible from it. The early sunset glow of rose and flame had faded out of the sky; the water was silvery and mirror-like; dim sails drifted along by the darkening shore. A bell was ringing in a small Catholic chapel across the harbour. Mellowly and dreamily sweet the chime floated through the dusk, blent with the moan of the sea. The great revolving light at the channel trembled and flashed against the opal sky, and far out, beyond the golden sand-dunes of the bar, was the crinkled gray ribbon of a passing steamer's smoke.

"There, isn't that view worth looking at?" said old Abel, with a loving, proprietary pride. "You don't have to pay anything for it either. All that sea and sky free—'without money and without price'. Let's sit down here in the hop-vine arbour, master. There'll be a moonrise presently. I'm never tired of finding out what a moonrise sheen can be like over that sea. There's a surprise in it every time. Now, master, you're getting your mouth in the proper shape to talk business—but don't you do it. Nobody should talk business when he's expecting a moonrise. Not that I like talking business at any time."

"Unfortunately it has to be talked of sometimes, Mr. Armstrong," I said.

"Yes, it seems to be a necessary evil, master," he acknowledged. "But I know what business you've come upon, and we can settle it in five minutes after the moon's well up. I'll just agree to everything you and the other two trustees want. Lord knows why they ever put *me* on the school board. Maybe it's because I'm so ornamental. They wanted one good-looking man, I reckon."

His low chuckle, so full of mirth and so free from malice, was infectious. I laughed also, as I sat down in the hop-vine arbour.

"Now, you needn't talk if you don't want to," he said. "And I won't. We'll just sit here, sociable-like, and if we think of anything worth while to say we'll say it. Otherwise, not. If you can sit in silence with a person for half an hour and feel comfortable, you and that person can be friends. If you can't, friends you'll never be, and you needn't waste time in trying."

Abel and I passed successfully the test of silence that evening in the hop-vine arbour. I was strangely content to sit and think—something I had not cared to do lately. A peace, long unknown to my stormy soul, seemed hovering near it. The garden was steeped in it; old Abel's personality radiated it. I looked about me and wondered whence came the charm of that tangled, unworldly spot.

"Nice and far from the marketplace, isn't it?" asked Abel suddenly, as if he had heard my unasked question. "No buying and selling and getting gain here. Nothing was ever sold out of *this* garden. Tamzine has her vegetable plot over yonder, but what we don't eat we give away. Geordie Marr down the harbour has a big garden like this and he sells heaps of flowers and fruit and vegetables to the hotel folks. He thinks I'm an awful fool because I won't do the same. Well, he gets money out of his garden and I get happiness out of mine. That's the difference. S'posing I could make more money—what then? I'd only be taking it from people that needed it more. There's enough for Tamzine and me. As for Geordie Marr, there isn't a more unhappy creature on God's earth—he's always stewing in a broth of trouble, poor man. O' course, he brews up most of it for himself, but I reckon that doesn't make it any easier to bear. Ever sit in a hop-vine arbour before, master?"

I was to grow used to Abel's abrupt change of subject. I answered that I never had.

"Great place for dreaming," said Abel complacently. "Being young, no doubt, you dream a-plenty."

I answered hotly and bitterly that I had done with dreams.

"No, you haven't," said Abel meditatively. "You may *think* you have. What then? First thing you know you'll be dreaming again—thank the Lord for it. I ain't going to ask you what's soured you on dreaming just now. After awhile you'll begin again, especially if you come to this garden as much as I hope you will. It's chockful of dreams—*any* kind of dreams. You take your choice. Now, *I* favour dreams of adventures, if you'll believe it. I'm sixty-one and I never do anything rasher than go out cod-fishing on a fine day, but I still lust after adventures. Then I dream I'm an awful fellow—blood-thirsty."

I burst out laughing. Perhaps laughter was somewhat rare in that old garden. Tamzine, who was weeding at the far end, lifted her head in a startled fashion and walked past us into the house. She did not look at us or speak to us. She was reputed to be abnormally shy. She was very stout and wore a dress of bright red-and-white striped material. Her face was round and blank, but her reddish hair was abundant and beautiful. A huge, orange-coloured cat was at her heels; as she passed us he bounded over to the arbour and sprang up on Abel's knee. He was a gorgeous brute, with vivid green eyes, and immense white double paws.

"Captain Kidd, Mr. Woodley." He introduced us as seriously as if the cat had been a human being. Neither Captain Kidd nor I responded very enthusiastically.

"You don't like cats, I reckon, master," said Abel, stroking the Captain's velvet back. "I don't blame you. I was never fond of them myself until I found the Captain. I saved his life and when you've saved a creature's life you're bound to love it. It's next thing to giving it life. There are some terrible thoughtless people in the world, master. Some of those city folks who have summer homes down the harbour are so thoughtless that they're cruel. It's the worst kind of cruelty, I think—the thoughtless kind. You can't cope with it. They keep cats there in the summer and feed them and pet them and doll them up with ribbons and collars; and then in the fall they go off and leave them to starve or freeze. It makes my blood boil, master."

"One day last winter I found a poor old mother cat dead on the shore, lying against the skin and bone bodies of her three little kittens. She had died trying to shelter them. She had her poor stiff claws around them. Master, I cried. Then I swore. Then I carried those poor little kittens home and fed 'em up and found good homes for them. I know the woman who left the cat. When she comes back this summer I'm going to go down and tell her my opinion of her. It'll be rank meddling, but, lord, how I love meddling in a good cause."

"Was Captain Kidd one of the forsaken?" I asked.

"Yes. I found him one bitter cold day in winter caught in the branches of a tree by his darn-fool ribbon collar. He was almost starving. Lord, if you could have seen his eyes! He was nothing but a kitten, and he'd got his living somehow since he'd been left till he got hung up. When I loosed him he gave my hand a pitiful swipe with his little red tongue. He wasn't the prosperous free-booter you behold now. He was meek as Moses. That was nine years ago. His life has been long in the land for a cat. He's a good old pal, the Captain is."

"I should have expected you to have a dog," I said.

Abel shook his head.

"I had a dog once. I cared so much for him that when he died I couldn't bear the thought of ever getting another in his place. He was a *friend*—you understand? The Captain's only a pal. I'm fond of the Captain—all the fonder because of the spice of deviltry there is in all cats. But I *loved* my dog. There isn't any devil in a good dog. That's why they're more lovable than cats—but I'm darned if they're as interesting.

I laughed as I rose regretfully.

"Must you go, master? And we haven't talked any business after all. I reckon it's that stove matter you've come about. It's like those two fool trustees to start up a stove sputter in spring. It's a wonder they didn't leave it till dog-days and begin then."

"They merely wished me to ask you if you approved of putting in a new stove."

"Tell them to put in a new stove—any kind of a new stove—and be hanged to them." rejoined Abel. "As for you, master, you're welcome to this garden any time. If you're tired or lonely, or too ambitious or angry, come here and sit awhile, master. Do you think any man could keep mad if he sat and looked into the heart of a pansy for ten minutes? When you feel like talking, I'll talk, and when you feel like thinking, I'll let you. I'm a great hand to leave folks alone."

"I think I'll come often," I said, "perhaps too often."

"Not likely, master—not likely—not after we've watched a moon-rise contentedly together. It's as good a test of compatibility as any I know. You're young and I'm old, but our souls are about the same age, I reckon, and we'll find lots to say to each

other. Are you going straight home from here?"

"Yes."

"Then I'm going to bother you to stop for a moment at Mary Bascom's and give her a bouquet of my white lilacs. She loves 'em and I'm not going to wait till she's dead to send her flowers."

"She's very ill just now, isn't she?"

"She's got the Bascom consumption. That means she may die in a month, like her brother, or linger on for twenty years, like her father. But long or short, white lilac in spring is sweet, and I'm sending her a fresh bunch every day while it lasts. It's a rare night, master. I envy you your walk home in the moonlight along that shore."

"Better come part of the way with me." I suggested.

"No." Abel glanced at the house. "Tamzine never likes to be alone o' nights. So I take my moonlight walks in the garden. The moon's a great friend of mine, master. I've loved her ever since I can remember. When I was a little lad of eight I fell asleep in the garden one evening and wasn't missed. I woke up along in the night and I was most scared to death, master. Lord, what shadows and queer noises there were! I darsn't move. I just sat there quaking, poor small mite. Then all at once I saw the moon looking down at me through the pine boughs, just like an old friend. I was comforted right off. Got up and walked to the house as brave as a lion, looking at her. Good-night, master. Tell Mary the lilacs 'll last another week yet."

From that night Abel and I were cronies. We walked and talked and kept silence and fished cod together. Stillwater people thought it very strange that I should prefer his society to that of the young fellows of my own age. Mrs. Campbell was quite worried over it, and opined that there had always been something queer about me. "Birds of a feather," she quoted darkly to her husband.

I loved that old garden by the harbour shore. Even Abel himself, I think, could hardly have felt a deeper affection for it. When its gate closed behind me it shut out the world and my corroding memories and discontents. In its peace my soul emptied itself of the bitterness which had been filling and spoiling it, and grew normal and healthy again, aided thereto by Abel's wise words. He never preached, but he radiated courage and endurance and a frank acceptance of the hard things of life, as well as a cordial welcome of its pleasant things. He was the *sanest* soul I ever met. He neither minimized ill nor exaggerated good, but he held that we should never be controlled by either. Pain should not depress us unduly, nor pleasure lure us into forgetfulness and sloth. All unknowingly he made me realize that I had been a bit of a coward and a shirker. I began to understand that my personal woes were not the most important things in the universe, even to myself. In short, Abel taught me to laugh again; and when a man can laugh wholesomely things are not going too badly with him.

That old garden was always such a cheery place. Even when the east wind sang in minor and the waves on the gray shore were sad, hints of sunshine seemed to be lurking all about it. Perhaps this was because there were so many yellow flowers in it. Tamzine liked yellow flowers. Captain Kidd, too, always paraded it in panoply of gold. He was so large and effulgent that one hardly missed the sun. Considering his presence I wondered that the garden was always so full of singing birds. But the Captain never meddled with them. Probably he understood that his master would not have tolerated it for a moment. So there was always a song or a chirp somewhere. Overhead flew the gulls and the cranes. The wind in the pines always made a glad salutation. Abel and I paced the walks, followed by Captain Kidd, and held

high converse on matters beyond the ken of cat or king.

"I like to ponder on all problems, though I can never solve them," Abel used to say. "My father held that we should never talk of things we couldn't understand. But, lord, master, if we didn't the subjects for conversation would be mighty few. I reckon the gods laugh many a time to hear us, but what matter? So long as we remember that we're only men, and don't take to fancying ourselves gods, really knowing good and evil. I reckon our discussions won't do us or anyone much harm. So we'll have another whack at the origin of evil this evening, master."

Tamzine forgot to be shy with me at last, and gave me a broad smile of welcome every time I came. But she rarely spoke to me. She spent all her spare time weeding the garden, which she loved as well as Abel did. She was addicted to bright colours and always wore wrappers of very gorgeous print. She worshipped Abel and his word was a law unto her.

"I am very thankful Tamzine is so well," said Abel one evening as we watched the sunset. The day had begun sombrely in gray cloud and mist, but it ended in a pomp of scarlet and gold. "There was a time when she wasn't, master—you've heard? But for years now she has been quite able to look after herself. And so, if I fare forth on the last great adventure some of these days Tamzine will not be left helpless."

"She is ten years older than you. It is likely she will go before you," I said.

Abel shook his head and stroked his smart beard. I always suspected that beard of being Abel's last surviving vanity. It was always so carefully groomed, while I had no evidence that he ever combed his grizzled mop of hair.

"No, Tamzine will outlive me. She's got the Armstrong heart. I have the Marwood heart—my mother was a Marwood. We don't live to be old, and we go quick and easy. I'm glad of it. I don't think I'm a coward, master, but the thought of a lingering death gives me a queer sick feeling of horror. There, I'm not going to say any more about it. I just mentioned it so that some day when you hear that old Abel Armstrong has been found dead, you won't feel sorry. You'll remember I wanted it that way. Not that I'm tired of life either. It's very pleasant, what with my garden and Captain Kidd and the harbour out there. But it's a trifle monotonous at times and death will be something of a change, master. I'm real curious about it."

"I hate the thought of death," I said gloomily.

"Oh, you're young. The young always do. Death grows friendlier as we grow older. Not that one of us really wants to die, though, master. Tennyson spoke truth when he said that. There's old Mrs. Warner at the Channel Head. She's had heaps of trouble all her life, poor soul, and she's lost almost everyone she cared about. She's always saying that she'll be glad when her time comes, and she doesn't want to live any longer in this vale of tears. But when she takes a sick spell, lord, what a fuss she makes, master! Doctors from town and a trained nurse and enough medicine to kill a dog! Life may be a vale of tears, all right, master, but there are some folks who enjoy weeping, I reckon."

Summer passed through the garden with her procession of roses and lilies and hollyhocks and golden glow. The golden glow was particularly fine that year. There was a great bank of it at the lower end of the garden, like a huge billow of sunshine. Tamzine revelled in it, but Abel liked more subtly-tinted flowers. There was a certain dark wine-hued hollyhock which was a favourite with him. He would sit for hours looking steadfastly into one of its shallow satin cups. I found him so one afternoon in the hop-vine arbour.

"This colour always has a soothing effect on me," he explained. "Yellow excites me too much—makes me restless—makes me want to sail 'beyond the bourne of sunset'. I looked at that surge of golden glow down there today till I got all worked up and thought my life had been an awful failure. I found a dead butterfly and had a little funeral—buried it in the fern corner. And I thought I hadn't been any more use in the world than that poor little butterfly. Oh, I was woeful, master. Then I got me this hollyhock and sat down here to look at it alone. When a man's alone, master, he's most with God—or with the devil. The devil rampaged around me all the time I was looking at that golden glow; but God spoke to me through the hollyhock. And it seemed to me that a man who's as happy as I am and has got such a garden has made a real success of living."

"I hope I'll be able to make as much of a success," I said sincerely.

"I want you to make a different kind of success, though, master," said Abel, shaking his head. "I want you to *do* things—the things I'd have tried to do if I'd had the chance. It's in you to do them—if you set your teeth and go ahead."

"I believe I *can* set my teeth and go ahead now, thanks to you, Mr. Armstrong," I said. "I was heading straight for failure when I came here last spring; but you've changed my course."

"Given you a sort of compass to steer by, haven't I?" queried Abel with a smile. "I ain't too modest to take some credit for it. I saw I could do *you* some good. But my garden has done more than I did, if you'll believe it. It's wonderful what a garden can do for a man when he lets it have its way. Come, sit down here and bask, master. The sunshine may be gone to-morrow. Let's just sit and think."

We sat and thought for a long while. Presently Abel said abruptly:

"You don't see the folks I see in this garden, master. You don't see anybody but me and old Tamzine and Captain Kidd. I see all who used to be here long ago. It was a lively place then. There were plenty of us and we were as gay a set of youngsters as you'd find anywhere. We tossed laughter backwards and forwards here like a ball. And now old Tamzine and older Abel are all that are left."

He was silent a moment, looking at the phantoms of memory that paced invisibly to me the dappled walks and peeped merrily through the swinging boughs. Then he went on:

"Of all the folks I see here there are two that are more vivid and real than all the rest, master. One is my sister Alice. She died thirty years ago. She was very beautiful. You'd hardly believe that to look at Tamzine and me, would you? But it is true. We always called her Queen Alice—she was so stately and handsome. She had brown eyes and red gold hair, just the colour of that nasturtium there. She was father's favourite. The night she was born they didn't think my mother would live. Father walked this garden all night. And just under that old apple-tree he knelt at sunrise and thanked God when they came to tell him that all was well.

"Alice was always a creature of joy. This old garden rang with her laughter in those years. She seldom walked—she ran or danced. She only lived twenty years, but nineteen of them were so happy I've never pitied her over much. She had everything that makes life worth living—laughter and love, and at the last sorrow. James Milburn was her lover. It's thirty-one years since his ship sailed out of that harbour and Alice waved him good-bye from this garden. He never came back. His ship was never heard of again.

"When Alice gave up hope that it would be, she died of a broken heart. They say there's no such thing; but nothing else ailed Alice. She stood at

yonder gate day after day and watched the harbour; and when at last she gave up hope life went with it. I remember the day: she had watched until sunset. Then she turned away from the gate. All the unrest and despair had gone out of her eyes. There was a terrible peace in them—the peace of the dead. 'He will never come back now, Abel,' she said to me.

"In less than a week she was dead. The others mourned her, but I didn't, master. She had sounded the deeps of living and there was nothing else to linger through the years for. *My* grief had spent itself earlier, when I walked this garden in agony because I could not help her. But often, on these long warm summer afternoons, I seem to hear Alice's laughter all over this garden; though she's been dead so long."

He lapsed into a reverie which I did not disturb, and it was not until another day that I learned of the other memory that he cherished. He reverted to it suddenly as we sat again in the hop-vine arbour, looking at the glimmering radiance of the September sea.

"Master, how many of us are sitting here?"

"Two in the flesh. How many in the spirit I know not," I answered, humouring his mood.

"There is one—the other of the two I spoke of the day I told you about Alice. It's harder for me to speak of this one."

"Don't speak of it if it hurts you," I said.

"But I want to. It's a whim of mine. Do you know why I told you of Alice and why I'm going to tell you of Mercedes? It's because I want someone to remember them and think of them sometimes after I'm gone. I can't bear that their names should be utterly forgotten by all living souls.

"My older brother, Alec, was a sailor, and on his last voyage to the West Indies he married and brought home a Spanish girl. My father and mother didn't like the match. Mercedes was a foreigner and a Catholic, and differed from us in every way. But I never blamed Alec after I saw her. It wasn't that she was so very pretty. She was slight and dark and ivory-coloured. But she was very graceful, and there was a charm about her, master—a mighty and potent charm. The women couldn't understand it. They wondered at Alec's infatuation for her. I never did. I —I loved her, too, master, before I had known her a day. Nobody ever knew it. Mercedes never dreamed of it. But it's lasted me all my life. I never wanted to think of any other woman. She spoiled a man for any other kind of woman—that little pale, dark-eyed Spanish girl. To love her was like drinking some rare sparkling wine. You'd never again have any taste for a commoner draught.

"I think she was very happy the year she spent here. Our thrifty women-folk in Stillwater jeered at her because she wasn't what they called capable. They said she couldn't do anything. But she could do one thing well—she could love. She worshipped Alec. I used to hate him for it. Oh, my heart has been very full of black thoughts in its time, master. But neither Alec nor Mercedes ever knew. And I'm thankful now that they were so happy. Alec made this arbour for Mercedes—at least he made the trellis, and she planted the vines.

"She used to sit here most of the time in summer. I suppose that's why I like to sit here. Her eyes would be dreamy and far-away until Alec would flash his welcome. How that used to torture me! But now I like to remember it. And her pretty soft foreign voice and little white hands. She died after she had lived here a year. They buried her and her baby in the graveyard of that little chapel over the harbour where the bell rings every evening. She used to like sitting here and listening to it. Alec lived a long while after, but he never married again. He's gone now, and nobody remembers Mercedes but me."

Abel lapsed into a reverie—a tryst with the past which I would not disturb. I thought he did not notice my departure, but as I opened the gate he stood up and waved his hand.

Three days later I went again to the old garden by the harbour shore. There was a red light on a distant sail. In the far west a sunset city was built around a great deep harbour of twilight. Palaces were there and bannered towers of crimson and gold. The air was full of music; there was one music of the wind and another of the waves, and still another of the distant bell from the chapel near which Mercedes slept. The garden was full of ripe odours and warm colours. The Lombardies around it were tall and sombre like the priestly forms of some mystic band. Abel was sitting in the hop-vine arbour; beside him Captain Kidd slept. I thought Abel was asleep, too; his head leaned against the trellis and his eyes were shut.

But when I reached the arbour I saw that he was not asleep. There was a strange, wise little smile on his lips as if he had attained to the ultimate wisdom and were laughing in no unkindly fashion at our old blind suppositions and perplexities.

Abel had gone on his Great Adventure.

A PRAYER

By ANNA M. HENDERSON

DEAR God, I ask not that along my way
The path be smoothed; nor to direct my tread
The trail be blazed, a chart before me spread,
Nor that the dark too soon be turned to day.
The untried virtue, shrinking in dismay
From life's turmoil, its bitterness and dread,
I cannot praise. Where strength and Men are bred
In dust and heat of conflict, let me stay.

Teach me the truth that triumphs over pain.
Grant that to me the sweat of toil be sweet.
I ask no rich reward, I only crave
A spirit singing to the lashing rain—
A lifted heart that never knows defeat.
God help me to be strong! God make me brave!

AN ASPECT OF THE BILINGUAL QUESTION

By Hilton M. Radley

WITHIN the last few months there has been some talk of substituting Russian for German in the high schools of Toronto. Since the broaching of this subject the respective merits of Russian, Italian and Spanish have come up for debate. There are many who think that Italian or Spanish would be preferable to Russian.

The concern displayed over this particular point strikes one as being a little uncalled for, because one is so familiar with the practical results of the teaching of French and German in our high schools. One pupil in ten, perhaps, has his or her taste sufficiently whetted to make a further study of these languages, but the smattering acquired by the majority of graduates is soon forgotten.

This is only to be expected in view of our system. The English or German child commences the study of foreign languages at a relatively early age, but we defer instruction in this regard until our children have passed finally out of the stage when the acquisition of languages would have been most easy. In this our system resembles the American, and the inability of the average American to speak any language outside his own is notorious.

An American educationist and psychologist, Frederick Elmer Bolton, in pointing out the ease with which the children of immigrants learn to speak two or three foreign languages, lays emphasis on the fact that there is a special period in the life of a child when his capacity for acquiring vocalized speech is at its best. Evidence sufficient in itself is given of this, he points out, by the amazing ease with which in a few months a child acquires a vocabulary which it would take an adult as many years to acquire. This period is at its best from about one and a half years to ten or twelve.

"And yet," he comments, *"in spite of such ample evidence, we persist in America in organizing our curriculum in such a way as to give practically no opportunity to learn foreign languages until it is too late."*

So do we—in Canada, and with evidence as to the folly of it just as practical as that afforded the American. For have we not with us in Ontario thousands of French Canadians who (in spite of our anxiety on the subject) are usually able to converse as fluently in English as in French. How often have I been impressed upon going into some of our large stores in Ottawa, for example, by the ease with which a clerk will

exchange fluent English for French! Quite often in addressing such a clerk I have been unable to distinguish her from an English Canadian. Her English is at least as good and grammatical as the ordinary clerk's, and her French, in spite of what we say about *patois*, is on a par. When we ask how the French Canadian in Ontario acquired the enviable ability to speak two languages with such ease, we find the answer in the existence of the bilingual schools. There English is taken up in Forms I. and II., and gradually it replaces French as the medium of instruction. Thus the ideal method of acquiring a foreign language is followed, to wit, the oral or conversational method, and at an age when the capacity of the child to benefit by this method is at its best.

We, in our English schools, recognize the value of the oral method of instruction in the teaching of foreign languages.

"The work in French," runs Note I. on the study of French and German in the high school regulations, "should at first be wholly without a text-book, for the training of ear and tongue," and Note II. states specifically that "Special importance should be attached to oral work".

We have grasped a principle, but have failed to apply it at the psychological period. Do we not show in this regard a short-sightedness similar to that charged against Americans by Mr. Bolton?

But it is not only our system which makes one skeptical of the practical results of the teaching of Russian in our high schools. Outweighing this is the fact that, with all the good reasons offered us, all the opportunities afforded us, and the practical example set us, we in Ontario have not gone out of our way in the least to acquire the language of our compatriots—French!

Is it likely, under the circumstances, that we shall be more successful in the case of Russian—or any other foreign language?

A few months ago, Henri Bourassa, before an "applauding audience", declared that it was the mentality of Quebec and the preservation of the French tongue and French-Canadian characteristics which prevented Canada from becoming wholly "Americanized".

Is there not some justice in his contention? From a superficial point of view, at least, it would appear so. In tastes, mode of speech, manner and tendencies, the average Canadian resembles the average American, down to a fine point which one might almost set at the pronunciation of a few such words as "zed" and "lieutenant!" It is American literature, in the shape of magazines and novels, which makes the popular appeal in Canada—not English, or even Canadian. Canadian and American hotels and theatres are modelled along similar lines. The business, educational, and, alas, political, life of Canada is coming to show no striking divergence from the American. In the case of these two countries, with no barrier of language existing between them, and with the problems common to new and democratic lands, the larger and more powerful nation tends to absorb the weaker by a method of "peaceful penetration" so insidious that it is not divined that the absorption includes no counteracting influences of the weaknesses peculiar to both—that, in short, under the incorporating process we discover no America strengthened by interaction with a virile and peculiar people, but simple America again—larger writ.

And of the weaknesses common to the English-speaking part of Canada and America, one is a spirit of racial intolerance which purblinds the nations manifesting it to the merits and claims of those who speak a different language, and thus too flagrantly emphasize the fact that they spring from a different race.

Composite in his origin as the American of to-day often is, he is the

product of a very effective school system—a system which early hall-marks him "American", and under which he seems to imbibe the characteristic Anglo-Saxon spirit of self-complacency along with the Anglo-Saxon language. He has abundantly revealed this spirit in his dealings at home and abroad. One of the reasons, for instance, why he has failed to win the love or respect (to put it mildly) of the Mexican has been due to his own satisfaction with himself as he is.

"Our unwillingness to take the trouble to speak his language grammatically," says one American frankly, *"our curt forms of address, our impatient disregard of the amenities of social intercourse, and our general point of view in regard to the 'innate superiority' of our race, our language and our manufactures, are abundant evidence to his mind of our barbarity."*

Take again, the attitude of the average American toward the immigrant. Invariably when he speaks of "foreigners" a contemptuous or patronizing note will steal into his voice. Very often he will declare that they are "undesirable", and express fear that the "manners" of his children will become corrupted by contact with them in the schools! Judging so much by externals as he does, he is repelled by the pall of poverty which unfortunately usually enshrouds the immigrant—a pall, which owing to prejudice and exploitation, he often finds it difficult to lift. And yet any settlement worker will tell of the wealth of talent, artistic and scientific, which exists among the children of immigrants, the "pure gold" which it is necessary to dig for, and which is so often passed over in favour of dross. Jane Addams and her co-workers have made rich discoveries in this respect. Recently Mary Antin, in her book, "They Who Knock at Our Gates", strove to open the eyes of the men and women of her adopted country to the possibilities for enriching the national life which existed in their very midst. One passage in this book illustrates very effectively the difference in outlook between the average American and the despised foreigner. It does this because nothing is more significant of a man than the way in which he spends his leisure. Because the type of American depicted resembles so strongly a certain type of Canadian, I cannot resist quoting the paragraph:

"Let a New Yorker on Friday night," she says, "watch the crowd pushing out of a concert hall after one of Ysay's recitals, and on Saturday afternoon let him take the subway uptown, and get out where the crowd gets out, and buy a ticket for the baseball game. If he can keep cool enough for a little study, let him compare the distorted faces in the bleachers with the shining faces of the crowd of the night before; and let him say which crowd responded to the nobler inspiration, and then let him declare in which group the foreigners outnumbered the Americans."

And she goes on to comment succinctly that "We shall not look in the sporting columns for the names of contemporary Americans who are likely to secure us a place of honour on the scrolls of history."

We can trace, also, the peculiar spirit of self-complacency common to Canadians and Americans in the honest conviction which up to recent years, at all events, animated their minds. This conviction was to the effect that as it was only a matter of time before English became a universal language, English-speaking people were to a great extent exonerated from any serious effort to acquire foreign languages! Only a few years ago, Professor Brander Matthews seriously discussed the probability of English soon becoming international in its use. In looking over some numbers of *The Popular Science Monthly* for 1911, I came across, and read with edification, the views of two well-known American professors on the same subject:

"Learning to speak a foreign language is not a school problem," says one of

them, "and I can foresee no conditions in the near future under which it is likely to become one. For use, as speech, French, German or Spanish, are under the conditions which obtain as dead as Latin."

"We may predict with confidence," says the other, "that those persons whose native tongue is English, will have less and less reason to learn any other, except for a more or less protracted residence abroad."

Well, times have changed since 1911. Americans are now even agitating the study of Chinese to meet the needs of expanding trade relations with the Orient. Slowly we are coming to realize what a sensitive point language is to the heart of a race, and we are getting over the notion that all the nations are going to learn *our* language while we are to be relieved of any corresponding effort to learn theirs. We have begun to realize that if we are to win the good-will of the countries with which we desire to trade, we must study their languages, not only as a means of communicating with them, but as a matter of courtesy or business diplomacy.

"Language," says a French writer, "has become such a symbol of racial patriotism that the balance of power is preserved as jealously in the linguistic domain as in the political."

But our awakening is only partial. Theoretically we have advanced, but practically we have made little or no advance; and the self-sufficient spirit which prompted our long neglect still remains a stumbling-block to that great *desideratum*, international good will.

That spirit is manifesting itself in English-speaking Canada in a way which is really more reprehensible than in the case of the average American's attitude toward the immigrant. Let Canada turn her eyes homeward before she aspires to deal tactfully with other races. Matching the contemptuous attitude of the American toward the immigrant, is the condescending attitude of the English-speaking Canadian toward the French Canadian.

"If you seek to draw the attention of the English to their French fellow-citizens," says André Siegfried in "The Race Question," "they will discuss them either patronizingly and somewhat disdainfully, or else in tones of harsh severity, seldom sympathetically or without prejudice."

The statement of this singularly fair-minded writer, we all know, could be abundantly corroborated out of our own experience. Here are a few of the utterances of some typical men, quoted recently in a newspaper article:

"This country has been made great by our race—the English, Scotch and Irish. The French have some good qualities, but they are an inferior race."

"When I see in a train in Ontario, *Defendu de Cracher*, I don't like it. This is an English province. If the French are allowed to grow into a majority here, I suppose it will be *Defendu de Cracher* everywhere. If this is to be a bilingual Province, I don't think I shall want to live in it."

"I can't make out why they (the French) should make so much fuss over such an intangible thing as speech."

"Go down to Quebec to get acquainted with the people? Not by a jugful. When I go to Quebec it will be with my gun."

Do not such utterances as these reveal the very quintessence of that worst quality of the Anglo-Saxon temperament, racial intolerance? The inability to comprehend why the French should attach so much importance to their language—the prompt repudiation of any suggestion to become better acquainted with conditions in Quebec by personal investigation—how they betray states of mind which Bourassa, with some justice, has called "insular"!

Now, as in the past, it is lack of imagination, of the ability to put oneself in another's place, which plays havoc with human relationships. The cultivation of "imaginative reason", one hopes, is to be one of the great tasks of the future.

The fact that Canada is a bilingual country—in the sense that in it two languages are officially recognized—is a distinguishing characteristic of this land, and one can see in it possibilities for a very decided differentiation from the United States; but such a differentiation can only take place from greater intercommunion between the French and English in Canada.

Is not such an intercommunion desirable? Dare we deny—at this time when the friction between the two races has become strained to the point where the possibility of a civil war is seriously discussed—that the lack of understanding and sympathy on both sides is disastrous? Does not such a state of affairs constitute a very real home problem which concerns us individually as Canadians? And are we doing our share toward attempting to understand the case and point of view of our compatriots, putting aside for the moment any question as to whether they are attempting to understand ours?

Of course, it is inconvenient that the French persist in retaining their own language. Things would be so much simplified if they would consent to becoming completely absorbed by the victorious race, sink their own consciousness of race, and become good Canadians—after the Anglo-Saxon pattern; but since they resolutely refuse to do this, let us exercise our imaginations a little and strive to understand their point of view.

Through language, as through nothing else, are preserved the culture, characteristics and traditions of a race—the experiences peculiar and dear to it—the mentality which marks it. Race consciousness, though we may find it hard to believe, is as strong in other races as in the Anglo-Saxon. Consider, as an illustration of this, with what persistence the inhabitants of Finland, after a century of union with the Russian Empire, have resisted all attempts to impose upon them the language of their conquerors, and how the Magyar, Czeck and Polish have asserted themselves against German. The failure of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Russia to impose upon conquered peoples their tongues, should teach the student of history something of the value set by a race upon its language. The French Canadians spring from a race not less proud than the Anglo-Saxon—a race which was first in the field in Canada, and has left, as an impress of its presence, some of the most romantic and glowing records in our history.

Suppose conditions reversed, as easily they might have been, and our race in Canada had been conquered! I think we can imagine something of the tenacity with which we would cling to our language, and insist upon carrying it into Quebec whenever conditions made it desirable for us to reside there, and how strenuously we should resist any apparent attempt to curtail the privileges which had been accorded to us. I think, too, we can imagine something of the resentment we should feel if, in spite of the sufficiently "fair treatment" accorded to us in our "separate schools", we found that our fellow Canadians practically ignored our language, addressing us always in French, requiring of us to learn their language, but making no special effort to learn ours, and betraying in their attitude towards us either disdain or an avected indifference.

Granted that the French are here to stay, and in the words of M. Paul Lamarche, "to stay French", are we not pursuing rather the wrong tactics in our dealings with them? Perfectly "fair" treatment will not take the place of warm human treatment, and a desire to go at least half way in an effort to understand those with whom our lot is cast.

Surely some of the "good reasons" for our making a special effort to study French should now be self-evident. Are we only to be awakened

to the realization of them by such significant resolutions as that of the Nationalists to "boycott" those Ontario firms which refuse to recognize their language? The pertinacity with which the French insist upon carrying on their business communications in a language which is only too unfamiliar to the average Ontario business man has certainly made matters embarrassing to one who is anxious to retain their commercial good-will, and usually he is not very successful in locating linguistic ability among his employees to help him out. After this war, as we frequently remark, we expect to extend our markets by doing business with some of the allied countries, and we see ourselves, no doubt (with the tentative provision for teaching Russian as well as French in our high schools), communicating easily with these countries in their own languages—we, who find it so difficult to construct one letter in the mother tongue of the French in our midst!

Of the opportunities afforded us, and the practical examples set us in regard to the psychological period for acquiring foreign languages, I have also spoken. We have not benefited by them. It is true, no doubt, that if we adopted the methods followed in the French schools, we should run a grave danger, the danger of converting every Canadian boy and girl into a bilingualist—and the word "bilingualist", we know, has a horrid ring in our ears—but are we so sure that such an outcome would be wholly undesirable? If every Canadian were a bilingualist, he would fittingly represent the two-fold and characteristic quality of his country—and he would do far more—how much, I have attempted here to adumbrate.

But the danger of general bilingualism at present is remote—so remote that, as I have said, I can see little cause for concern in regard to the respective merits of Russian, Spanish or any other language as an optional subject in our high schools. Either one, under the conditions which prevail, is likely to be quite as innocuous as the study of French has proved to be.

SEA GULLS

By A. D. MERKEL

WE came upon them at the harbour's mouth—
Great legions, ranged about the cliffs that hurl
Defiance to the onrush of the sea.
And some, as if submissive to an ordered plan,
Contented were to bide their rugged base,
And some soared, circling, skyward,
While others followed us.

Their tireless pinions beat into the gray
Of heaven, and their naked shapes
Clear-glistened in the early light of morn:
Anon they rested, and, with wings outspread.
Swooped downward to the sea, from whose embrace
They noisily emerged, and mounting strove
To gain the heights abandoned.
And on we bore into the flaming sun
That now, with awful majesty and power,
Sheer rose from out the golden rim of sea.

The day wore on, and ere it died
The waters that had laughed but hours before
Were darkened, and the wind uprose
To whistle in the rigging of the ship.
And, triumphing, belch forth with hideous roar.
Yet high aloft our white-winged consorts rode,
And, rearing, battled with the swirling storm.

All night the steamer laboured in the trough
Of seas tempestuous, great lowering clouds
Shot tongues of lengthening flame,
And answering thunder rumbled to a crash.
The dawn broke o'er a furied waste of seas,
Yet with the first thin streak that lit the East
A watcher on the after deck descried
The measured beat of wings that followed us.

From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

THE BELGIAN MASSACRES

"Men to the right, women to the left"

RE-VIEWS of LITERARY HISTORY of CANADA

By J. D. Logan

ESSAY IV.—CANADIAN POETS AND POETESSES AS LYRISTS OF ROMANTIC LOVE

THE present essay is much more an appreciation of certain Canadian poets and poetesses than an historical critical article. It has the advantage, however, of novelty, inasmuch as the theme, so far as I can recall, has not been treated by another Canadian critic. Moreover, inasmuch as I must note a singular defect in the Canadian heart and imagination and also interpret the metaphysical meaning of love, the essay has thus far forth a constructive side and value. Still further, if taken, as it should be, as complementary to a former essay which dealt with the Martial Verse of Canadian Poetesses (*The Canadian Magazine,* April, 1913) and which was in method historico-critical, the present article may be regarded as constructive.

Unlike Canadian martial verse, especially the martial verse by the poetesses, Canadian love poetry is not unique. Particularly the commemorative martial verse of Canadian poetesses had this distinction given it by English poets and critics. But no such distinction can attach to Canadian love poetry, either of the poets or of the poetesses. It is important, therefore, to discover and disclose the reasons why Canadian love poetry, romantic and spiritual, has not a quality as unique as Canadian martial verse, inspirational and commemorative.

Many would find the answer in the fact that war, utterly destroying, as it does, that which men and women, especially women, hold most dear, causes a total upheaval of elemental human nature and wholly sets free from the bands of conventional repression the elemental emotions. Thus a psychological phenomenon by itself appears in human experience and in that species of human emotional expression which we call poetry. As it were, the woman-heart in men uprises from the recesses in which it has been confined, and the merely destructive war instinct in men gives way to a sort of womanly tender and passionate regard for dear possessions which must be preserved inviolable at all hazards. On the other hand, the man-heart—or, if I may, without bemeaning her, say, the tiger-heart—in woman uprises from the recesses in

which it has been confined, and the passion in her for peace gives way to a much more fiery passion for vengeance and reprisal, as well as for the protection and preservation of what is precious to her. In general, then, in time of war, while the men do the actual fighting on the field of battle, it is the women who are in heart the essential warriors. Consequently, it happens that when women essay martial verse, inspirational or commemorative, they sing their war lyrics with an abandon, infectious lilt, inspiriting fervour, and a pervasive and moving thrall that are altogether compelling, and when their war lyrics are finely wrought, on the whole these martial songs surpass those written by men.

Something, then, relatively unique may be expected in martial verse, for the reason that repressed elemental nature and emotions are totally set free. In love poetry, on the other hand, no matter how passionate it may be, always the emotions remain somewhat conventionally repressed. There is never in love poetry the same wild abandonment to free expression as there is in martial verse. But in noting that the absolute freedom of the emotions, on the one hand, and the partial repression of the emotions, on the other hand, causes, or at least assists, martial verse to have a more unique quality than love poetry possesses, a critic has not given an ultimate explanation of the phenomenon. For as individuals differ in the degree of emotional expression of love in verse, so nations or peoples differ in emotional genius and freedom of expression of emotion both in daily speech and in literary forms. The constructive critic, then, has on his hands the solving of the problem of what makes the difference in the degree of free expression of the emotion of love on the part of Canadian poets and poetesses as compared, say, with similar expression on the part of French or Italian poets and poetesses. To the solving of that problem I now turn, before appreciatively considering the love poetry of certain Canadian poets and poetesses.

The original basis of Canadian civilization is Keltic or Gaelic and Calvinistic. Now, the Keltic genius is essentially poetical or highly imaginative. Its essential formula, as I have said elsewhere, is "a natural and lively sense of divinity everywhere and in everything in the universe." I call this sense of an enchanted, haunted world, of spiritual presences in the woods, the hills, the streams, the mists, the clouds, the sunsets, the daisies and the dews—I call this natural piety. But there is another kind of piety, namely, a denial of divinity immanent in the universe, and a devotion to a God who is afar off—*"deus ex machina"*—and whose presence and glory in the finite world is never manifest, on which account the things of the world are to be despised and rejected. This far off or absentee God is the exclusive and supreme object of human love. That is the doctrine of Calvinism. Now, the Keltic or Gaelic genius is naturally pious in the inclusive or pantheistic sense; it is naturally metaphysical and poetic; it naturally sees God in all things and loves passionately all phenomena, earthly and spiritual, as expressions of God. But in Ireland and Scotland, the imaginative genius of the Gael came under the baneful influence of Calvinism, and the writing of poetry, which is the sublimated expression of the natural magic and the majesty and mystery of the world, was regarded as a function of ungodly superstition. In Canada, which has much more of the magic and the majesty and mystery of earth than Ireland and Scotland, the Calvinistic bane had its effect both in a decay of natural piety and a disenfranchisement of love. This is not a private opinion; it is indubitable fact. In English-speaking Canada, particularly in Nova Scotia and Ontario, I note the Calvinistic bane, which, in the interest of absolute devotion to a jealous God, put rigid repression on all

expression of emotion and of love, parental, filial, sexual. I remark some cases of this repression, the horrid memory of which still remains with men and women not yet past the fiftieth year of their age.

It was Calvinism, for instance, that compelled mothers to fear to show passionate affection for their children, especially infants, lest a jealous God should send the angel Death to take their offspring away from the too-loving parents. It was Calvinism that caused the filial grace of a pure kiss of affection from son to mother or from brother to sister to be tabooed as unseemly and unmanly. It was Calvinism that caused the natural love of a lad for a lass and conversely, and of a man for a woman and conversely, or at any rate any show of passionate preference of a lover for his beloved and ravishing enjoyment of mutual companionship, to be regarded as sensual affection, born of the wiles of Satan, sinful and unholy. Finally, it was Calvinism that caused men and women, otherwise sane and avid of all experiences of joy, to consider the exercise of the poetic faculty on any theme save the Deity, Heaven, and Hell, to be a silly use of brains; and as, in their view, love itself, especially love of the sexes, is the silliest of human sentiments and emotions, to consider the exercise of the poetic faculty on love as the vain imaginings and vapid utterances of incurable idiots.

Now, there is a very vital and pervasive, profoundly metaphysical and religious connection between poetry and love. Both have their seat and inspiration in the deepest function of man's spiritual nature, namely, the imagination or the idealizing faculty. The greatest thing in the world is love, because its ultimate object is the heart of the universe; that is to say, Immortal Love or the Deity. For God is Love. It was the loving faculty, in order that it might feel *at home* in the world, first peopled the universe with spiritual presences, that is, with divinity, including the supreme divinity, whom we call God. If we stifle the faculty of love, we kill not only poetry as a mere mundane exercise, but also the very soul of religion. For religion is only a natural lively sense and acknowledgment of divinity in the world; and pure poetry is only the emotional expression, in beautiful rhythmic form, colour and music, of the religious ideal. The poetic faculty reasserts perennially, against all rationalism, doubt, or cavil, the supremacy of spirit everywhere—in the heart of man and in the natural world. Kill the poetic imagination, which is the faculty of love, and we slay Immortal Love, which is God. Cultivate and sustain that faculty, and we transform a brute world of matter in motion into the fair, green, delectable Garden of the Eternal Spirit. Let us, then, have love, and let us have our poets and poetesses to sing of it for the joy, support, purification, and ennobling of our mundane sojourn and existence —for the sweet sustaining of our finite spirits.

Turning to consider Canadian love poetry appreciatively, I observe a general distinction in inspiration and quality between that written by the poets and that written by the poetesses. The poets think only of painting the beloved and her virtues or charms for the sake of the imaginative enjoyment of their own pictures of a beautiful, winsome, or ravishing object; or they think only of their own lack, what they want or need for themselves; or, in that same spirit, they bemoan the presence in their dreams of an ardently desired, but unpossessed, object, and sing sadly, if ofttimes withal sweetly and wingly, of their dear "Dream-Goddess," who is but a dream and a fatal futility in their existence. The poetesses sing of love almost wholly, so far as I can discover, as a source of pure joy and as a mode of absolute giving of self to spiritual companionship and service. The Canadian poets, as

lyrists of love, are idiocentric and selfish—negative; the Canadian poetesses, as lyrists of love, are allocentric and sacrificial or altruistic—positive.

This general distinction does not obtain in the love verse of two Canadian poets, namely, the sonnet-sequence, "A Lover's Diary," by Sir Gilbert Parker (1894) and the sonnet-sequence, "His Lady of the Sonnets," by Robert W. Norwood (1915). In both these sequences, which are altogether beautiful and noble, and which belong to the world's treasury of love poetry, the attitude to love is wholly spiritual: uppermost in these two poets' heart and imagination is the refining, redemptive, transmuting power of love and absolute joy in the thought of the spiritual union of the lover and the beloved. To them love is a holy ideal; and loving, the infusion of soul into soul, of spirit into spirit, until they both become one soul, one spirit, enamored of holiness in thought, speech, and deed. For pure beauty of conception, imagery, and artistry, and for spiritual elevation, consider this noble love sonnet by Sir Gilbert Parker:

It is enough that in this burdened time
The soul sees all its purposes aright,
The rest—what does it matter? Soon the night
Will come to whelm us, then the morning chime.
What does it matter, if but in the way
One hand clasps ours, one heart believes us true;
One understands the work we try to do,
And strives through Love to teach us what to say?
Between me and the chilly outer air
Which blows in from the world, there standeth one
Who draws Love's curtains closely everywhere,
As God folds down the banners of the sun.
Warm is my place about me, and above,
Where was the raven, I behold the dove.

Much more sensuous in imagery, but equally spiritualizing in intent is this sonnet by Mr. Norwood:

My love is like a spring among the hills
Whose brimming waters may not be confined,
But pour one torrent through the ways that wind
Down to a garden; there the rose distills
Its nectar; there a tall, white lily fills
Night with anointing of two lovers, blind,
Dumb, deaf, of body, spirit, and of mind
From breathless blending of far-sundered wills.

Long ere my love had reached you, hard I strove
To send its torrent through the barren fields;
I wanted you, the lilied treasure-trove
Of innocence, whose dear possession yields
Immortal gladness to my heart that knows
How you surpass the lily and the rose.

Parker and Norwood are, as it were, the only Canadian *systematic* poets of love, and they are certainly master-artists in that *genre* of poetry. So far as Canadian literature is concerned their love poetry is *sui generis*. Their conceptual scheme is so big in spiritual compass, and their artistry so refined and formal, that seemingly they have pre-empted the field of formalized love poetry. The other Canadian poets and the poetesses who essay the theme of love are strictly lyrical in inspiration and artistry. There is, however, one Canadian poetess who is fitted by genius to emulate Parker and Norwood, and who could compose a sequence of love sonnets that in imaginative conception, spiritual dignity, and artistic beauty would be worthy to stand beside the best work of Mrs. Browning or of Christina Rossetti. I mean the gifted and accomplished Katherine Hale (Mrs. J. W. Garvin). So far her love poetry has been essentially lyrical in inspiration and form, as, for instance, in "The Ultimate Hours," or in "Noonday," containing the memorable alliterative and musical line, "With dear, indefinite delight," and "In the Trenches," both of which that delectable Canadian song-composer, Gena Branscombe, who has set to music several of Katherine Hale's poems, regards in her own womanly colloquialism, "as her two pet love songs". I find the required spiritual quality for a noble sequence of sonnets of love in Katherine Hale's "At

Noon," beginning, "Thou art my Tower in the sun at noon" and in"The First Christmas," taken from her highly original booklet of verse, "Grey Knitting and Other Poems" (1914). I quote it in full:

As that Judean land which long ago
Waited through centuries to find a face
Where human and divine met first in grace
And proved high love incarnate here below—
A little world that worshipped pomp and show,
Yet lay, as many a strange, imperial race,
Whom haunting dreams forevermore encase,
Calling a vision that the soul must know—

So through the ways I could not understand,
Through light that dawned to disappear again,
And pale mirage upon the distance cast,
I waited even as that lonely land,
And no dark night has ever been in vain,
Since heaven shines through thee to me at last.

The names of other Canadian poetesses who have written winning or compelling love lyrics is legion. The most famous, winsome, dainty, joyous, and exquisitely wrought love lyric by a Canadian poetess is the late Isabel Vallancey Crawford's universally known poem, "The Master Builder," or, as it is sometimes called "Love's Land." I shall quote it in concluding. In the meantime I quote another love lyric, Mrs. Isabel Eccleston Mackay's "Always," which in daintiness, joyousness, musical lilt, and poetic truth—or in pure lyrism —rivals Miss Crawford's poem. Thus sings Mrs. Mackay:

Love is never an alien thing;
Love set the gay world spinning;
Love sat light on the first bird's wing,
Sang in the chorus of earth's first spring,
Danced in the first green fairy ring—
For love has no beginning.

Love is never an alien thing—
When the last stars are sending
Their paling beams through an empty sky
And the mad earth reels and the sweet winds die—
Chaos and darkness! But you and I
And love that has no ending!

The most passionate love lyrics in Canadian poetry seem to be those by the late Pauline Johnson. In them the poetess shows two attitudes—elemental abandonment to the pain and the cruelty of love or melancholy over the loss of love, and happy joy in the sweet graces of love. Mr. Charles Mair (*The Canadian Magazine*, July, 1913) is my authority for the statement that the first phase of her love poetry was inspired by "an ill-fated engagement" and that "the defeat of love runs like a gray thread through much of her [love] verse." That phase ended with her writing of "The Prodigal," a pathetic lyric which concludes with the scornful line—"Back to my God I turn." For a sample of her other or positive quality—joy in love—I quote Miss Johnson's posthumous poem, entitled "Song" (*Canadian Magazine*, October, 1913):

The night-long shadows faded into gray,
Then silvered into glad and gold sunlight,
Because you came to me, like a new day
Born of the beauty of an autumn night.

The silence that enfolded me so long
Stirred to the sweetest music life has known,
Because you came, and coming woke the song
That slumbered through the years I was alone.

So have you brought the silver from the shade,
The music and the laughter and the day,
So have you come to me, and coming made
This life of mine a blossom-bordered way.

That is a pure, sweet, exquisitely wrought love lyric, with the *vox humana* tones heard gently through it all.

Other sweetly engaging Canadian poetesses of love are, for instance, Miss Clare Giffin, as in her fine and lofty sonnet, "The Questing Heart," and Lucy M. Montgomery (Macdonald), as in her piquant, happy, assuring lyric, "You." Whichever Canadian poetess of love we choose, we find in each and in all the notes of joy in giving self to spiritual companionship and service, expressed in

musical diction, pleasing or sublimating imagery and metaphor, and winsome suggestions of happy and tender communings in the gardens of life. In them all, the bird of the morning is singing his early matins or the nightingale of joy and peace is lilting his transporting evensong. I conclude by quoting Miss Crawford's universally admired and appealling love lyric:

Oh, Love builds on the azure sea,
And Love builds on the golden sand,
And Love builds on the rose-winged cloud,
And sometimes Love builds on the land!

Oh, if Love build on sparkling sea,
And if Love build on golden strand,
And if Love build on rosy cloud,
To Love these are the solid land!

Oh, Love will build his lily walls,
And Love his pearly roof will rear,
On cloud, or land, or mist, or sea—
Love's solid land is everywhere!

To the March number Dr. Logan will contribute an article entitled "Canadian Poets of the Great War".

VERSES FOR THIS YEAR

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

I.—Lost Faith.

ALL our hopes are dead.
No more may we sail
These black seas of dread,
Stern and proud and pale.

Wrench the colours down,
No home haven now,
No warm twinkling Town
To await our prow.

On the wide gray sea,
Loneliness and night;
Never a bold free
Star—never Light!

II.—A Voice.

Child—thou art a child—
Compassed with design
Of foes stark and wild,
—Yet I hold thee Mine.

Thou hast never sailed
When the sea was kind;
Ever hast thou paled,
Stern and proud and blind;

Yet hast thou sailed on,
Dreaming, blind but wise,
Confident of Dawn
Behind blackened skies.

So sail thou these hours;
Let My Sight avail.
Yet amid bright flowers
Thou may'st strike thy sail.

WITH CANADIANS from the FRONT

By Lacey Amy

V.—THE LISTENING-POST AND THE DESPATCH-BEARERS

HE was a woeful looking figure when I saw him first—thin, sickly, stoop-shouldered, with a light growth of fair hair in constant rebellion. His white, wan face carried a story I longed to hear. As the kind treatment of the convalescent home began to have its effect, he brightened to its influence, his cheeks began to fill, his colour to return, and the misery in his eyes passed into a deceiving innocence that covered depths of mischief. But always the mere mention of his life in the trenches drove him back to sober thoughtfulness.

He never should have been there at all. Only the sheer grit of him had kept him from the hospital many a time. And when he left us once more for the front there was grit in his last smile. He had not learned to look forward to the bully beef and mud with any greater pleasure; but he knew what was expected of him, and his friends—the very friends who had always taken advantage of his mild ways—would tell you that he had never been found wanting in that.

A Canadian to the tips, he was not born in Canada. Indeed, even when I knew him, he spoke English imperfectly. He was born in France. Perhaps that accounted in part for his willingness to face the fight again as soon as the doctors thought he could, when many a bigger, better lad was adding a touch of limp or cough or a twist of pain when the examining doctor came.

From what level of French society he came is immaterial. His father died when he was very young, and his step-father was cruel to him. At thirteen he ran away. He had heard of Canada even at that age, and it sounded good to him. But the French boats would not take him without his parents' consent; so he shipped on a Norwegian.

His story of the trip across is a series of brutality worthy of the Germans. His mild manners, I suppose it was, and his immature age made him a butt for the cruel sailors. He was kicked and cuffed. A favourite pastime of the crew was to force him to climb the mast when it was caked with frozen spray; and at every slip they kicked him up again. And then he came to Canada, undergrown, ill-nourished, his constitution undermined.

Landing first in the Maritime Provinces, without a word of English at his command, he nevertheless found work. From job to job he drifted into the lumber woods. And there he was, where the harshest conditions of life demand the strongest, hardiest frames, when the war broke out.

One would think that such a career

would have hardened him to anything the trenches had to offer. Lads from homes of luxury had stood it, most of them with less grumble than comes from those who had always existed beneath the knocks of life. But the little French lad's constitution had been weakened when he was too young to profit physically from the buffets of his experience. The new kind of exposure told on him from the first. He did not drink, and some of his mates have told me what a pitiful sight he was in the cold, wet dawn, shiveringly refusing his grog, while everyone else was clamouring for the touch of liquid fire that opened each day through the cold season.

But to a man they repudiated the thought that the boy was any the worse for it in the long run, certainly not in morale. "Whenever there was any particularly dirty job on, V. was the first to volunteer," they said. "He never funked. He was on listening-post longer and oftener than anyone else in the company. Grit clear through!" And his illness came to him when his perils seemed to be over for the time. "I thought I was going to Heaven," he breathed to me, in that sentimental way of his, "when I got my first leave." He nearly did. In England but a day or two, he developed pneumonia—as many another has done. That was how I met him.

Always back in his eyes was a sadness, as of looking at pictures he did not like to talk about. But when he did talk I could see a little of what he felt; he described it to me with the simple clarity of a mind that does not make a habit of speaking all it thinks.

It was his listening-post duties of which he was always thinking—those lonesome, terrible, perilous hours of which he had spent more than his share out before the front lines. "Often I used to wish a bomb would fall beside me," he confided, "and get me out of it. But they never would. Fellows all about me were killed, boys who didn't want to die, but I always escaped. From November when I went in I was never dry. Two or three times I found dry places to sleep, and it was wonderful." And never a hint that his duties had been volunteered, that he had offered to go out and lie in the mud before the German trenches while his comrades held back.

V.'s battalion had a particularly bad spot in the line. The trenches were shallow; to go deeper was but to wallow in deeper water. The German line was out across a brutal No Man's Land where water lay in every depression. Men were drowned there. The trenches were bad; the listening-post was inhuman. And the shivering lad returning from before the German fire had no warm dugout to look forward to. He was never dry.

Listening-post duty is the local spying system of the front lines. Every night No Man's Land is inhabited by two parties, the patrol squads and the listening-posts. The latter usually go in pairs, their duty to listen to the Germans in their trenches if they can approach close enough, to waylay enemy patrols, to uncover working parties. They are the spies, the doorkeepers, the watch-dogs, and altogether the uncomfortable ones of the company. They are selected for the things that make a good soldier—steadiness of nerve, intelligence, discrimination, knowledge of German, quick-wittedness, and endurance. Which does not imply that all on listening-post possess these traits. If they do they are the more valuable.

After dark they crawl out over the parapet, often alone, conscious that their return is uncertain, aware that ahead of them stretches an interminable two hours of danger and discomfort. As close as they can get to the German trenches is their goal—through the German wire barricades if possible. And there they lie motionless, silent, low as the ground will let them, in water and mud. The deepest depression, where the mud and water await them, is their saf-

est resting-place. To be against the skyline is certain exposure. And all the time the nervous German is sending up star-shells in search for such as he. He has orders not to shoot—as have all in No Man's Land at night—save as a last extremity. Three bombs he carries for protection if pressed, and a password for his own patrol parties who are prowling about. In his hand may be the end of a string attached to a bell in the trench he has left, and by it he can say all he need say in a hurry.

For the rest he trusts to Providence and to the luck of the soldier. If the luck of the soldier is according to his deserts I know there is good fortune in store for such as V.

The patrol party is the listening-post in action. It combines the spying of the other with the beat of the policeman and the destructiveness of the soldier. Those of the regular patrol party are relieved of fatigue duty, but into the hours of darkness they cram thrills and danger enough at times to earn them more relief that they get.

Perhaps you, in your Morris chair to-night, can picture the weird work of the patrol in No Man's Land. Out there where not a finger dare show in daylight, where any careless bullet from either side may find its billet in him, where every second is a possible encounter with a thousand lurking dangers he cannot see, he prowls about in search of anything of value. He may crawl through the barb-wire before the German trenches and lie listening to the conversation of an enemy who fancies himself secure. He may run suddenly into a dark form, or a score of them, and have to hold his hand until he knows them as friend or foe. If friend there is the password. If foe—well, some quick thinking is necessary first of all. He must not reveal his location to either trench by bullet or bomb, except as a last resort. The knife or the bayonet are the safest weapons; failing these, bombs. The scene of a couple of patrol parties throwing bombs indiscriminatingly in the darkness contains all the mystery and excitement and uncertainty of a detective story with the possible solution the death of all concerned. When the patrol is out the trenches they left have orders not to fire towards the Germans; a friend is as vulnerable to a rifle bullet as a foe.

And yet the boys like it when there is no other excitement. There is action in it, the chance of getting even. There is about it that uncertainty that gives gambling its lure—and then there may be a V. C. To poke around in the darkness with the thrills running down your spine, uncertain what is ahead of you, whether a German, a clamorous machine-gun bullet, a sudden jab from a bayonet, or a six-foot hole filled with water, is more exciting than "playing the ponies" or dodging the police for a crap game. It even has its points over being caught in the open when the fog rises and shows you up to a thousand or two of snipers whose only interest in life is your death.

A patrol party usually consists of an officer, a sergeant, and six men, and a connection may be retained with the trenches by means of a bell at each end of the platoon.

Connection between the various parts of the army is vital. That is so obvious that its development has been affected less than any other department by the exigencies of this novel war. Communication between General Staff and army, between army and division, between division and brigade, between brigade and battalion, between battalion and company, between company and platoon, and even between scores of individuals off in hiding by themselves and their officers. And the guns must never lose touch with the infantry.

There is a system that keeps all these units together, and this war has culled out the useless details and leaned on those which have been found not wanting. The backbone of con-

nection is the telephone. There are telephones everywhere on the field of battle, sometimes from far before the front line right back to General Joffre. Every tree may have its telephone, every shell hole, every dug-out; and every fence skeleton and hedge is certain to be the trail of wires that direct the conflict.

Wire layers and repairers are a part of every branch of the service, and their work is never complete. But the telephone is not always vocal. Back of battalion headquarters it may be a buzzer, and sometimes in front if the German lines are not too close. The buzzer can be tapped by the enemy more easily. The vocal telephone, when within some hundreds of yards of the enemy, is on metallic circuit for the purpose of retaining its secrets. And at the front end of the wire is the signaller.

Of course you have watched with more than ordinary interest the drilling in Canada of the signaller before he is sent overseas. You have seen a group of them, each with a pair of flags, wig-wagging to another group across a field. And you have been awed by the swiftness of gesticulation and the certainty of reply. It is there for you to see. So it would be for the enemy if it were in use where there is one.

The disillusioning feature of it is that these spectacular evolutions are nothing more than a course of calisthenics, so far as their usefulness to the present-day line of battle is concerned. The signaller is a signaller no longer. His flags are probably somewhere back in England with the rest of the junk of war waste. In the first place battles don't wait now for an officer in one field to wig-wag to an officer in another field that his guns are cutting up his friends instead of his enemies, or that the enemy is about to come over. In the second place signallers are not immortal—not in this life,—and the supply would run out before a single flag had been raised. The enemy is not the least bit considerate when it comes to passing along messages by anticipated methods.

I am not certain of it offhand, but I should say that not a flag has waved in battle since 1914. It is a preparatory exercise for the consumption of open-mouthed civilians, and to convince those who enlist for the signal corps that they are signallers.

And the signallers have profited by it as well as the army. There is no straining of eyes, no nervous doubt, no mistake, no exposure. The signaller lies under cover taking the orders of his officer and transmitting them to their destination. And up at the front he has to do his own repairing of wires.

If anyone should guess at the miles of telephone wire that have been used in this war he would probably go mad with the immensity of it. At first the wire was a nice rubbered affair that cost so much per inch and when required elsewhere was taken up in order to limit the cost of the British army to $25,000,000 a day—as it is at the time of writing. Then common sense awoke. It struck someone that service was the thing, not polish; that a wire that could be ignored when of no further use, at the saving of time and human life, was what this war needed. So they produced an enamelled wire that worked as well without costing enough to make it worth while to send a gang of men to remove it. Now there must be thousands of miles of cheap wire that has served its purpose, kicking about France for peace to collect and sell as souvenirs. It is everywhere over the ground, and everywhere it has been smashed to powder by a thousand guns.

Of course there is other wire. The nicely insulated variety is still used in the rear and removed with the removal of the units it feeds. Armoured cable is still in use for permanent posts and for headquarters. But where a flag used to deliver a message from the open on clear days in a

couple of minutes, a bit of flimsy wire staked to the ground or run through a hedge transmits the same message more surely in a second. And seconds count.

There are times when the wires fail —when there is not time for their laying, when movement is too swift to be followed by the wire gang, when the bursting shells make dust of formal communication. It is then man comes into his own—with all the tight places and impenetrable barriers into which the carrying of despatches throws him.

Orders are carried under these conditions by three distinct bodies of orderlies. Back in comparative safety, although still within range of the guns and sometimes under excitement, the despatch riders whizz from headquarters to headquarters on motor-cycles. With the distances they have to cover and the large urgency of their reports, speed is important. Between the smaller units behind the lines bicycle orderlies do the work, their course facilitated by the lightness and mobility of their machines.

But while there is a certain glamour thrown on the work of the despatch riders, largely because they are the snobs of the despatch service and roar and rave and rattle about from point to point on mounts whose effectiveness seems to be based upon the noise they make and the speed they can maintain, there is a third branch of the service that performs the really dangerous, unsung work up at the front where the fury of the fight makes wire too mortal, where advance of small units has separated them from their companions, where the extreme pressure of the enemy makes immediate reinforcements and supplies necessary to the very life of the struggling men. Those who figure there are the battalion runners.

Were the services of the battalion runners narrated in full there would be books of bravery and sacrifice, of grim perseverance and reckless daring that would pretty nearly discount any other branch of the service. But because these young fellows work at sudden emergency, because they are too busy to demand their dues from the press, because they are few in number and small of size and come into contact only with a few officers, they pursue their imperilled path without a publicity agent.

I have talked to despatch riders whose many months of active service has earned nothing more serious for them than a spill at sixty miles an hour or thereabouts, or a hundred yard acquaintance with a "coal-box." But the despatch rider—like certain of the Flying Corp before they have heard the sound of a gun—is primed with a luridness of description that savours of the exhaust of their motor-cycles while carrying perhaps nothing more momentous than an invitation to a brother officer to come over and make up a table.

I have also talked with battalion runners who, having not the capacity for description, treat the most hair-raising experiences as the details of an ordinary day's work. In fact I have never yet drawn a story from a battalion runner except by the exercise of all my "pumping" ability. They are modest boys, trained in a silent, modest school, and their very isolation from the usual trench life deprives them of that ready exchange where the ordinary soldier is crammed with stock experiences.

Battalion runners seem to be selected for their smallness of size, their quickness of foot, their stubbornness and determination, and their ability to go on to the end without being swerved aside by the incidents about them. The latter is the main qualification. The battalion runner must close his eyes and ears to everything but his destination. His work is not to fight except against the obstacles in his path; and nothing but death must stop him.

Battalion runners are the connecting links between units that have be-

come separated. They must keep these units in touch, whether across the very mouths of German rifles or backward to the sources of relief and supply. Their orders are simply to get there, using every facility available. Usually they are on foot, sneaking along through shattered trenches, crawling from shell hole to shell hole, skirting danger by the merest hair's breadth to save time—running, creeping, lying down until danger is past, in silence and alone looking only to their own resources for the fulfilment of their purpose.

There are stories in my mind of the suffering and grim endurance and persistence of these despatch-bearers, that are almost monotonous in their lack of lurid detail. But anyone with some conception of conditions among the trenches may fill in without difficulty. I have heard of battalion runners on their way through enemy lines to reach a unit beyond, who were forced to worm along on hands and knees for miles and hours, always within touch of the foe. One runner hid for a week in the remains of a small woods, sneaking out at night to sustain himself on the pickings from the dead bodies that lay about. Germans by the hundreds were around him. But he delivered his message at the end—days after it was of any value. Often in their silent passage they meet the enemy on equally silent errands, and fight or run as the occasion or opportunity demands.

And such service is not rendered unscathed. They lie down and die out there where none knows what has happened, their message undelivered and their devotion unrewarded—and they are only casualties. The one thought in their minds it to last out to the moment when they can place the message in the hands they seek. Wounded to death they stagger on, and sink to final rest with the last words of the message on their lips. Even they hide their wounds that they might bear back the reply awaited.

A brave, tireless, defiant, silently suffering band of devoted soldiers, these runners who tempt to their own bodies the wounds they are trying to save their comrades. A modest group whose reward is in duty performed, not in the applause of the casual public. Some day their historian will earn them their deserts.

The next article of this series is entitled "The Non-Combatants", which describes the work of the vast number of men in the army who never see the firing-line.

THE MINISTER OF FINANCE

By William Lewis Edmonds

SIR THOMAS WHITE, the present Finance Minister of Canada, is the ninth to occupy that office since the birth of the Dominion forty-nine years ago. Among the eight who preceded him have been some big men—men who will, for the service they have rendered, live long in the history of the country. Five of them—Sir John Rose, Sir Francis Hincks, Sir Leonard Tilley, Sir Richard Cartwright, and Sir Charles Tupper—assisted at the birth of the Dominion.

Among his other predecessors in the office of Finance Minister were the Honourable A. W. McLelan, Sir George Foster, and the Honourable W. S. Fielding. Sir Thomas has held the office for over five years. Only three of his predecessors held it for a longer period. They were Tilley, Foster, and Fielding. And but three of the eight were called upon during their term of office to perform feats which might be considered very much out of the ordinary.

Upon Sir Leonard Tilley devolved the duty of introducing the protective tariff of 1879, in accordance with the mandate of the electorate at the general election of the preceding year. Sir Charles Tupper's masterpiece was the inauguration of the iron and steel tariff of 1887, which was even a more difficult undertaking than that of his predecessor Sir Leonard Tilley. That for which the Honourable W. S. Fielding will be most remembered is the preferential tariff of 1897, which inaugurated a new fiscal policy toward the products of the British Empire, which has since been imitated by Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.

While Sir Thomas has not had to undertake any general revision of the tariff, such as some of his predecessors had to do, he has had to do some rather delicate tinkering. This was particularly true of the changes he made during the regular session of 1914. On the one hand he had to face the demand of the manufacturers for a re-modelling of the iron and steel duties, in order that certain important lines, then unprotected, might have the benefit of the protective tariff. On the other hand he had to face the no small voice in the West which was crying for free trade and larger markets. He managed to fairly well satisfy the iron and steel interests, but although he threw a sop to the farmers in the West in the shape of a reduction of five per cent. in the duty on agricultural implements, yet they were not satisfied because it was not sops they were after. Free trade, and nothing but free trade, would have served them.

But that which has put the acid test to Sir Thomas's ability as a Minister of Finance is, of course, the measures which the war demanded from him for financing Canada's necessities. No previous Finance Minister

has ever had such a severe test applied to him. More than one of them has had to face just as difficult problems in regard to the financing of home necessities. But none of them ever had, plus their home necessities, to find the wherewithal to finance Canada's undertaking in a great war.

When the war broke out the adverse turn which the trade situation had taken in Canada was in itself enough to try the metal of a Finance Minister. Great public expenditures had been undertaken, while, the public revenue, on the other hand, was declining at an alarming rate. At the special session of Parliament called immediately after the declaration of war an increase in the duty was imposed on a number of commodities for revenue-producing purposes. Excise rates were increased with a similar object in view. Legislation was also enacted to provide for the increase in the amount of Dominion notes which might be issued against gold; to temporarily suspend the gold basis of our circulation in order to make notes legal tender; and to authorize a war credit of $50,000,000.

At that time Canada, like the mother country, had by no means a full conception of the magnitude of the task it had in hand. And so during the 1915 session of the House still further measures had to be introduced by the Minister of Finance in order to provide the necessary funds. The most heroic of these was, of course, the increase of five to seven and one-half per cent. in the customs duties. A great many people were quite confident that this increase would not produce the desired revenue. They argued with apparent reason that the higher rates would tend to curtail imports, and hence lead to a decrease rather than an increase in the revenue.

But the results have once more proved that economic theories do not always in practice work out in accordance with expectations. They didn't in this particular instance at any rate. As luck or good management would have it, the higher duties have produced the desired greater revenue, for in his last budget speech Sir Thomas was able to inform us that the increase in the customs duties was responsible for an increase of no less than $19,000,000 in the revenue of the country. That Sir Thomas was equally fortunate in his other special provisions for the enhancement of the country's revenue is evident from the fact that the latter, for the present fiscal year, is expected to exceed the expenditure by fifty million dollars.

In the raising of money through loans it must be conceded that Sir Thomas has been equally successful. In order to relieve the pressure upon the British money market he, in August, 1915, made bold to borrow $45,000,000 in New York. It was the first time a Canadian Finance Minister had ever gone to Gotham for funds, and although Sir Thomas was criticized severely in some quarters for paying such a high rate as 5 per cent., yet, when a few months later Great Britain and her Allies had to pay the same rate for the half-billion dollar loan they floated in the same market, it took the wind out of the sails of his critics. How high Canada's credit stands to-day is evident from the fact that during the eleven months ending November last she was able to borrow nearly $304,000,000, of which nearly $193,000,000 was obtained in the United States against $54,000,000 two years ago.

But possibly Sir Thomas White's most successful venture was his domestic loans. In his first loan he asked the people of Canada to subscribe $50,000,000. They more than doubled it. The success with which this loan was floated seemed to strengthen the view of those who held that he should have sought on the home market the funds for which he went to New York the preceding August. That he could have obtained them here there can be no doubt. But it must be remembered that the conditions obtaining in Can-

ada in August, 1915, were not exactly the same as at the beginning of 1916, when the first domestic loan was floated.

In the first place, although a bountiful crop was promised, it had not been garnered and threshed. And sometimes there is a slip between the cup and the lip. Then, again, when the banks are conserving their funds in order to finance the moving crops it is an inopportune time to float loans of any kind, and particularly large ones. But these were not the only reasons why Sir Thomas did not attempt, in 1915, to float a domestic loan. A still stronger reason was the adverse character of our trade balance. In 1913 it was $300,000,000 against us; in 1914, $180,000,000, and in 1915, $36,000,000. At the close of the fiscal year 1916 the trade balance was in our favour to the extent of $249,000,000. For the first five months of the present fiscal year it was $141,100,000.

As long as this state of affairs existed it was sounder economic practice to sell securities abroad rather than at home. When the trade balance is substantially in our favour, as is the case to-day, it is a horse of another colour. As a matter of fact, had we attempted to borrow large sums at home when the trade balance was so enormously against us, we might have had to ship gold out of the country. By waiting to float a domestic loan until the existence of the favourable trade balance Sir Thomas was able to prevent this contingency, with the result that Canada is to-day holding more gold than she did at the commencement of the war, and has been able to float a second domestic loan of $100,000,000.

As a result of this sound financing Canada has not only been able to provide for her own necessities, but to assist in establishing a line of credit in this country in order to facilitate the financing of orders placed here by Great Britain and her Allies. Up to the present, Sir Thomas has been able, by the aid of the domestic loans and the co-operation of the banks, to establish a line of credit to the extent of $250,000,000 for the specific purpose of paying for munitions and supplies ordered in this country by the British Government.

With what success Sir Thomas's business tax will meet remains to be seen. Of all his financial undertakings this is apparently the most complex. But the indications are that it will produce a larger revenue than was anticipated.

That Sir Thomas White's career has so far been a somewhat remarkable one there can be no doubt. If wealth were the *sine qua non* to success in life Sir Thomas's chances would have been poor indeed, for there was very little of it about the little farm near Bronte, Ontario, on which he was born fifty years ago. But Tom White came into the world blessed with better things than material wealth. He was blessed with a mother who was exceptionally rich in qualities of mind and soul, and was left early in life with two small children on her hands. And although she is far past the allotted age she still possesses a keen and vigorous intellect.

Young White obtained the fundamentals of his education at the little school at Bronte. Although like other boys he participated in the customary school games and was popular with his fellow scholars he did not neglect his studies. Early in life he developed a strong taste for good literature, history and mathematics. His evenings were chiefly occupied in working out mathematical problems. History he principally mastered while wending his way to and from school, to the envy of his fellow scholars, who did not find history either as easy or as pleasant to learn. Shakespeare he learned by heart with surprising ease, also to the envy of the other fellows. His retentive memory has stuck to him to this day.

The men of to-day who attended

school with him remember him for his strong manly character. One who was his teacher thirty-odd years ago told the writer "that Tom White was known among the boys for his clean, manly character. I never knew him to do an unworthy act. Always strictly true; very energetic and ambitious."

After he had graduated from the high school at Brampton nothing but a university career would satisfy him. That, however, was no easy matter. But where there's a will there's a way. He found the way by reporting for the newspapers while he carried on his studies at the University of Toronto. When he left the University in 1895 with the initials "B.A." after his name it was as an honour graduate in classics. Then after a couple of more years spent at the reporter's desk he entered the assessment department of the city of Toronto, taking up at the same time the study of law as a side issue. He studied law "so carefully" that when he graduated in 1899 he had a gold medal and two scholarships to his credit. He did not, however, take up the practice of law, but continued his duties as one of the city's assessors. He had, however, in the meantime become one of the city's most efficient assessors.

In the performance of his duties he was characterized by exceptional thoroughness. He would take nothing for granted. The conclusions of a previous assessor did not satisfy him. He wanted to know for himself even to the minutest details in regard to the law governing this or that point.

And thereby hangs a tale. For it was the thoroughness with which he prepared his cases, and the clear and incisive way in which he argued them when he appeared before a judge to defend his assessments, that attracted the attention of certain capitalists, who, when subsequently forming the National Trust Company, selected Tom White as its general manager.

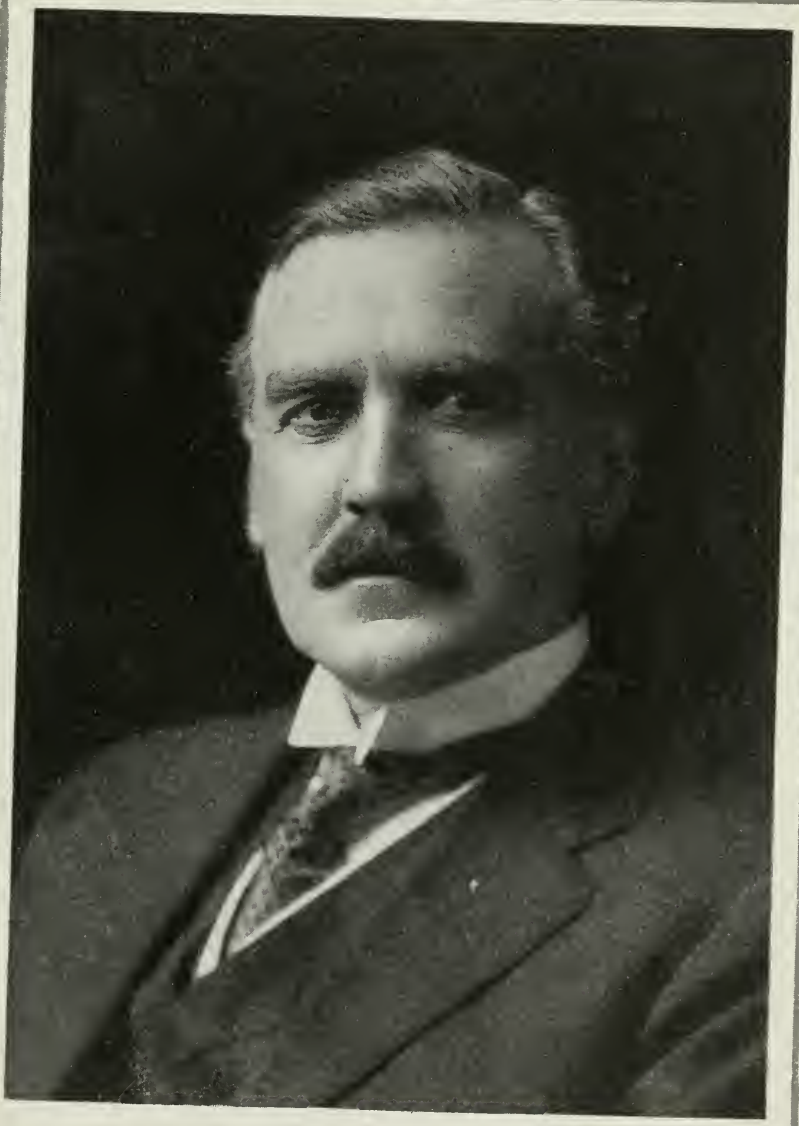
That this was an important step in the career of Sir Thomas's subsequent events clearly prove. If he had not gone with the National Trust Company he would probably in time have developed into a great lawyer, because he undoubtedly possesses the qualities for such. But it is of very little use speculating on that which the fates had in store for Sir Thomas (then, of course, plain Mr. White). At the end of eleven years' service as general manager he resigned and became vice-president of the Trust Company.

But as the fates would have it, just at that time the Dominion was in the throes of a general election, with reciprocity as the issue. Mr. White, although up to that time had ranked as a Liberal in political faith, jumped over the traces and took the platform against ratification of the agreement. Being clear and forceful, although not eloquent, he was soon in demand.

At a mass meeting one night in Massey Hall, Toronto, he was one of the speakers. The way in which he handled his subject greatly impressed Sir Robert Borden, who was present on the occasion.

When after the general election Sir Robert was making up his Cabinet he made it known that he wished to give a portfolio to one of the Liberals who had bolted from their party over the reciprocity issue. Among the names suggested was that of William Thomas White. The latter, however, told a close friend it was perfectly ridiculous to think of his entering Parliament. Then some of his personal friends high in the confidence of the new Premier were deputed to wait upon him, but he was adamant. He would not consent.

Finally, Sir James Whitney was asked to try his persuasive powers upon him. Sir James accepted the task. At first he, too, failed. That somewhat irritated the old gentleman, and in plain and forceful language he told Mr. White that to refuse the portfolio of Finance Minister was to refuse to do his duty to his country. Mr. White then surrendered. A seat was found, and he entered Parliament.



SIR THOMAS WHITE

Who as Minister of Finance in the Borden Government, is financing Canada's part in the great war.

As to whether or not Sir Thomas White will live in history as a great Finance Minister time alone will tell. In the political party to which he now belongs, if rumours are to be relied upon, he has at times had a hard row to hoe. When a man leaves one political party and joins another he not only gives offence to those with whom he was formerly affiliated, but he is as a rule none too welcome a guest with the stalwarts of the new. But the anathemas of the one and the prejudices of the other are fast disappearing. For what he has done, particularly since the outbreak of the war, it is generally recognized that he is a man who, as Minister of Finance, has exhibited qualities of an exceptionally high order.

He has been tried in the fire of a great emergency and so far has stood the test. For what he has done the King has honoured him with knighthood, and in the opinion of the Canadian people it is an honour that is not unmerited.

What further honours may await him no one can, of course, with certainty predict. There are not a few people who predict that he will untimately become the leader of his party. That may or may not be. As head of the Department of Finance he has already established his worth.

Whatever the future may have in store for him as a political leader, one thing at least may be taken for granted: His success in organizing the banks in order to establish a line of credit for financing war orders for the Imperial Government has, with his other undertakings, earned for him a reputation for financial leadership.

In the work of his department he has been characterized by the same quality of thoroughness that characterized him in his previous vocations. He knows how to delegate to experts in his department the work which they are specially qualified to perform. By this means he does not burden himself with the performance of unnecessary details, which is the bane of those who have not acquired the art of efficiency in management. In the department over which he presides the opinion obtains that he possesses the quality of thoroughness to a greater degree than any of his predecessors. They say this in the explanation of the fact that he has so seldom to make any changes in measures after he has submitted them to Parliament. He ascertains his facts beforehand as far as it is possible.

In his Reminiscences, Sir Richard Cartwright says that while Sir John Macdonald was "an excellent parliamentarian and indefatigable in the work of keeping his party together, he might and did neglect his departmental work".

Possibly Sir Thomas White may never, as a leader, be called upon to keep his party together. But of one thing we may be assured: as long as he is head of a department he will not neglect it. His sense of duty is too keen to permit it.

Sir Thomas is not the glad-hand type of politician. He is of the courteous, kind and gentlemanly description, which is not usually the sort that possesses a wide popularity. Neither is he a man who is moved by impulses. He is cool and calculating, and like the man from Missouri, wants to know before he acts. This may be a handicap at times, but it is a quality that a minister of finance can scarcely afford to be without, especially in times like these, when there are many men, both in and out of Parliament, who would put the ship of state on the rocks if they could persuade the country to adopt their harum-scarum schemes as penaceas for all financial ills.

"Nations," says Lecky, "seldom realize till too late how prominent a place a sound system of finance holds among the vital elements of national stability and well-being." That Canada's present Minister of Finance would subscribe to this doctrine there can be no doubt.

THE ROLL OF HONOUR

By Lindsay Crawford

THE roll of Honour is lengthening. More than two years of war have brought to light refined metal richer than all the mineral wealth of Canada, metal that stands the acid tests of war. Some misapprehension exists as to what really constitutes a Roll of Honour. In some quarters it is reserved for those who have fallen in action or who have died from wounds received in action. Others again give a more elastic interpretation to the term by including all casualties. But a greater number refuse to limit the honours of war to those who have fallen in battle or who are wounded. There are few churches, public buildings and homes in Canada that do not contain some memorial of those who have gone out to adventure with death on the blazed path of war and duty. These memorials of the dead and the living, who have shared the common dangers and who have been parted by death, will long remain as witnesses to the spirit and the temper of the fighting races that have built up an Empire and a tradition that stand the incalculable strain and stress of an unexampled military campaign.

Like the gentle rain from Heaven the honours of war belong to the quick as well as to the dead—to all who have felt the hot breath of the fiery dragon. To the dead, hail and farewell! To those who come back honour is no less due because they live to tell the tales that will be recited in the ears of their children's children as the logs crackle and blaze and throw ghost-like shadows around the hearth that recall the deathless armies which in the watches of the night sentinel the battlefields of Europe. Honour to whom honour is due. All who don the armour and who enter the great tournament of war to tilt with death on his red harvest field have done all that men may to vindicate their honour and courage as—to quote Dr. J. D. Logan's apt phrase—"Insulters of Death".

Robert W. Service in his latest book of war poems humorously portrays the feelings of a Cockney who has won distinction for his bravery in an engagement. The chief point about the story is that the deed of bravery that won coveted recognition was largely done while in a state bordering on funk with just the desperation of despair that makes a man sell his life dearly in the presence of danger. But most brave deeds in the heat of battle are of this kind. There are times when men in cooler moments risk their lives voluntarily and deliberately; when they climb over the parapet to bring in a wounded comrade; but in a great many cases bravery is a moral quality that fights against physical odds. It is well to honour those whose deeds stand out.

LIEUTENANT GORDON HUME SMITH

Who has been recommended for the D.S.O.

but every man who takes the risks of war is a hero who deserves a place on the Roll of Honour.

The romantic side of this war will continue for generations to be valuable raw material for the weavers of literary fabrics. Thrilling tales of adventure that would delight the heart of any shoolboy devotee of Buffalo Bill may be found in the reports from the battle fronts in Europe. It is an old mother's tale, and not always believed, how religious books carried in a pocket over the heart have saved the owner's life as the bullet found its billet in the bookbinder's material instead of in the owner. But such a case has been reported recently. The fortunate bearer of the talisman or mascot in this case was a Canadian officer, Lieutenant Gordon Hume Smith. That he has been recommended for the D.S.O. has nothing to do with his fortunate escape. Asleep in his dugout or shelter while shrapnel and "Black Johnsons" and machine-gun fire rained down on the trenches, Lieutenant Gordon's den was penetrated by flying shrapnel. There is a superstition among the Anzacs that the shot that finds its billet in the vitals of a soldier must bear his name and number. Although the shrapnel found a billet in this case, luckily for Lieutenant Smith it did not bear his name. Instead, it penetrated his hard pillows, frayed the edges of his

FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT JOHN H. FIRSTBROOK

Who fell wounded into the enemy's camp.

prayer book that lay below and continued its journey until it struck the text, "Send unto them help from above and evermore mightily defend them". This was during the Somme advance. The book has reached home bearing traces of the strafing to which it was subjected by the enemy. One of the texts cut by the missile was: "For Thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I give it Thee." Another, and perhaps more appropriate text, marked by the enemy's shrapnel was this consoling thought: "Who saveth thy life from destruction and covereth thee with mercy and loving kindness." The young officer's father, Dr. Harley Smith, prizes this memento beyond gold or silver. The bit of shrapnel that did the damage is now pinned in a silken flag to the mutilated book of prayer. Lieutenant Gordon Hume Smith prizes something more than this relic of his lucky escape and that is the Distinguished Service Order which he obtained for gallantry in the field. Starting out as a private in the Canadian forces he distinguished himself during one of the advances at the Somme and received a commission in the British army.

Flight-Lieutenant John H. Firstbrook of the Royal Flying Corps, woke up in a German hospital last July to find that a bullet had penetrated one of his lungs. He was scouting over the enemy's lines, giving but scant heed to the curling balls

SERGEANT "JACK" RAMSDEN

Who was promoted on the field for gallantry

of smoke that broke around him as he skidded, volplaned, and went through all the tricks known to the aviator when passing through the enemy's fire. Travelling at a great height and at a speed of over fifty miles an hour a bullet caught him in mid-air. Feeling weak he mechanically volplaned to earth, falling into the enemy s hands. For seven days he was unconscious but he recovered sufficiently to be transferred to an internment camp in Switzerland, following an operation that necessitated change of air. A graduate of the School of Practical Science, Toronto, and of Woodstock College, Lieutenant Firstbrook first joined the Corps of Guides. Later he went to England and obtained a commission in the Royal Flying Corps. Aerial scouting imposes a very severe strain on the physique of the pilot, and for this reason great care is exercised in the selection of the candidates.

Promoted on the field of action "Jack" Ramsden, son of Alderman J. G. Ramsden, of Toronto, should have special mention among those deserving of honour. Although he qualified for a commission, Lieutenant Ramsden decided that the shortest cut to the muddy trenches in Flanders was in the uniform of a Sergeant. He threw up his commission, parted with his cane and the other accessories of an officer's kit and donned the tunic with three stripes. He cast away

MAJOR G. V NELSON

Who earned his promotion at the early age of twenty-one

also any chance of riding on anything more animated than an ambulance wagon or a stretcher. He felt nearer the enemy as he stepped down in rank, for does not Holy Writ itself testify that the first shall be last and the last first. Arriving in England he discovered that to get to the front he must jettison all rank. So he abandoned his Sergeant's stripes and as a private marched into the front trenches with the boys of the 95th when that battalion was broken up to reinforce the front lines. But his merit was soon recognized and he became a Corporal. Then in one of the charges across the field of death Corporal Ramsden led his men with such dash and intelligence that he was made Sergeant after his platoon came out of the action.

Major W. W. Denison, D.S.O., belongs to a fighting breed. A nephew of Colonel George T. Denison, the well-known Toronto magistrate and Imperialist, one would expect to find a Denison winning honours at the front. Major W. W. Denison has not only won his D.S.O. but has also been mentioned in despatches by General Sir Douglas Haig for his bravery and courage during a year of service in the trenches, where ten days' leave in London or Paris is regarded as "a little bit of heaven". A year in the trenches! At Zillebeke Major Denison displayed great bravery under trying circumstances. His battalion

suffered heavy losses, but it held the line. The enemy resorted to every known device to break the Canadian resistance, but he failed. The cemetery near Zillebeke tells its own tale of the heroic struggle against big odds, but the Canadians held firm. Major W. W. Denison, D.S.O., went to the front with the 3rd Division. He was formerly in command of the Governor-General's Body Guard.

The sporting instinct is one of the great factors that go to the making of the British reputation for military prowess. That the British soldier looks on war with the eye of the sportsman and adventurer is something the enemy cannot understand. In one of Boyd Cable's books there is an amusing chapter in which the author describes the astonishment of the enemy when a British battalion in the trenches fifty yards opposite picked up the tune of the German "Hymn of Hate" and sang it vociferously in the trenches and on the way back to billets. They thought the Tommies had gone crazy when, in a charge across No Man's Land, they dribbled a football up to the Hun trenches, just to show their contempt for the enemy and their joy at being in action. For years there was constant grumbling at the time wasted on sports by British officers, but the critics now understand what a valuable part in war the sporting proclivities of officers and men play in maintaining the *morale* of the Army and provoking deeds of heroism that have immortalized British arms. Canada has given a Sportsman's Battalion, but this unit does not by any means exhaust the number of sportsmen from the Dominion who are serving at the front. There are few names better known in the sporting world than that of Nelson. Few men more popular than Francis Nelson, the Sporting Editor of *The Globe*, Toronto, and a familiar figure, as judge, on the principal race-courses of the continent.

Among the first to enlist for overseas service was the son of Mr. Nelson who at the time was still eligible for junior hockey. After joining, he qualified for a commission and went overseas as lieutenant with the 83rd Battalion in 1915. He has been through some of the heaviest fighting on the Somme front since May last, coming out unscathed. Major at the age of twenty-one would seem almost incredible to a Crimean veteran, but these are days when youth is quickly matured on the field of battle, and when gaps are too numerous to permit of an age clause depriving merit of its rewards. Riding at the head of a half battalion down the roads of Flanders one may frequently observe majors who in the eyes of the law are still minors. Major Gregory Vincent Nelson is a type of the native-born Canadian who carries the spirit of the sportsman into the army. In his case it is hereditary. From his earliest years his father taught him every form of sport that goes to create initiative and self-reliance. Hockey, lacrosse, canoeing, wrestling, swimming and the other manly arts were included in the curriculum of this young Old Boy of St. Andrew's College. The quick promotion that has come to him is due to his bravery and dash in action—qualities that shine on less hazardous fields of battle.

To lie in a trench for a whole day while the Hun is *strafing* the lines with heavy shells, gas, and other deadly abominations, to hear the eternal screaming of the big missiles as they hustle through the air; to endure the awful din of one's own guns from the rear and from the trenches as they take up the enemy's challenge, must be an unnerving prelude to either attack or defence. To see the advance into the open of men who have stood this ordeal for hours is a sight to enthuse the onlooker. The men who have gone through the hell of fire that scorched but did not deter them at such places as Zillebeke and Courcellete have set new standards of bravery which no generation of warriors has exceeded.

EUGENIA: one of CANADA'S GREATEST WATER-POWERS

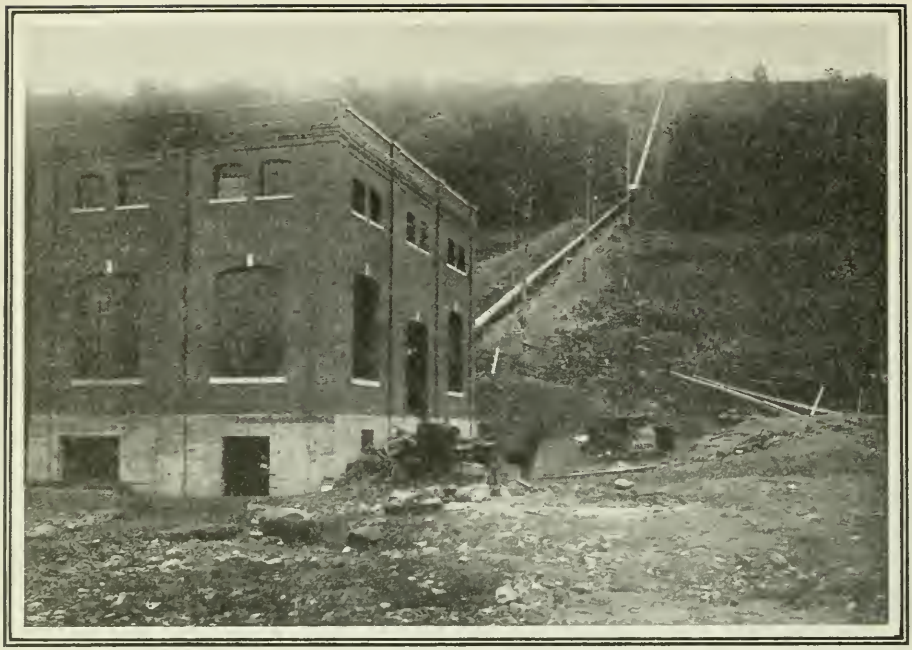
By Lyman B. Jackes

THERE is no branch of manufacture that has experienced development during the past twenty-five years comparable with the construction of water turbines. Until recently engineers were unable to develop the magnificent water-powers that nature has lavished upon us, owing to the inability of the mechanic to build a water-turbine that would withstand the enormous pressure and tear of the water. This is beautifully illustrated at Niagara, the visitor looking across stream from Queen Victoria Park seeing the various stages of water-power development set out by reason of the streams that flow from the rock on the opposite shore, at varying levels. The earlier attempts to harness Niagara were limited to a water turbine that would withstand a head of some twenty feet. Then followed an improvement and a deeper shaft was sunk. Improvements in steel metallurgy allowed the turbines to be placed at still greater depths until the days immediately preceding the advent of the great hydraulic electro plants the turbines had reached a perfection that allowed them to be sunk to eighty or ninety feet.

All this was less than three decades ago. Witness, then, the development of the science when Sir Adam Beck and his engineers have succeeded in harnessing the falls of Eugenia and utilizing the full drop of five hundred and forty-five feet.

Eugenia is a fall not generally known to the Canadian travelling public. It may be that its remoteness from Switzerland or South America is a factor in the strangeness. It is not difficult to locate on the map, however. Take a pencil and draw a line south from Collingwood, and intersect this with a line drawn eastward from Flesherton, on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The junction of the pencil lines will give you the location of Eugenia, the scene of a daring hydro-electrical engineering development.

Eugenia does not make the drop in one unbroken plunge. Its first leap is ninety feet, the water falling in a limestone basin one hundred feet across. The overflow from the basin forms a second fall, and this gives the water to a series of foaming rapids and intermingled fall until the valley is reached. Previously to the development, the volume was significant and the cataract would stand comparison with the Montmorency in Quebec. But even in its wounded state it is a pleasant sight to stand beside the brink and watch the water roar away into a depth and distance dwarfing stately pines into pygmies.



POWER-HOUSE AND PIPE LINE AT EUGENIA

Where Power is harnessed from a drop of almost 600 feet

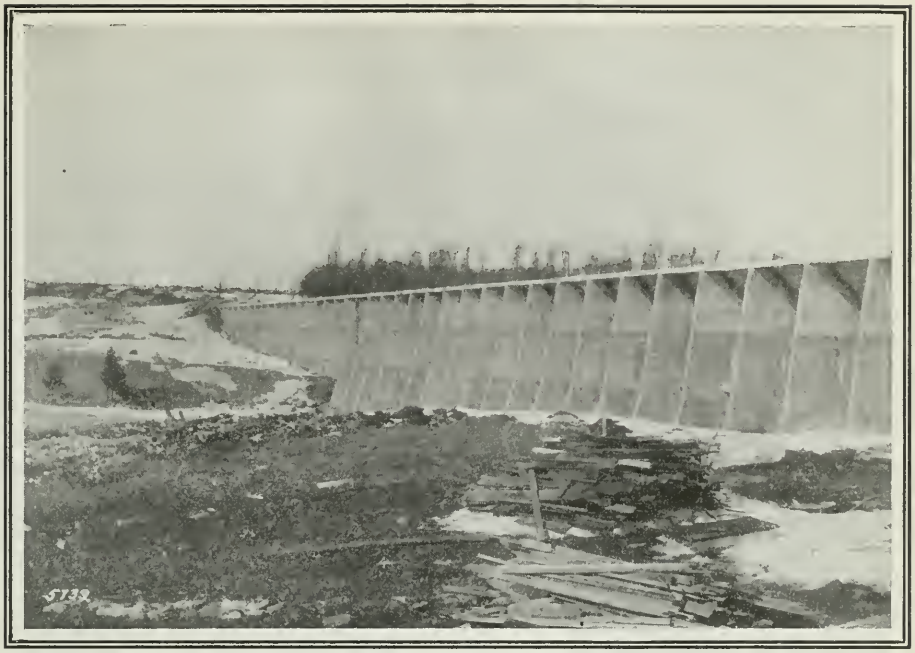
Eugenia had defied previous attempts of engineers to develop power from its racing waters; ruined brick and timber-work bear silent witness to the defeat. The present scheme was carried out on a basis new to Eugenia, the basic fact being to regulate the flow of water.

All streams that course regions suddenly denuded of lumber are subject to extremes of flow. With the thinned woods the thaws of spring are not controlled as formerly, and the stream reaches a volume not previously experienced; and in the lean months of late summer and autumn the stream bitterly shows the result of the spring rush. To regulate this flow and ensure ample water, a series of dams have been thrown across the river, starting from a point a few hundred feet above the falls. The dams create vast storage reservoirs, indeed, it would be more fitting to term them lakes, for they have an area of more than two thousand acres and when filled contain more than a thousand million gallons of water.

As the turbines only require to be fed some three hundred gallons a second, dry season dangers have been reduced to a minimum. The upper dams have been constructed of earthwork and the lower, where the pressure is great, of reinforced concrete. To look at this lower dam from the down-stream side is to imagine a greatly magnified edge of a dish-pan braced up with massive walls of concrete.

To sympathize with the problems of the engineers we must not overlook the fact that this reservoir system is sitting on the top of an ambitious hill and that the power-house is in the valley five hundred and fifty feet or more below and two miles away. The reservoir must be connected with the power-house turbines in a manner completely under control of the engineers and operators.

The miller of bygone days would



ONE OF THE GREAT DAMS AT EUGENIA FALLS

It makes possible a reservoir capable of containing 1,000,000,000 gallons of water

be satisfied to see the water trickling through a mill-race and revolving a paddle before it rushed to freedom down the hill. We, however, must not overlook the fact that the problem was to utilize Eugenia's power to the fullest extent and to bear in mind that any pipe-line thrown down the hill would bear a pressure of three hundred pounds to the square inch at the bottom, in addition to the water travelling at a rate that would shame an express train.

With these facts before them, the engineers built a wooden pipe-line from the concrete dam to the brink of the hill. The words "wooden pipe-line" must not be construed to mean a similar article to that used by miners in sluicing and washing operations. Engenia's pipe-line is constructed like a wash-tub. It is three feet across and bound, every six inches, with an iron ring.

At the point selected for descent the wood line enters a gigantic steel tank, one hundred and five feet high. This is the surge tank, or the safety-valve of the system. In the event of a sudden stoppage of the turbine machinery this tank will settle the water and absorb the shock of the recoil, which, if not passed into the surge-tank, might blow the pipe-line to pieces. On the down side of the surge tank the construction of the pipe-line changes from wood to steel.

The power-house is a small brick structure, and the visitor realizes for the first time the latent powers of Eugenia when he enters the building and notices the diminutive size of the units that are going to convert the water energy into electrical energy. As he looks at the units, not much higher than his head, he is at first inclined to doubt that ten thousand horse-power will come from these. But the brass plates say so, and his examination of the powerful turbines will soon convince him that it is so and that Eugenia has only been con-

THE FIRST FALL AT EUGENIA

Ninety feet over a wall of Limestone

quered by realizing it as a powerful water-course.

The Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission have prepared power lines to serve eighteen municipalities from Eugenia, with Owen Sound at one end of the line and Orangeville at the other.

Eugenia is not an experiment, it is another step in the development of great things for Central and Northern Ontario. If the market for Eugenia's power materializes to expectation this plant will be coupled with a development planned for the Saugeen Falls, not many miles distant from Eugenia, and these in turn may be coupled with five or six developments on the Severn River, making a total of more than thirty thousand electrical horse-power available in the north country for manufacturing and development work.

In a few years the people will own the system, as will be the case of the Niagara and other branches of the Hydro system, and when that time arrives it will be the largest instance of public ownership in the world at the present time.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

CANADIAN POETS

'Chosen and Edited by John W. Garvin. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

MR. GARVIN has performed a notable service to Canadian letters in presenting to lovers of poetry this handsome anthology. Landor has said that "while sculpture and painting are moments in life poetry is life itself, and everything around us and about us"; and though we know that he is not speaking the truth, and that there are such things as beef-steaks and committee meetings, the emotional rapture that is in the heart of a man who can make such a statement has a value for all who are subject to the appeal of poetry that is far greater than any exact description of phenomena can be.

"What is it to be a poet?" asks Lord Dunsany; "it is to see at a glance the glory of the world; to see beauty in all its forms and manifestations; to feel ugliness like a pain; to resent the wrongs of others as bitterly as one's own; to know mankind as others know single men: to know nature as botanists know a flower; to be thought a great fool; to hear at moments the whisper of God."

It cannot be pretended that this high seriousness of poetry is an easy or popular emotion. The dogmatic journalist who writes on "The Plague of 'Poetry'," and is often associated with a journal that will print anything in the shape of verse so long as it costs nothing, would probably find little but amusement in Phillips's desire "to give up all the world and live chiefly for that glory in his soul, the glory which he felt had been placed there that he might give it out again as a beauty and protection for the people; as a stimulus for creation and a splendour that would live for ever in the eyes of God", yet such high seriousness is the indispensable condition both for the creation and appreciation of what is great and beautiful in poetry.

Mr. Garvin has been aware for many years that the resources of this country included not only "tillage, crop rotation, marketings and good or evil husbandry of the economic earth" as Carlyle once put it in reviewing the work of the Corn-Law Rhymer—but also a group of singers who have seen something of the glory of the world and are striving to be obedient to the heavenly vision. As a teacher he knows quite well that the only effective way of teaching literature is the communication of an enthusiasm. Experience has taught him, too, that, of all writers, the writer of verse has the least chance of adequate recognition at the time when it is of most use to him. Knowledge and sympathy, love of country, of poetry and of men have gone to the formation of this anthology and without these endowments criticism is but a clanging cymbal.

The volume has sent me to Carlyle's notice of the poetry of Ebenezar Elliott, in *The Edinburgh Review* for 1832, one of the most beautiful specimens of critical writing I have ever

seen. "The works of the Corn-Law Rhymer", he says, "we might likeen rather to some little fraction of a rainbow; hues of joy and harmony, painted out of troublous tears. No round full bow, indeed, gloriously spanning the heavens, shone on by the full sun, and, with seven striped gold-crimson border (as is in some sort the office of poetry) dividing black from brilliant. Not such, alas, still far from it. Yet, in very truth, a little prismatic blush, glowing genuine among the wet clouds; which proceeds, if you will, from a sun cloud hidden, yet indicates that a sun does shine, and above these vapours a whole azure vault and celestial firmament stretch serene."

Mr. Garvin's faith in his country includes this high element that above the vapours of indifferent verse there is a whole azure vault where the sun is shining. Such a faith is clearly good for him; it is good for his country; it is surely good for our poets that they should know that some of us are ready to say: "I believe in the holy spirit of poetry", for the soul of the artist cannot live without love. It is surely better than writing funny articles on "The Plague of 'Poetry'" and "The Worst Poet in the World".

"Painted out of troublous tears"! Would not Carlyle say this of Grace Blackburn's "Epic of the Yser"?

"Dead with his face to the foe!"
From Hastings to Yser.
Our men have died so.
The lad is a hero—
Great Canada's pride:
We sent him with glory,
For glory he died—
So ring out the church-bells! Float the flag high!

. . . . . .

Then I heard at my elbow a fierce mothery.

. . . . . .

On the desolate plain
Where the dark Yser flows
They'll bury him, maybe,
Our Child of the Snows:
The message we sent them
Through fire and through flood
He signed it and sealed it
To-day with his blood—
United we stand! Our Empire is one!

. . . . . .

But this woman beside me? . . . The boy was her son.

Or of Katherine Hale's beautiful song, now called "Dear Lad o' Mine" in its musical version:

IN THE TRENCHES
(Christmas, 1914)

War gods have descended:
The world burns up in fine!
Warm your hands at the trench's fire
Dear lad o' mine.

Bullets cease this Christmas night,
Only songs are heard.
If you feel a phantom step,
'Twas my heart that stirred.

If you see a dreamy light,
'Tis the Child-Christ's eyes;
I believe He watches us,
Wonderful and wise.

Let us keep our Christmas night
In the camp-light shine;
Warm your hands at the trench's fire—
They still hold mine.

"Hues of joy and harmony" are here: "prismatic blushes, glowing genuine among the wet clouds". Witness Ethelwyn Wetherald's "The Indigo Bird":

When I see,
High up on the tip-top twig of a tree,
Something blue by the breezes stirred,
But so far up that the blue is blurred,
So far up no green leaf flies
'Twixt its blue and the blue of the skies,
Then I know, ere a note be heard,
This is naught but the Indigo bird.

Blue on the branch and blue in the sky,
And naught between but the breezes high,
And naught so blue by the breezes stirred
As the deep, deep blue of the Indigo bird.

Here also are the sacred fire and the illuminating vision and, at least, some moments of impassioned strength and elemental power. Witness Dr. Logan's "Timor Mortis":

That I, who've heard my God's, my King's, my country's claims,
And, though belated, have at length begun
A larger life of holier aims

Than was my wont, may suddenly depart
This shattered world to utter oblivion,
Ere I, in Christian chivalry,
With brave, devoted comrades dauntlessly
have stood face to the foe. . . .

Or Arthur Stringer's "Lure of Life":

When my life has enough of love and my
spirit enough of mirth,
When the ocean no longer beckons me,
when the roadway calls no more,
Oh, on the anvil of Thy wrath, remake
me, God, that day.

Witness Grace Blackburn's "Chant of the Woman", perhaps the strongest poem in the volume:

Myself and yet yourself, we two inexplicably one—
Flesh in its consummation, soul in its incompleteness—
And because of the incompleteness of soul,
Woman to man,
I chant you the chant of my being.

. . . . . .

Level! Level Level!
Level with your lips and your eyes, my
comrade,
Swing to the height of your heart,
Caught in your soul and kept there
Pervading and peerless!

So, and so only, your lover, your servant:
Every passionate pulse-beat
Under the blue veins in my white wrist
Your servant and lover—
I cannot live on the crumbs that fall from
a table.

Here, too, is the sonnet, satisfying the Miltonic dictum, "simple, sensuous and passionate." This one, by Robert Norwood, is surely clothed in beauty:

Last night I crossed the spaces to your
side,
As you lay sleeping in the sacred room
Of our great moment. Like a lily's bloom,
Fragile and white were you, my spirit-
bride,
For pain and loneliness with you abide,
And death had thought to touch you with
his doom,
Until love stood angelic at the tomb,
Drew sword, smote him, and life's door
opened wide.

I looked on you and breathed upon your
hair—
Your hair of such soft, brown, translucent
gold!
Nor did you know that I knelt down in
prayer,
Clasped hands, and worshipped you for the
untold
Magnificence of womanhood divine—
God's miracle of water turned to wine!

And, indeed, about the eight selections chosen from Mr. Norwood's "His Lady of the Sonnets" there is the unmistakable perfume of the best work.

The four pieces from Beatrice Redpath's "Drawn Shutters" reveal an original and daring spirit akin to Laurence Hope's, and with such courage and virility of imaginative power Mrs. Redpath should justify all expectation.

Needless to say, within the limits of this article only a few points of interest can be indicated; and needless to say, also, no anthology ever satisfied everyone. The present writer would have liked to see some mention of Arthur Stringer's "Irish Poems" and the inclusion of such fine poems of his as "The Wife" and "Cloidna of the Isle", and Mair's beautiful song from "Tecumseh"—"Fly far from me", with its finely dramatic close:

Fly! for my senses swim—Oh, Love! Oh,
Pain!—
Help! for my spirit fails—
I cannot fly from thee.

But this is only to say that there is much else in Canadian poetry that is beautiful and true that has not found a place in this volume and Mr. Garvin knows this, perhaps better than anyone else, and has probably planned a second volume already.

It remains to be said that the volume appears in the fiftieth year since the Confederation of the British North American provinces, and includes selections from fifty Canadian poets, together with critical and biographical notes and photographs.

ALFRED BUCKLEY.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

BY THE HONOURABLE J. W. LONGLEY. Makers of Canada, New Series. Morang and Company.

A MAN who spends forty-five years in conspicuous rôles in the public life of a country naturally affords

much material for the biographer. Sir Charles Tupper is no exception, and just now he is getting his share of attention. Following Edward Manning Saunder's two volumes of a few months ago, we now have a concise biography by Mr. Justice Longley of Halifax, a personal friend but not a political follower.

Justice Longley has written a judicious life of the great Nova Scotian. While giving full praise to Tupper's public services, he is not blind to certain faults, and his discreet treatment of these things gives confidence to the reader. It cannot be said that he adds materially to the knowledge of Tupper; that could hardly be expected. He does give the story of his life in a concise form, in good perspective, but lacking perhaps in colour. What it omits in atmosphere it makes up in judicial calm.

Sir Charles was ever an optimist, and favoured large schemes when timid men quailed. His support of the Chignecto Railway scheme cannot now be defended, and Justice Longley makes this comment:

"In the light of subsequent events it is clear that it would have been wiser for Sir Charles Tupper to have frowned upon the enterprise rather than to have encouraged it. It can only be said that he acted as most public men in his position would have done, and it must be further borne in mind that in the opinion of some experts the project was a practicable one."

Sir Charles, while standing up for his country vigorously and backing large projects for its development, was a firm believer in the virtues of his own party as the only proper instrument of government, and long after the Conservative Government had resigned office on account of the Pacific Scandal disclosures he persisted in calling it the "Pacific Slander". In connection with the famous Onderdonk contract for a section of the C.P.R. in British Columbia, Justice Longley points out that Onderdonk's price was $209,255 higher than the lowest tender but that Tupper awarded it to him on the ground that McDonald & Christie, the lowest tenderers had marked their cheque "Good for two days only." At the same time, the author points out, Tupper had in his possession a telegram from the general manager of the Bank of Montreal extending the cheque until paid. Justice Longley points out, however, that no evidence was submitted to reflect on the honour of the Minister, despite the insinuations of the Opposition, but so much feeling developed through the incident that Tupper was persuaded by Sir John Macdonald to go to London as High Commissioner.

Wherever there was a fight to be waged, Tupper was on the scene. He was sent far and wide to do battle for his party and unflinchingly went to the heart of any trouble. "Tupper was possessed of masterful qualities," says Justice Longley. "To a clear intellect were added indomitable courage and a seriousness of manner and action which impressed all who were brought into contact with him. He was not one of those easy-drifters who wait upon Providence, avoid all dangers, and get on by amiable negation; Tupper always knew his own mind, always had a clear idea of what he believed should be done, and was ready to give to the work in hand all the vigour and force of his nature. He did not shirk responsibilities or waste his time in wooing the chances of fortune, as many successful politicians do. His methods were direct. He declared openly and unequivocally what he proposed to do and depended upon main force to remove difficulties and secure success. In this respect he was, and remained, a unique figure in the public life of Canada; a dynamo of force, he depended upon his own strength and persistence to accomplish the objects he had in view." M. O. Hammond.

From the Painting by G. Horne Russell

A NEW BRUNSWICK SUMMER-RESORT—ST. ANDREWS

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE BIGGEST YEAR IN CANADA

By William Lewis Edmonds

SHOWING THAT CANADA IS NO LONGER A DEBTOR NATION

THAT 1916 was a year unique in the history of the trade and commerce of Canada there can be no doubt. When the year opened the outlook, thanks to the big crop of 1915 and to the munition orders, was of a most favourable nature. But it is doubtful if there was anyone endowed with sufficient foresight to enable him to see the extent to which the trade and commerce of the country would really develop. At any rate, whether anyone anticipated it or not, 1916 was undoubtedly the most prosperous year in the history of the Dominion.

In a country like Canada much of its prosperity naturally depends upon the character of its crops. For the year 1916, owing to unfavourable climatic conditions, the yield of grain to the acre was decidedly poor. The yield of fodder and root crops, on the other hand, was good. The hay crop was the largest on record.

The total value of the grain crops of the Dominion, according to a statement issued the other day by the Census Bureau, was $558,172,400, compared with $611,789,900 in 1915. The value of the root and fodder crops, on the other hand, increased from $229,508,000 to $249,882,000. The total value of all the field crops was $808,054,000. While this is below the figures of 1915 by $33,243,000, it is the second largest in the history of the Dominion. In fact the grain crop, small and all as it was compared with the yield of 1915, exceeded by some six million dollars the total value of all the field crops of

three years ago. Although the yield of wheat to the acre was but 17.11 bushels, compared with 28.98 in 1915, it was even higher than the yield in the United States in the big crop year, 1915, when the average was seventeen bushels. In 1916 the average yield of wheat in the United States was but 12.1 bushels, a difference of 5.10 bushels in favour of Canada. This means that, with the price of wheat at what it is to-day, the Canadian farmer obtains approximately five hundred dollars more from every hundred acres than his fellow farmer in the neighbouring Republic.

From field crops, live stock sold and dairy products the farmers of Canada must last year have received a revenue of approximately $1,200,000,000.

Nineteen sixteen was the third good revenue-producing year in succession which the farmers of Canada have experienced. The result is that to-day they are, generally speaking, in a more prosperous condition than ever before. This is in turn reflected in the unusual promptness with which they are liquidating their liabilities. Recent annual reports of the mortgage companies inform us that not only are the farmers of the country paying unusually large sums of money on account of principal, but that the demand in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta for farm loans has fallen off considerably during the past year or two.

While there has been more activity in some lines of industry than in others manufacturers generally have been well employed during the year. On account of orders for munitions the greatest activity has naturally been in the steel mills and in the metal-working plants. In the making of munitions alone more than 600 factories are steadily employed, and their number is increasing from time to time. This work is giving employment to more than three hundred thousand men, while the value of the daily output is estimated at a million dollars. During the current year the output will in all probability increase by about twenty-five per cent., as several large plants will shortly be in operation.

Owing both to the demand for the supply of the troops and the difficulty of importing as before the war, textile manufacturers of all kinds were busily employed during the whole year. In fact, as a rule, the demand was greater than they could supply. The same remarks apply to the manufacturers of clothing and boots and shoes.

Scarcely any industry has developed more during the past year than that of pulp and paper making. Canada has for some years been prominent in this respect, but, through the new plants, which have already begun operations or that will shortly do so, her prominence will be greatly enhanced before the close of 1917. It is estimated that when expansions now under way are completed the surplus of paper available for export will be approximately three times as large as it is at present. During the twelve months ending October the paper exported had a total value of $22,754,000, which was a gain of more than thirty per cent. compared with the corresponding twelve months of 1915.

One of the most gratifying developments during the year in the Dominion is that in regard to the construction of steel steamships. Since the exit of the wooden shipbuilding industry the construction of vessels for ocean traffic had become a thing of the past in Canada. But during the past year not only has there been a renewal of wooden shipbuilding for the export lumber trade, but steel ships are to-day being constructed in yards in Canada for ocean traffic. Orders have already been booked for about a score of steel-made steamers, most of which are freighters for the ocean trade. At Atlantic, Pacific and inland lake and river points there are half a dozen firms engaged in the enterprise, and an additional one will,

it is expected, be shortly under way at a Georgian Bay port. The development of shipbuilding will in turn naturally mean much to the steel industry of the Dominion.

That the value of the factory output of Canada during 1917 will be the largest on record there can be no doubt. The special post census taken in 1915 by the Government, the result of which was recently made public, shows that the value of the output of the 21,291 firms which reported was $1,392,516,000, compared with $1,165,975,639 when the regular census of 1910 was taken. As 1915 was by no means an active year in the manufacturing industry, we are quite justified in saying that the output of to-day is on a much larger scale. A twenty-five per cent. increase, which would appear to be a moderate estimate, would make the present value of the factory output of Canada approximately one and three quarter billion of dollars.

That 1916 was an eventful year in the mining industry of the country there can be no doubt. While the figures for the calendar year have not yet been issued authorities are of the opinion that the value of the output will far exceed anything in the history of the Dominion. One of the officials of the Mines Department at Ottawa estimates the total value at $175,000,000. If the official figures establish this estimate it means an increase of about $36,500,000 over 1915 and of nearly $33,000,000 above the previous record. Judging from the figures published for the early part of the year we may expect a particularly marked increase in the production of such important minerals as gold, silver, lead, nickel, copper and zinc. It is already known that the output of asbestos, of which Canada supplies eighty per cent. of the world's total, is the largest on record, being valued at $4,750,000, or about $1,200,000 in excess of 1915. The total output of coal is slightly larger than in the previous year in spite of a decline in production in Nova Scotia owing to a scarcity of labour.

But possibly the most interesting feature in connection with the mining industry of the Dominion is the fact that during the year the refining of copper and zinc has been undertaken, thanks to the patronage of the Government, on a scale that augurs well for its success. Hitherto all these ores had to be shipped to the United States for refining. The development of this industry is directly due to the demand for copper and zinc for the manufacture of munitions.

A new record was established also in the value of the fish caught and marketed in the Dominion during the fiscal year 1916. The total value was $35,860,000, an increase of $4,500,000 over the previous year. Of this total $31,241,000 was contributed by the deep sea fisheries.

Owing to the fact that fish has been accepted as part diet for the British and Canadian troops on active service a material increase in the export trade is naturally expected. During the twelve months ending December fish to the value of $24,349,000 was exported, compared with $21,673,000 in 1915.

In spite of the decline in the home demand for lumber for building purposes, trade was on the whole active. This was due in the first place to the activity in the demand for lumber for munition boxes, which has reduced stocks of the kind suitable for that purpose to a very low point. The other contributing factor to the activity was the demand on export account, and particularly to the United States. The total value of all forest products exported during the calendar year was $55,224,000, compared with $49,779,000 in 1915 and $41,871,000 in 1914.

Owing to the scarcity and high cost of labour and the dearness of supplies, lumbering operations in the woods are being carried out on a reduced scale this winter, in consequence of which a decrease of about

twenty-five per cent. in the cut of logs is anticipated.

Although lumber is higher in price than it was a year ago, the advance has not been nearly as great as in many other lines of merchandise. It may be safely predicted, in view of the present comparatively low conditions of stocks, that prices will be higher rather than lower, especially as an improvement is taking place in the building industry.

Naturally among barometers of trade none are more reliable than the figures dealing with railway earnings and bank clearings, the one indicating the extent of the merchandise that is being transported and the other indicating the transactions that are passing through the banks.

Owing to the trade depression railway earnings declined considerably during 1914 and 1915. Since then, however, there has been a steady improvement. Thanks to the improvement which began in the autumn of 1915, the aggregate earnings of the three transcontinental lines showed a total increase of $48,000,000 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1916, thus practically restoring them to the record mark of 1913. In spite of the fact that the quantity of grain to be moved is smaller than it was a year ago, earnings are still on the increase, due in part, no doubt, to the transportation of munitions and material for the manufacture of the same. The congested state of traffic, and the fact that the railways have periodically to refuse to accept goods for shipment, indicates the extent to which the business activity of the country is testing the carrying capacity of our transportation system. And the trouble is that the railways are unable to get anything like an adequate supply of new equipment from manufacturers in either Canada or the United States. In 1914 they could have bought, but then, in view of the trade depression obtaining, they were not warranted in doing so. Now they want to buy, but cannot get delivery, the steel, locomotive and car companies being too busily employed on munition work to give the usual attention to their regular lines.

In bank clearings 1916 was a record year. The total for the year reached the enormous sum of $10,315,853,900, exceeding by $2,760,407,000 the figures for 1915 and by $1,255,533,000 the previous record established in 1913. If the present rate of increase be maintained, and there is every reason to believe that it will be, 1917 promises to establish another high record.

Among the many remarkable developments which have taken place in Canada within the past year none are more so than the increase which has characterized the export trade. When the calendar year 1915 closed with an increase of $225,172,000 we naturally congratulated ourselves. But when the figures for the calendar year 1916 were issued, and we discovered that the value of the merchandise exported during that period had reached the enormous total of $1,112,445,000, an increase of $458,956,000 over the preceding year, we had double reason for congratulating ourselves, particularly when the fact was realized that the amount of the increase was greater by about thirty million dollars than the value of the total exports two years ago. The total value of the exports in 1914 was $428,315,000. And what is more remarkable still, our exports of manufactured goods, amounting in value to $440,477,000, exceeded by twelve millions of dollars the merchandise of all kinds exported two years ago. Still, another matter for congratulation was to be found in the fact that an analysis of the returns for 1916 showed that the value of the merchandise exported in 1916 was in excess of the imports and exports, even including bullion, of 1914 to the amount of $50,326,000.

As a result of this extraordinary expansion in the exports, the trade balance on the year's external trade

reached the unprecedented sum of $345,718,000, and that in spite of the fact that there was a large increase in the imports of merchandise, the value of the latter being $766,726,891, compared with $450,547,000 in 1915.

When we realize that Canada's total interest charges on money borrowed abroad is now between $175,000,000 and $180,000,000 we get some conception of the importance of this substantial favourable trade balance. It adds greatly to her financial stability.

Surprising as has been the industrial and commercial development of Canada during the past year, her financial development has been even more so.

When the war broke out Canada was accounted a debtor and not a creditor nation. And with good reason, for in order that she might develop her resources and meet her interest charges on her foreign indebtedness she was borrowing abroad to the extent of about three hundred million dollars annually. As, in addition to this, there was annually a large adverse trade balance, she could not by any stretch of the imagination be considered any other than a debtor nation. But nations, like individuals, do not always appreciate that which they are capable of accomplishing until the test is applied and they have the resolution to respond.

The test came to Canada when the demand for munitions became urgent. Canada had received an initial order for two hundred thousand shells. But when this order was about completed the outlook for further orders, owing to the drop in exchange and the apparent inability of Canada to provide a line of credit to a substantial amount, was not by any means bright. Manufacturers who wanted further orders endeavoured to get one or more of the leading banks to finance the enterprise. But the only promise the manufacturers could get was that if they would take securities in payment for munitions they (the banks) would advance money upon them. Not considering this feasible, the manufacturers rejected it.

But in the meantime the balance of trade began to take a turn more favourable than was at one time deemed possible. This enabled the Minister of Finance, who had all along been closely studying the situation, to try the hitherto unheard of experiment of floating a domestic loan. As the banks had promised to subscribe liberally, he asked for fifty million dollars. To the surprise of almost everyone, the amount subscribed was more than double that sought. Of the amount subscribed one hundred millions was accepted, one half of which was set aside for the purpose of establishing a line of credit in the interest of the Imperial Government. Later on, in co-operation with the banks, a further line of credit was established. Thus Canada awoke to the fact that she had been suddenly transformed from a debtor to a creditor nation. Last September the Minister of Finance sought a further domestic loan, the sum aimed at being a hundred million dollars. Again the amount subscribed exceeded by one hundred per cent. the sum asked for. Besides the two hundred millions which have been raised by domestic loans the banks and the Finance Department between them have established credit in the interest of the Imperial Government to the amount of $250,000,000.

Still another remarkable thing in regard to the financial situation in Canada is that, in spite of the extensive nature of the domestic loans, the deposits of the public with the chartered banks have continued to increase at an enormous rate, the total at the end of the year being $1,466,075,000, an increase of nearly $177,000,000 in the twelve months.

CANADIAN POETRY OF THE GREAT WAR

By J. D. Logan

AUTHOR OF "INSULTERS OF DEATH AND OTHER POEMS OF THE GREAT DEPARTURE," ETC.

BRITISH, American, Belgian, and French literary critics and historians have published estimates of the poetry occasioned by the current war and written by the professional poets and the soldier-poets of the United Kingdom, Belgium, and France. It is time that some Canadian literary critic or historian should write a sincere, straightforward appraisal of the contemporary war-poetry composed by the professional poets and the soldier-poets of the Dominion.* In the Preface of my recently published "Insulters of Death and Other Poems of the Great Departure: A Book of Solace", I hinted at the material waiting for a literary review of the war poetry by contemporary Canadian poets and poetesses, and at the method to be employed in such a review. The following essay is an attempt at a critical, but popular, estimate of the poetry which has been written by Canadian poets and poetesses on themes suggested by the current war.

Now, in passing, I shall not repeat for true the hackneyed dicta of certain critics—W. D. Howells, Richard Le Gallienne, Brander Matthews, E. B. Osborn, for instance—that war silences the muse of poetry, that the poetry occasioned by war has never been of commanding originality or importance, and that very infrequently have the great poets been inspired by war or that the number of even good war poems by the great poets is strikingly few. So far all this is an historical fact. But not any or all of it is a *necessary* fact. It is possible, genuinely, not barely, possible, as my lost teacher, the late Professor Josiah Royce of Harvard used to observe—it is possible that the mighty spiritual or emotional upheaval caused by a war should result, as seemingly it is resulting in Belgium and France, in fine and noble poetry which, despite its immediate sanguinary or

* Since composing this article Dr. Logan writes from camp in England: "When I wrote the article, Service's new book of versified brutalities, or poetical garbage, had not appeared; nor had Canon Scott's 'In the Battlefield Silences', though I mention him and quote some of his fugitive war verse in the article."

tragic inspiration, is authentic literature. Long ago, in an essay on "Permanency in Art and Literature" (*The Philosophical Review*), I pointed out that the permanency of the appeal of a poem— as it were, its "longevity"—was a subjective, not an objective, quality, and had nothing to do with a poem's being authentic literature. As long as Right clings to the hands of Peace, and as long as Love kisses the lips of Death, so long will there be poetry about Right and Peace, Love and Death; for the ideals, sentiments and emotions of which these in real existence are the outward envisagement, are amongst the most enduring in human nature. Now, these are the perennial themes of much of the finest, of the authentic, poetry of the world. War does but poignantly bring into consciousness the reality, the everlasting spiritual preciousness, of these ideals, sentiments and emotions.

It is plain, then, that I disagree with those critics who conclude that because, in the past, war has inspired very few of the great poets, and has not been, or seldom been, a true cause of authentic poetry, it necessarily silences the muse of poetry, or, at any rate, cannot be the cause of poetry which will have commanding importance or greatness. They commit the fallacy of *non sequitur*. Their powers of observation are acute and exact; but their gifts in logical thinking are mediocre. They have observed truly these three facts: first, poetry requires leisure and freedom from social cataclysms, or the peace and prosperity, which war destroys; secondly, the material of poetry is emotion and passion re-felt and expressed in revery and retrospect, not emotion and passion at white-heat, uncontrolled, and dethroning intellect and reason; but the emotion and passion caused by war are at white-heat; thirdly, modern warfare is too much a matter of bestial butchery and diabolical slaughter by machinery to have the show of the heroic battling, the generous magnanimity of foe to foe that, in ancient times, in the times of the Crusaders and the Armada, and in the day of Nelson and Wellington, made war really glorious and spiritually sublimating. There is not material in modern warfare for heroic or great poetry—unless, paradoxically, it be the total absence from it of thoughts or emotions caused by war.

This will never do. The heroic death of young lives—the beauty and nobility of the sacrifice, the tragedy of their death—on the battlefields of Europe, the love of right, peace, liberty, humanity that inspired the sacrifice, the loyalty, the courage, the free gift of life, of all, when life was most dear to the young in their manhood's first estate—are not all these the very stuff of which great poetry is made? What the critics have been attempting to signalize is that the glorification of war as war, even by re-imaging in it the spirit of the supreme dead heroes from Achilles and Hector to Cachullam and Ferdinand, and from the great Crusaders and warriors of mediæval Europe to Napoleon and Wellington, is no longer possible in the poetry of to-day when, as the critics truly observe, war itself is bestial butchery and diabolical mechanical slaughter of the innocent on the field of battle, and the slow, soul-rendering death of the still more innocent, uncontending, fathers and mothers in a million homes.

Let this be granted. Still it must be submitted that all the heroic virtues which shine resplendently and unforgettably in war, as well as the holy beauty of love and the sublimity of sacrificial death, remain as material for fine and noble poetry, to be wrought into enduring idylls or new *Iliads* of the chastened and enlightened spirit of humanity.

That the current war has initiated a spiritual and poetic renascence, I have no doubt. I observe it in the contemporary poetry of Belgium and

of France. I sense it coming, rather than observe it as real and potent, in the poetry of England, and in that of the Overseas Dominions, Australia and Canada. Whether there is a genuine renascence on the way in Canadian poetry I cannot say; but that there is a genuine spiritual renascence in the minds and hearts of Canadian poets, is unmistakable. At any rate there is a significant change of attitude to war as material for poetry. Following the second year of the current war, no longer appear in contemporary Canadian poetry the ruthless call to bloodshed, hate of enemies, and glorification of the genius of war, but rather positive, constructive sentiments of love of man, forgiveness of enemies, and even for the arch-enemy, Germany, sorrow and pity and prayer that her people who gave much to the priceless spiritual possessions of the world may be rescued from their blind leaders and regenerated to begin again ennobling contributions to the civilization and joy of mankind. With this spiritual renascence in Canadian poetry I shall not deal, but confine myself to a summary review of Canadian war-poetry written in the first two years of the great conflict.

At the outset I observe that Canadian poetry inspired by the current war, whether it be literature or not, cannot be accused of being "twinkling trivialities". The best of it is all good poetry—originally conceived, winningly suffused with beauty of sentiment, imagery, and verbal music, and technically well wrought. It has, however, one serious defect, due to the fact that it was written almost wholly by poets and poetesses at home and not by soldiers in the trenches. It contains nothing of what Mr. E. S. Osborn of the London *Morning Post* believes is most desiderated, namely, "true war poems", as he calls them, the spontaneous work of real, fighting soldiers, delightful, if technically imperfect or crude, "song-pictures of the campaigns and of the soldiers' life". That, however, is a defect which may be remedied after the war is over.

In the meantime I remark that, as I observed some years ago ("The Martial Verse of Canadian Poetesses", *The Canadian Magazine*, April, 1913), the distinction of having written inspirational and commemorative war-poetry of such superior quality as to win the commendation, and even admiration, of British and of American critics and poets, belongs now, as in the past, not to Canadian poets, but to Canadian poetesses. It was so in the first civil war; it was so in the second civil war or Riel Rebellions; it was so in the South African war; and literary history in Canada to-day is repeating this singular and unique phenomenon.

First and foremost on Canada's contemporary role of martial poetic honour is Katherine Hale (Mrs. J. W. Garvin). Authoritative English and American critics—Mr. Twist of London and Miss Whiting of Boston, for instance—have given Katherine Hale's "Grey Knitting and Other Poems" (Toronto, 1914) high praise. The little book contains, in addition to the highly original title poem ("Grey Knitting"), several winning or piquant and tender lyrics, as "When You Return" and "In The Trenches," and a noble sonnet, "The First Christmas". But there is a special beauty of sincerity, simplicity and tenderness in "In the Trenches, Christmas, 1914," which I quote to show how the heart and the imagination may refine a simple fact of love and war into pure poetry:

War gods have descended:
  The world burns up in fine!
Warm your hands at the trench's fire,
  Dear lad o' mine.
Bullets cease this Christmas night,
  Only songs are heard,
If you feel a phantom step,
  'Twas my heart that stirred.
If you see a dreamy light,
  'Tis the Christ-Child's eyes;

I believe He watches us,
Wonderful and wise.
Let us keep our Christmas night
In the camp-light shine;
Warm your hands at the trench's fire—
They still hold mine.

But engaging and delectable as Katherine Hale's poetry is in "Grey Knitting," the poems in that booklet are surpassed in conception and craftsmanship by her long poem, "The White Comrade" (Toronto, 1916). It is a poem of some 500 lines in blank verse, treating beautifully a difficult mystical theme. "It contains," says one critic, "some very vivid descriptive passages. Along with its central theme, it covers with sufficient poetical fullness several phases of the Great War. . . Her treatment is singularly original and the poem is perhaps the strongest piece of poetic work Katherine Hale has yet done". In my own view, "The White Comrade" is the finest and noblest long poem so far written by any contemporary English-speaking poet or poetess on a theme inspired by the current war.

Between the publication of Katherine Hale's "Grey Knitting" and "The White Comrade" appeared Dr. Thomas O'Hagan's "Songs of Heroic Days" (Toronto, 1916) and the present writer's "Insulters of Death and Other Poems of The Great Departure: A Book of Solace" (Halifax, N. S., 1916). Two collections of poems also were published—"A Band of Purple" (Toronto, 1915), a compilation by Mrs. Lillie Brooks, in which the only fine poems are two, one by Duncan Campbell Scott and the other, Lieutenant A. S. Bourinot's noble sonnet to the memory of Rupert Brooke, and "Hearts of Gold" (Toronto, 1915), being reprints of Prize Poems, originally published in *The Globe*, Toronto, on persons and incidents notable in Canadian history. "Hearts of Gold" was compiled and edited by the Canadian Poetess Mrs. Jean Blewett, but the poems have no connection in themes with the current war. Dr. O'Hagan's "Songs of Heroic Days" is a popular volume, in which, for the most part, the poet recrudesces in good newspaper verse, the traditional war spirit of bloodshed, retaliation and revenge. The poems, however, are made engaging by a ready humour and an Irish *Jeu d'esprit* in the thought of "squaring things" with an enemy guilty of "dhirty thricks" in war. The present writer's "Insulters of Death" is essentially a Book of Solace for those who have been robbed of their beloved by the war. Death is the theme of all the poems: and they were inspired by thoughts of the beauty of heroic death and the immortality of the heroic dead. More important than the poems in the volume, is, in the author's view, the Prose Preachment, "The Fatal Paradox and Sin of Sorrow For The Dead". Frankly, however, I do feel that the refrain line, "Hearts of the Mapleland—Insulters of Death" in the title poem, would make a good "catch-line" for a new lilting but dignified patriotic song-lyric for musical setting—if a competent song-lyrist could be found to write the poem. There is too much of the *siccum lumen*—"the dry light" —of the intellect in my own imagination for me to write a successful song-lyric. Yet Canada needs a new dignified patriotic song; and it struck me that the refrain, "Hearts of the Mapleland—Insulters of Death" had the rhythmic lilt of "Hearts of Oak", which my line suggests but which was not suggested by the English song.

It remains to disclose the quality of the fine, the spirited, and the impressive single war poems which have been written by contemporary Canadian poets, and which are worthy to stand beside the best verse of English and American poets who have been inspired by the current war. The most noted of such poems by a Canadian is Dr. J. B. Dollard's still oft-quoted sonnet to the memory of Rupert Brooke—a sonnet in which,

as the English and American critics observed, Dr. Dollard made beautiful use of the cause (sunstroke, but now known to have been blood-poisoning) of Brooke's death, and the place of his burial (announced as Lemnos, but really Sycros in the Aegean). I quote:

Slain by the arrows of Apollo, lo!
The well-beloved of the Muses lies
On Lemnos' Isle 'neath blue and classic skies,
And hears th' Aegean waters ebb and flow!
How strange his beauteous soul should choose to go
Out from his body in this hallowed place,
Where Poetry, and Art's undying grace
Still breathe, and Pipes of Pan still murmur low!
Here shall he rest untroubled, knowing well
That faithful hearts shall hold his memory dear,
Moved to affection weak words cannot tell
By his short, splendid life that knew no fear;
Beloved of the gods, the gods have ta'en
Their Ganymede, by bright Apollo slain!

Almost as celebrated as Dr. Dollard's sonnet to Brooke is Lieutenant Arthur Bourinot's sonnet to the dead poet-soldier. I prefer here, however, to give another sample of Lieutenant Bourinot's war-poetry—a most winsome, tender lyric, simple, sincere and convincing. I take it from his "Laurentian Lyrics" (Toronto, 1915). It is entitled "Immortality":

They are not dead, the soldier and the sailor,
Fallen for Freedom's sake;
They merely sleep with faces that are paler
Until they wake.
They will not weep, the mothers, in the years
The future will decree;
For they have died that the battles and the tears
Should cease to be.
They will not die, the victorious and the slain,
Sleeping in foreign soil;
They gave their lives, but to the world is the gain
Of their sad toil.
They are not dead, the soldier and the sailor,
Fallen for Freedom's sake;
They merely sleep with faces that are paler
Until they wake.

To Lieutenant Lloyd Roberts the war poetry of the Empire, as well as of Canada, is indebted for two of the most striking and impressive short poems in the spirit of the poetic renascence, and, as I must note, in the new poetic style of the younger Roberts. Lieutenant Roberts's "Come Quietly, England," simple and direct in thought, free in form, colloquial in diction, but positive, candid, sincere, is one of the most arresting and convincing poems that have for a theme "the call to arms"—not for King, or country, or party, or power, or England's glory, or fear, or anything else undivine:

But for the sake of simple goodness
And His laws,
We shall sacrifice our All
For the Cause!

The Literary Digest (New York) signalizes the poem as "one of the most striking statements of what may be called the philosophy of the war from the English [British] point of view because it puts so candidly into words the thoughts that are in the minds of the author's fellow countrymen." The other poem by Lieutenant Roberts, also in his new simple, colloquial, direct style, is entitled "If I must". It is the most remarkably original anti-pacifist poem yet written by any English-speaking poet. It takes the form of a quasi-dramatic monologue, and concludes with a stanza which, as the newspaper men say, has "the punch" in it. I quote in full:

God knows there's plenty of earth for all of us!
Then why must we sweat for it, deny for it,
Pray for it, cry for it,
Kill, maim and lie for it,
Struggle and suffer and die for it—
We who are gentle and sane?
Let us respect one another, wherever we are,
Fly your flag, O my brother;

I like its bright colour, whether red, green
or yellow;
Your language is queer, but I'll learn it in
time;
And you're a dear fellow,
If your laws are not quite so clean as our
own;
But then ours need pruning, and thistles
have grown.
So I won't spill your blood, for that's not
the way
To assist in law-making, whatever some
say.
I'll try by example to lead you aright
Out of the shadows and into the light—
If you'll do as much for me.
What! You don't understand?
You refuse my right hand?
You say might is right,
And to live we must fight?
Are we still in such plight?
Poor, blind, stupid fool, so deep in the
dust—
Well, hand me the gun—
If I must—if I must!

The most lilting Canadian poem of inspirational war poetry, after the manner of Campbell, Tennyson, Kipling or Sir Henry Newboldt in their war poems, is Douglas Durkin's "The Fighting Men of Canada". It is spirited and inspiriting, and the colloquial diction of the refrains charge it with veracity, vividness and "the punch" of Mr. Osborn's "true war-poems":

Call it lust, or call it honour. Call it glory
in a name!
We're a handful, more or less, of what
we were,
But we praise the grim Almighty that we
stuck and played the game,
Till we chased them at the double to
their lair.
For the word came, "Up and over!"
And our answer was a yell
As we scrambled out of cover—
And we dealt the dastards hell!

Now, Mr. Durkin's ballad is a human, veracious war poem in the traditional spirit of Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic," Tennyson's "Ballad of the Revenge," and Newbolt's "Drake's Drum". It is designedly inspirational in the old heroic fighting quality. That spirit may now be obsolescent, but it is still real and felt. On the other hand, there is no excuse for such a poem as "The Hun" by Canon F. G. Scott, major with the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and, no doubt, officially a chaplain. Canon Scott's beautiful and tender lyric "A Grave in Flanders" is in the new spirit of the poetic renascence. But his "The Hun" is itself a Hunnish "Chant of Hate," brutal and brutalizing and unworthy of any poet whatsoever. I quote in full:

Treaty breakers, poison throwers, baby
killers, spume of swine,
Heavy bellies, carnal feeders, bulging eyes
of beer and wine,
Cries of women, screams of children, rising o'er the shot and shell.
Blast you with the curse of Heaven, in
the hottest gulfs and hell.

Positively, that is immoral, obscene and hellish—revolting. Certainly it is not poetry. Moreover, it is insincere. For as a man, not to say as a Christian gentleman, Canon Scott knows that we have already turned to forgive and pray for the German people who are blinded by their leaders, and for the German soldier who is as patriotic and loyal and courageous as we are, but who, as Mr. Louis How puts it in his "Epitaph for a German Soldier":

"Fought for what was wrong; but he was
right".

I should like to quote in full Duncan Campbell Scott's noble and exquisitely wrought sonnet, "To a Canadian Lad Killed in the War". In the large sense, it is the finest contemporary poem of commemorative martial verse written by a Canadian —fine in conception, novel in terminal endings, and elevating in emotional appeal. Excellent poems to be mentioned here, especially after the sadly pathetic performance of the Poet Laureate to memoralize Kitchener's loss, are S. Morgan-Powell's unrhymed iambics, "Kitchener's Work", T. A. Browne's threnody, infelicitously entitled "Kismet", and Dr. Arthur Webster's well-wrought sonnets, beginning "Inscrutable, with single lofty aim", and "Tread softly where the earth and ocean meet".

PARIS AND LONDON IN WAR TIME

By Main Johnson

LONDON in war time is a much more complicated city than Paris, which is strangely simple and calm. To define the quality of the soul of Paris is comparatively simple; to try to analyze the spirit of London is a delicate and difficult task. That is why there are differences of opinion regarding London's attitude towards the war and arguments as to whether or not London, in the midst of deep tragedy, is heartlessly gay and carelessly frivolous.

It is so easy to make a mistake about London; there are many superficial characteristics, which, if one observed them alone without looking beneath the surface, would give an emphatic but nevertheless quite erroneous impression. With many exterior signs to the contrary, the soul of London is as sound as that of Paris, and both are such as to command the deepest and most reverent admiration.

One typical incident taken from the life of each city epitomizes the deep, underlying feelings of both London and Paris. Curiously enough, both incidents are connected with a railway station. This is rather odd, for although railways have played an important part in European life, they have never been a dominating factor in its civilization, as they probably have been in America. The difference in their comparative importance is illustrated by the character of their station buildings. In New York, railway architecture is inspiring, expressing as it does, the spaciousness and virility of new-world civilization. In London and Paris, however, one would never think of going to the dull and purely utilitarian railway terminals to gain any adequate idea of European architecture or culture.

Since the war, however, the railways have sprung into a supreme position as the transporters of men and supplies, and railway stations have become nerve centres of vital movements. There is another aspect of the war, a sadder, deeper tone, which has also become associated with terminals, and it is on this characteristic that both these typical incidents are based.

In Paris, for example, let us go to the Gare de la Chapelle, a station for the arrival and departure of trains for the east. Structurally, the building is as colourless and ordinary looking as the customary European terminal, but there is one section of a

very different quality. Under the hot glass roof, with the warm sun blazing through all too brightly, we see, unexpectedly, a vision of artistic coolness and daintiness. Instead of the common paraphernalia of a station, there are a series of frame huts, of pure white, with their window sashes and door-posts and cornices painted in soft, delicate shades—one in violet, for instance, the next one in a soft pink, another in green, still another in rose; no glaring reds or heavy blues; all colours restful and refreshing. By the entrances of these huts, and around the sides, bloom fragrant flowers and giant-leaved palms, growing from earth rich and black with frequent watering. Gliding in and out, quickly, noiselessly and gracefully, are groups of young girls, the prettiest girls you will see in France (and that is saying a good deal), with head scarfs of soft, blue silk, white dresses, white stockings and white shoes. And all this artistry, all this scene of delightful charm, in what otherwise would be a dirty, grim, colourless station!

What is its significance? It means that at this station, in trainloads coming, alas, all too frequently, arrive the wounded soldiers of France, direct from the battlefields of Verdun and the Somme. These girls, belonging to the Association des Dames de France, and representing the most wealthy and aristocratic families in the land, are at this station day and night, to receive the wounded "poilus", to give them tea and coffee and hot soup, and to care for them in the daintily furnished hospital huts, until the medical authorities are ready to distribute them among the countless hospitals of Paris and the other districts of France.

Not only do these young nurses look after the wounded efficiently and skilfully, but they preserve the beloved atmosphere of "La belle France", in surroundings of charm, of colour and delight.

We were there when a trainload of wounded men arrived straight from the Somme—with white-faced young Frenchmen lying alongside coal-black Singalese. To see these men, shattered and torn, lying on their stretchers and suffering silently but visibly as they were borne from the train, was one of the sad scenes of war, but to see their faces, pale and wan, light up as they caught sight of the beautiful girls and the cool looking resting-huts, with their circle of flowers and ferns, was to realize the other side of the war too—the unselfish service and nobility of the women, nowhere more fragrant or more devoted than among the women of France.

In London, let us go to Charing Cross station, an ugly place, as the Strand on which it faces is unlovely compared with the Parisian boulevards. Even Charing Cross, however, has been transfigured under the influence of the sorrow and the humanitarian service of the war. To-day its heaviness, dullness and its commonplaceness is quickened and exalted by the spirit of the crowds of women who stand outside its gates for hours at a time, waiting for the trains of wounded coming direct from the front *via* the Channel and Folkstone. As the wounded men are driven away from the station in ambulances, these patient, loving women, of high and low degree alike, throw armfuls of roses into the motors and wave their handkerchiefs in a sympathetic welcome. Sometimes the soldiers are well enough to catch the flowers and wave a feeble hand in response as they are driven through the Strand. More often, the nurse in the ambulance picks up the blossoms, lays them on the stretchers beside the wounded men, too ill and weak even to move a finger, and, silently, on their behalf, waves thanks.

La gare de la Chapelle and Charing Cross, with their tender care for the wounded, reveal the soul of Paris and London alike—a soul full of sadness and grief, burdened

down under the unspeakable tragedy of the war and yet, in its service of mercy, expressing its courage and its fundamental nobility.

That is the soul of London as well as of Paris, but, it must be admitted, this soul does not shine through the life of London as clear or unblurred as in Paris. In London there is a well-defined area of gayety and frivolity; in Paris, there is practically none. To look casually at London, in the neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square, for example, or in the district of Piccadilly Circus and Leicester Square, one would not seriously realize that there was such a thing as a war at all. All Paris, on the other hand, breathes the very atmosphere of war and the sadness that follows in its train.

One reason for the difference is this —by some unofficial but well recognized convention, heavy mourning is not worn publicly in London. Paris, on the contrary, is a city of black. If you enter a railway compartment, and three of the passengers are women, it is probable that two of the three will be in the heaviest mourning. The streets are desolate with the appearance of innumerable widows, dressed in their long widows' weeds and black bonnets, edged with white. Even when you go to the theatre, three-quarters of the women in the audience are sure to be in black. Paris mourns, and with such a sorrow that she cannot conceal her grief privately and within doors, as London seems to do.

Geography too has something to do with the difference. Even London is a long way from the scene of the actual struggle. One doesn't think of the Somme very much when walking through Kensington or Kew Gardens, or when travelling on the 'bus to Putney or Wimbledon, but in Paris, in spite of all the quietness and beauty of the Luxembourg Gardens, the Tuileries and the Champs-Elyseés, one cannot forget for a moment that the sky above is not very far from the sky that lies above the German lines. Nor can one forget that the northern part of France is still actually held by the German invaders, who, although every Frenchmen knows they must be driven out before peace will come, and that they will be driven out, have been in his beloved France for more than two years. The war is much farther from Paris than it was in the terrible days of August and early September, 1914—the Battle of the Marne marked the end of the worst crisis for the city; but even yet, the war is too near Paris, by train, or automobile, or by aeroplane, for a Parisian to think of anything else but the war and the fundamental things it means for France.

Paris also, although it has some colonial troops within its gates, hasn't the great crowds of sons who, as in London, come from every quarter of the globe, lusty and vigorous, fresh and eager, ready for any dangers, and, in the meantime, anxious for all the amusement they can find in the wonderful metropolis, which many of them are visiting for the first time. The Strand is full of Canadians and Australians; the hotels and restaurants, theatres and parks feel the vigorous influence of the men from overseas. They want excitement and they crave fun, and London, in her generosity, gives them what they want.

In spite of the darkness of the streets at night, the hotel and theatre districts are crowded with people. The sidewalks are not wide enough for the good-natured jostling throngs; the roads are blocked with taxicabs, navigating miraculously and by instinct through the unrelieved blackness of the night. The *revue* houses, with such side-splitting spectacles as the famous "Bing Boys", are crowded to capacity; the big hotels are brilliant with dinner and supper parties, with all the men either in dinner jackets or evening dress, with opera hats and the full equipment of fashion; the women dazzling in their beautiful gowns, made in charming

designs from the softest, rarest fabrics. There are wonderful dances, ablaze with light and happiness.

Paris is a different world. In three weeks, for example, dining in many of the best known cafés, I did not see a single man wearing evening dress. There is not a single orchestra in Paris, except at the theatres. World-famous restaurants, awhirl before the war with mirth and music and dancing, are now as quiet as the inns of a provincial town. At only one café, the aristocratic Armenonville in the Bois de Boulogne, did we see the slightest touch of pre-war conditions. Here there were some wonderful creations in women's fashions, and a little relief from the prevailing sadness, but even here there was nothing you could really label gayety. The Hotel Ritz, although well filled with guests, was quiet, almost sombre looking, and, at times, nearly deserted. Even during luncheon and the tea hour, in the charming garden adjoining the hotel, with its splashing fountains, its delicate sculpture, and its cheerful umbrella tents, the guests were serious and restrained. At the Savoy in London, on the other hand, and at the Cecil, the Carlton, and the other well-known hotels, there are imposing, red-uniformed orchestras, purple patches of colour, and a spirit of buoyancy and youth, with more of that vivacious animation which one used to associate traditionally with Paris.

Another influence making for contrast is the different attitude of the French and British soldier home from the front on leave. The British have become more like the French of the olden days, gay and light-hearted, wholesomely and insatiably wanting light and colour, relaxation and gayety—and London will refuse them nothing. The French soldier, when he returns on "permission" does not seem to be seeking for excitement. Either he goes with his family or friends to his favourite café on the Boulevard des Italiens or in the Champs-Elyseés, where he indulges in the quiet Parisian pleasure of spending two or three hours over a meal, delectable as only a meal in Paris can be, or even more to be wondered at, he stays at home, almost an unheard of thing before the war, and enjoys the exclusive companionship of his family. Soldiers on leave do not make Paris lively, as they do in London.

To say that there is gayety in London is not to criticize it unfavourably. It is not as if London were lax in the war. Not only the metropolis, but the whole of Great Britain is "speeded up" to an astonishing degree. The extent and pressure of the activity, in every department, is almost incredible. The British achievement, in two years, is probably unmatched in history. If therefore, in London, there is a superficial froth of gayety and light-heartedness, it is the sort of reaction that makes the burden of war tolerable; it is the cheerfulness of the British race under sorrow and strain —the marvel of all who witness it.

By being comparatively normal, however, London loses the spiritual exaltation of Paris. There is a rarified air in the French capital comparable to the atmosphere on some peak of the Rockies, where one feels purged of all influences and interests belonging to the lower levels of the world. There is inspiration and spiritual peace in the Paris of to-day, without the hectic feverish air of certain London manifestations.

Not that Parisians have entirely given up their pleasures. It is the feverishness that has gone; some of the quiet normal good things of life remain. You can watch the phenomenon particularly on Sunday. In the morning, many more people than formerly now attend the services in Notre Dame, La Madeleine, and other churches, but for the rest of the day the Parisian and his family feel themselves free to seek repose in enjoying the beauties of the most artistic city in the world, a city worshipped and beloved by its citizens, for whom the very universe revolves.

In the Gardens of the Luxembourg, those entrancingly beautiful Renaissance gardens, the Parisians still sit under the shade of the graceful trees, in full view of the wondrous flowers, and, in their setting of natural charm, the light and delicate marbles of the "Bacchantes", "Shepherd and Faun", "Goatherd", "Mower", "Young huntress" and all the other gods and goddesses of this delightful park. Old men still play croquet along its walks, and vie with one another in anxious competition.

In the Gardens of the Tuileries, children still sail their little boats with their reddish sails, in the miniature lakes, or play hide-and-seek among the wooded alleys. In the Place de la Concorde, the Parisians still gaze admiringly at the statues of the cities of France, and especially that of Strasbourg, now crowned not with a wreath of black but of bright flowers, prematurely, but, let us hope, correctly enough.

In the Champs-Elyseés, particularly on a warm Sunday afternoon, the scene approximates animation and forgetfulness more than anywhere else in wartime Paris. Little children drive about in small carts, drawn by white goats; others sit entranced in the little open-air, *guignol* theatres, and grow hot and cold with excitement, like their English cousins do, with their Punch and Judy shows. The youngsters pay their ten centimes for waffles or milk chocolate, or twenty centimes for the tasty brown buns, with the sweet nuts as a filling.

As to the adults, some are at the Marigny, or the Theatre des Ambassadeurs nearby, but the majority of them are sitting down on chairs rented for ten centimes each, facing the main thoroughfare of the Champs-Elyseés, reading or talking or, quite as likely, merely watching the other people in the park. There are ten or twelve rows of chairs, occupied by soldiers, old men, women of all ages and classes, and children of every variety. The fashions of the Parisian women, even in mourning, have that indefinable and inimitable quality of *chic,* but of sensational costumes there are none.

London is spiritually more intricate than Paris, as her streets are more complex than those of the French capital. The curves and twists of London thoroughfares contrast strongly with the comparative straightforwardness of the Parisian boulevards and the wonderful succession of open spaces from the Louvre, through the Gardens of the Tuileries, across the Place de la Concorde, up the Champs-Elyseés, through the Arc de Triomphe, and into the Bois de Boulogne. But, in its own way, even in its rather grotesque way, London is as wonderful a city as the simpler and more modern and more beautiful Paris—and also, in its more complicated way, the heart and soul of London are as wholesome and devoted as those of Paris. To say that, in the light of what Paris and France mean after two years of war, is to give the highest praise of all. To compare anything or any person to France and the people of France is to pay the noblest of all possible tributes in the world to-day.

ROSY MORNING

From the Painting by
Henri Lerolle

One of the French Exhibits at the
Canadian National Exhibition

LITTLE MÉTIS & THEREABOUTS

By Frank Yeigh

AWAY down on the St. Lawrence where the kingly river is forty miles wide, is a little English speaking island in a French-Canadian sea, one of the many settlements where a group of Protestant English settlers have held their own during the long years, though ringed around with neighbours of another tongue and religion.

Along the south shore of the St. Lawrence, where the tides make their daily assault on the barricade of rocks, Little Métis cuddles at the head of and around a picturesque bay, a fringe of houses, for summer and winter use, lining the curving shores and facing the deep blue waters.

Tradition has it that our old friend Jacques Cartier, on that memorable first journey from Gaspé to Hochelaga, took refuge from a storm in the quiet water of the Métis bay and thereupon gave it its name as a halfway stopping-place, as they characterized the Bay of Chaleurs as the bay of heat because he there ran into a heat wave.

The Little Métis of to-day is a summer suburb of Montreal, where many magnates of our commercial metropolis have palatial homes, with the usual modern accompaniments of steam yachts and limousines. Where not so long ago the buckboard planquettes of the habitant had the narrow winding roads to themselves, now the big blazing eyes of a honking monster cast their shafts of light around the sharp corners where danger signs hang, running opposition to the triple flashing beacons from the stately lighthouse on Leggatt's Point.

The story of Little Métis is as interesting as it is unique. The six-mile square seignory was originally granted to a French officer who seemingly regarded it as of so little value as to neglect its cultivation or care, for no evidence of occupation was left by this old-time son of France.

In course of leisurely time it was sold to a Scotsman—rumour says for a keg of whisky! Such a sale would be on a par with the original disposal of Manhattan for a song, and a cheap song at that. But once the Little Métis seignory was transferred, by

STREET SCENE IN RIMOUSKI, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

every lawful means to a son of Scotia, it prospered and expanded in importance and value—and it is still Scotch in essence! So one is not surprised to find a Ferguson as the present day seigneur, and Maeniders and McGingans and others with the significant Mac prefix among the dwellers. Do you want evidence? Well, there are two Presbyterian churches in the seigneury, and a graveyard full of Scots sons of the soil who, their day's work done, rest their bones within sound of the river surf. Thus it is an English-speaking isle in a wide-flung French-Canadian sea, and so bids fair to remain for many a long year to come.

That little God's acre, at Leggatt's Point, tells many a tale of both sea and land. One grave holds the dust of sixty sailormen who were cast ashore nearby, away back in the forties, from a wrecked frigate. Some graves are marked by the old-fashioned boards whose lettering is all but gone. Other strips of land, long and narrow as all individual graves are, are roofed over with sea gravel, with edges picked out by shells.

One head-board has a plate of glass in an opening, protecting no doubt at one time a portrait of the deceased, as is the custom in European cemeteries, but the picture has been removed and the glass broken.

"You can almost feel the coffins under your feet," came a gruesome suggestion of one who knew that the little beds in the earth are of necessity shallow, but mother earth is sparing of her soil covering hereabouts, where

A PRIMITIVE WINDMILL IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

rocks abound. But the forefathers of this little Quebec hamlet rest none the less peacefully for all the battling breakers when the St. Lawrence is in storm.

Once you leave the sleeping dead by way of the ancient gate, and ere the winding highway is reached, a curious little carraway farm intervenes. There, in actuality, were the real seeds such as gave flavour to the cookies of our grandmothers. Another

ON THE MURRAY RIVER, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

Canadian industry was thus discovered away down in Quebec, while, across the way, the broad leaves of the tobacco plant filled a field. Therefrom will come the weed whose pungent perfume will penetrate into the next parish!

Give me a river road for an attractive turnpike, especially a Quebec one, such a one as borders the St. Lawrence down Métis way. Not two vistas are alike, monotony of view is made impossible by the erratic twists, while every new turn frames a new picture. Baby streams trickle over rock ledges into the St. Lawrence as the gems of Bettws-y-Coed makes wales a mecca. Deep, dense cedar groves make delectable hide-and-go-seek spots for the children, and homes for the squirrels.

But the water is the winning magnet. The beach is marked by boulders, pygmy and giant. Thois marbles, balanced on basic rocks whose knife-like edges tell of the mighty upheavels when the world of sea and land and rock was made.

The beach still bears pathetic reminders of the *Empress of Ireland*, whose great hull lies buried not many leagues away. The remnants of lifeboat and raft still survive, mute witnesses to the awful and seemingly needless catastrophe. Rimouski holds scores of the unidentified dead, as the deep-hearted river itself still does.

There is a point where the line is crossed beyond Sandy Bay between the seignory of Scots possession and a parish of French Canada.

The changes are quickly evident in architecture, in the prevalent speech and signs, in the increased size of the families as indicated by the swarms of kiddies who line the highway, which is one of their playgrounds through the vested rights of generations of free use.

A hundred-thousand-dollar church, whose spire is seen miles away, rears its massive stone walls in the heart

A WAYSIDE SHRINE IN RURAL QUEBEC

of the straggling village of a single street, as the curé watches the great structure grow.

The same highroad is one long picture gallery. A little newly-white-washed *cabane* proudly carries an oil painting—a landscape scene—over its front door, as do the walls of many a Tyrolean cottage. Occupations are made known by object signs: a baker

AN ANCIENT THATCHED BARN, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

has a facsimile loaf of bread nailed over his bakery; a stove dealer simply puts an old heater on his store verandah,

One recalls the curious signs in Holland: such as that of a drug store indicated by a carved head of a poor suffering mortal with a wry face and an out-hanging tongue that bore every evidence of needing a blue pill.

And what a friendly note in the landscape is struck by the open air bake-ovens. A most ancient dame has steam up in the one we just passed, catching on the wing that most pleasant of all odours: baking and browning bread. Clothes lines, too, afforded an open air art gallery of handicraft. Rugs and quilts, as wonderful in design as in brilliant colours, exhibited the cleverness of Mrs. Habitant at her hard loom. Nets hung out to dry spoke of a fishing industry, as do the long weirs made of saplings woven together with strips of bark. It is interesting to examine the inner trap at low tide, with the remaining channels of water holding a few stranded fish. Or at a specially low tide, to wade to the mermaid rocks and there study the wonderful marine museum in every limpid pool: star fish of vivid colours, sea urchins travelling in their curious baskets, shells of all sizes and colours, infinitesimal creatures of the deep, to whom their brief span of life is as important as that of gigantic whale or fat porpoise. Even eel-like creatures wiggled to get free from their rocky prisons, but with no escape till the next tide came. Sea-weeds, too, made millions of medusa heads, swaying with each passing current.

Ever alert, fish-hawks poised with infinite patience high overhead ready to make a sudden dive for their finny suppers. Not every waterward dart was successful, and sometimes a watching bird seemed to be relieved by a comrade. And over the muddy flats, crows in black clouds noisily

A BAKE-OVEN, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

advertised their quarrels and activities.

The Little Métis manor house is the focal centre of the seigniory. While not as ancient as those of Fraserville or Murray Bay, and lacking the Gallic romance and atmosphere of a building of the French régime or the early days of the British conquest, yet the Little Métis seignorial headquarters speaks of comparatively olden days, pre-dating Confederation by years not a few.

Mr. John Ferguson welcomes strangers to the old stone structure that neighbours the highway. Deep bay windows and generous-sized rooms match the thick walls, built to keep out Quebec cold, arches connect drawing-rooms and dining-rooms and halls, and quaint dormer windows blink at the passerby. The abolition of seigneurial tenures, now half a century ago, made radical changes in holdings and titles.. To-day titles may pass fee simple; leaseholds are not obligatory. An annual rental, in perpetuity, however, still obtains, though it is so trifling as to be burdenless.

Other wayside glimpses into the little frame houses that border the Quebec highway linger in the memory. Because it is a summer day, doors and windows are open to sun and air, revealing the quaint interiors to the inquisitive. Many a contrast is seen. At a window sits a woman, spinning in the good old-fashioned way of our pioneer grandmothers, from the wool shorn from their own sheep. The contrast comes in an up-to-date sewing machine ready at hand. A habitant farmer just passed by, clad in the queerest suit of homespun imaginable. It was literally a garment new and old, the latest patches showing with startling clearness in between the faded checker-board sections of the suit.

The dormer-windowed cottage at which we halted for a drink of spring water is flanked by an ancient bake-oven, the white brick structure giving

A FARM SCENE IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

a curious suggestion of an elongated coffin, with a swing door opening at the end. A rough timber roof makes a shelter for the oven, with a receptacle spacious enough to make a week's supply at the one firing-up, and that for a family that would make a Sunday school by itself. But the neighbour cottage advertises a fine new kitchen range, immaculately shiny as to blacking, and resplendent as to the burnished nickel-plating.

Down the turnpike ambles a yoke of oxen, drawing a generous load of hay. Once they would have had the turnpike to themselves, but now an assertive automobile challenges a right-of-way with insolent honkings.

A young swell from the next parish advertises the fact that he has a vacant seat in his glossy top-buggy, and that he is on his happy way to pick her up, and as he speeds around the curving twists of the road another contrast is had in a big shaggy dog hauling a diminutive two-wheeled cart and a large-sized man—a bit of Belgian or Dutch transportation in Canada.

We are told that a single grain of wheat will produce thousands of its kind, but the yield from a miniature French-Canadian garden, no larger than the area of a kitchen floor, would tax the imagination, and again prove the marvellous productivity of nature. One can easily guess that every last potato in its warm earth bed, every last vegetable and plant will be used to feed the many mouths facing the oilcloth table, for the spirit of French thrift has long since been transplanted from old France.

The smallest of farms has a representation of every type of beast and fowl, with special preference for chickens. The fattest of pigs grunt their never-satisfied hunger, a house dog regards itself as an integral member of the family, and even horses and cows help to make up the pastoral scene where barn and house and

out-buildings make a friendly cluster alongside or on opposite sides of the main road.

And as one rolls off the miles and leagues, the exceeding neighbourliness of the place is revealed. Such another country for door-step visiting never existed, nor such a variety of verandah conferences, for a Quebec homestead without a gallery or two is an architectural blunder. So, when the day's work is done, and the cool of the evening gives recreation to tired folks, the villagers fraternize on their porches with delightful camaraderie, when all talk at once, with the maximum of Gallic animation, to the accompaniment of incessant rocking by the women, for there is a rocking-chair for each, and constant smoking by the men, even the mere lads.

Which again reminds one of the patches of tobacco grown in most gardens. Rank of leaf, like a burdock, the product when reduced to smoke is correspondingly rank of aroma. The pungent odours from this native-grown tobacco advertise the strength of the plant, and its deadliness of effect on any stray germ thereabouts. "Hold-on-tight" is one of the many nicknames given to the French Canadian's pipe when steam is up, referring presumably to the wisdom of holding one's nose while the smoke issues from the old pipe. One ancient smoker showed me his home-made pouch with no little pride, for it was made of a slice of moose skin *au naturel*, which is still good for another generation of wear.

It is a land of the home-made. Investigating thatched roofed barns and little farm-yards, I discovered all kinds of home-made implements and equipment, hoes, ox yokes, scythes and cradles, for these are still used, wagon shafts and tongues, improvised harness and pokes for wandering pigs and wayward geese. In the white-washed home just across the way chairs and tables were of manifestly home manufacture. Children's swings abound. The baby carriage was a soap box on wheels, with a canopy of loud chintz shielding child number twenty-four from the mid-day sun.

For they still grow large families in Quebec. Up in the twenties are not infrequent, while one of my pension landladies, having no offspring of her own, has already adopted eight girls in succession!

Notice, too, the house adornment. The bluest of blue window shades advertise their colour a long distance away. They match the imitation blue glass windows, the green sashes, the white walls, and sometimes the yellow door. Flowers are everywhere—in the old-fashioned gardens, on the verandahs, and especially in the windows, and nothing so brightens the world and the highway as the glowing riot of colour in a window-bar.

The wayside Calvary adds its own note to the out-of-doors world. Every emblem of the cross is affixed to or painted thereon, and he who will may pray as he travels until a church is reached, whose doors seem ever open. The clang of its bell sounds afar, calling the faithful to prayer like the muezzin call of the East.

I also like summer saunterings in rural Quebec because of the humanness of its simple-minded folk. No one ever fails to receive a quick and cordial response to a salutation, a smile for a smile, and often an invitation to step over the threshold of the home where kindly hospitality is bestowed. Each member of the family is called in until the living-room holds a meeting, and even the ten-day-old baby is brought in for inspection and admiration.

But the traveller is again on the move, and as he leaves the wayside cottage behind, the eye notices the quaint weather-vanes on the roofs of house and barn, and the neighbour's barns as well—miniature horses and cows and fowls, swaying with the wind. Designs are even painted on house walls, and over the doorway of a Sandy Beach cottage an ambitious painting of a vividly-coloured land-

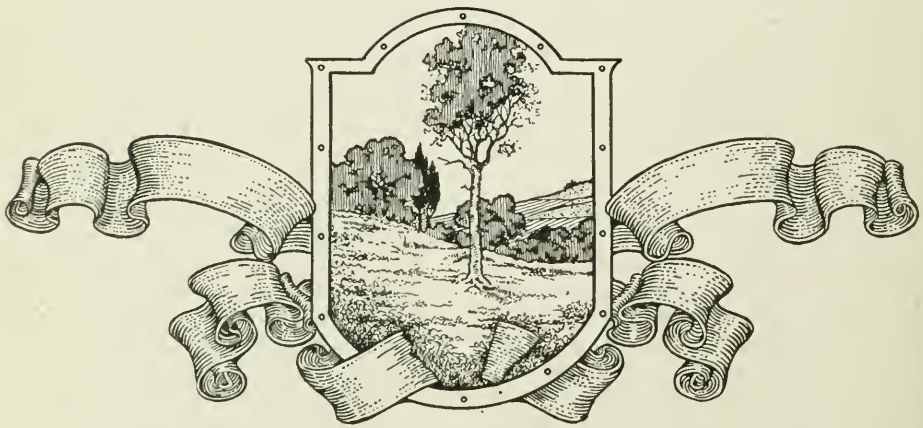
scape brightened the entire street!

What bursting barns these east-end Canadians possess. The hay-making part of the farming is always picturesque, with the loaded two-wheeled wains, as in England, the ox-teams or the horse. In the fields, scythe and sickle are still used, sometimes in fields adjoining farms where the latest machinery is utilized. There is every evidence that the Quebec tiller of the soil is, to say the least, in easy circumstances. No longer is his bank a stocking hung from the rafter. Branch banks are now everywhere found, and the thrifty habitant is, moreover, investing in bonds and debentures and the very safest of securities.

So the summer days sped happily by in Quebec land. There was much to see on highroad or byroad. side paths led up rolling hillsides to the upper heights that are mountains in miniature, and from whose summits glorious views are had of all that makes up a perfect nature picture. At the end of one winding trail a human hive was discovered as the centre of a pulpwood industry hidden away in the backwoods. Here the northern woods were giving up their timber wealth as fast as trees could be cut and their trunks rossed and cut into pulpwood lengths.

Coming back to a main road, and therefore a river road, the country store was a magnet of interest for resident and stranger. Prodigious quantities of oil-cloth must be used by the French Canadians, judging by the stocks carried. A queer assortment of goods do the shelves carry, including canned goods of all kinds, for, alas, it is as difficult to get fresh fruit and vegetables in a wayside inn as peaches in Grimsby or grapes in Niagara!

But the last vacation day finally comes. Madame serves her last meal to the strangers within her gates and doors; "her man" (much smaller in stature than she) drives us to the station, good-bye is said to the big river and the little rivers that feed it, to the long narrow farms and the white-walled homes, and to the kind-hearted rustic people who live therein.



THAT WIRE

By F. J. W. Coats

Illustrations by Fergus Kyle

"HELLO, Blair," said the voice over the telephone, "there is only one more target to-night to register. How about that wire in Z-50, B-12? I hear the Brigade is pulling a little 'show' to-night and the General wants about ten yards clear without fail. We are the only battery to do it, and we have four hours."

"Very good, sir," replied Blair, "we'll do that right away."

He turned to his telephonist.

"Chisholm," he said, "the major wants me to cut that wire we have been after for the last two days. Go down to my other observation post and set up your 'phone and wait for me there."

As the telephonist turned to go, Jerry Blair sat down on a sand bag, pulled out his cigarette case, selected a cigarette, lit it and commenced to think.

Yes, life was very sweet just now. He had done well; had earned the confidence of the major, and was on the way to make a name for himself. How different he was from his cousin, John Hackett! The last time he had seen John was at Shorncliffe, in England, where John was still training to be an officer. Poor old John! He would never do out here—too serious for him, too much work. He should have been a man and have realized that he would never make an officer.

But Hackett was in France—had come last week—and was placed in the S-4 battery of the First Division. Well, he wished him luck. But if a youngster of eighteen could not take things seriously in England and could not be trusted there, how would he succeed in France, where only an old head on a young pair of shoulders would make up for his youth?

Blair pulled himself up with a jerk. It was half-past four now, and the major's orders were already half an hour late in being carried out. Rising, he put his equipment on and made his way down the trench to the second observation post.

"Is everything all right, Chisholm?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," the telephonist answered, "a clear line through to the battery, and Major Sanderson says to inform you that the battery is laid on the base line."

"Very good. Carry on with these orders: All guns one degree, thirty minutes more right, No. 1 ranging plus 3,900; fire when ready."

Blair took his periscope and focused it on the target. He had no sooner done so than Chisholm reported:

"No. 1 fired, sir."

"Slightly over," said Blair. "Drop fifty."

"'I'm all ready now, sir.'"

Once again No. 1 gun fired, and this time the shell landed, Blair thought, in the midst of the wire. But that wire was rather difficult to see, and the observing officer thought so to himself. There was a small ridge in front of it which concealed the very part of the entanglement he wished to cut.

"Repeat," he ordered.

Again the shell landed within fifteen yards of where the second had fallen. Yes, it was a hit or—was it? Well, he would call it that.

"Registered," he said aloud.

"The major says you may come back to Flukers Farm (the billet of the battery, situated about a thousand yards behind the trenches, and used by the observing officer when he did not spend the night in the trenches) now, sir; that he will commence firing on that wire, now; and that he does not think it necessary for you to observe any longer so long as you think it unnecessary for you to observe any longer and so long as you think you are registered there, sir."

"Tell the major we are registered O.K., and that I will come back immediately. Ask him about orders for to-night's show.

"He says your orders will come up by a runner to Flukers Farm, sir."

"Then everything is arranged. We'll go back now, Chisholm, as soon as you have disconnected."

"I'm all ready, now, sir."

When Blair arrived at Flukers Farm he found his orders for that night's attack awaiting him there. Tearing the envelope open, he cast his eyes rapidly over them. The usual information was contained in the des-

patch. He was to watch for a green rocket to be sent up by the infantry when they had reached the enemy's trenches. Upon seeing this he would know that his infantry had succeeded and nothing further would be done that night. But if the attack was stopped, a red rocket would convey this information to him.

The bombardment was to commence at half-past eleven. It was now ten-thirty. One hour to wait—it seemed a lifetime! Supposing the wire had not been cut as he had thought! But this was foolishness, he said to himself, and tried to put the impression aside. But try as he would, the picture of that wire, still intact, presented itself before him. He could see bleeding pieces of humanity, caught by the wire, held there and shot down. He thought his nerves were affected. Any way, these thoughts were but the result of overwork, for the wire *was* cut.

Eleven-thirty, and the deep boom of the guns broke forth. Another second, and the booming was increased by the light field guns. The sound increased continually until there was nothing but a deafening roar. Far ahead, Blair could see the trenches illuminated by flares. Those poor devils, the Huns, were facing a hell of shell fire he thought.

Quite as suddenly the roar ceased. Then came the rattle of machine guns and rifle fire. In a few minutes the observing officer hoped to see that green rocket. But the minutes dragged on to an hour, and still there was no signal.

"The major wishes to speak to you, sir," said a voice from within the dug-out.

With a sickening feeling Blair went inside the dug-out and picked up the receiver of the 'phone.

"Hello, Blair, you had better get some rest now. The attack was held up. That wire was not cut after all our trouble. Good-night."

Wearily Blair turned away, dropped to the ground and tried to go to sleep. An hour later he was awakened by some loud bomb explosions.

"It is all right, sir," one of the telephonists said, "those bombs have come from a point outside our zone."

"Call me if anything happens," returned Blair.

But nothing else happened that night.

In spite of Major Sanderson's advice, Blair did not sleep. If there was one man in France who hated to be beaten it was Blair—and he was beaten that night. It was the first turn of the tide, he thought. He knew what it meant to be told to do a thing and to fail in the doing of it. Probably a sharp lecture, some sarcastic remarks on the major's part (and, by heaven, the O. C. could be nasty, too); no more trust, his advice not asked on anything. And all this just when he was nearing his climax! But the worst thought of all was, what would John Hackett think? He knew that his cousin rather looked upon him as a snob, and John would probably have a song about the whole affair. He was just that sort and, never being serious for a moment, would think it a great joke—Jerry Blair tried to cut some wire and couldn't!

Next morning Blair returned to the Battery. His three days in the trenches as observing officer were at an end. As he walked into the officers' dug-out Major Sanderson and Bobby Forsyth (the other subaltern in the battery) were seated at breakfast.

"Good morning, sir," Blair said.

"Hello, Blair," returned the O.C., "So they fooled you on that wire. Well, it wasn't so bad as you think. The attack was really successful. But that is another story. First of all, I want you to have some breakfast and then go into Q—— to the Casualty Clearing Station to see your cousin. He was wounded last night and I think it would be a decent thing if you went to see him. We shan't need you to-day. Forsyth and myself will

"'I think your cousin must be delirious. He has proposed to me three times already this morning'"

look after the battery. Now, don't look worried. Everything was all right last night in spite of your mistake. Everyone makes mistakes and, fortunately, yours was not a serious one."

"Thank you, sir: it is most kind of you."

"All right, my boy. Now, get started for Q——, and I'll tell you all about it when you get back."

Blair rode to Q——, arrived at the Casualty Station, and asked if he could see Lieutenant John Hackett. Yes, he was granted permission, and would he come in.

Entering the hospital, he looked around the ward and could see nothing of his cousin when, suddenly, he heard a voice:

"Hello, Jerry, delighted to see you —the spirits of the troops are excellent. How are you?"

Turning, Blair saw Hackett, a smile on his face, holding a pretty nurse's hand. Very rapidly he introduced the sister to Blair.

"You know, Mr. Blair," the sister said, "I think your cousin must be delirious. He has proposed to me three times already this morning. But, fortunately, his wounds are not serious."

"No, I am all right, Jerry. Just a nice little bit of shrapnel in my right leg. But I am awfully sorry that I did not last longer out there because

my major predicted a brilliant career for me on the Western Front."

After talking for some time, Blair said good-bye and started on his way back to the battery.

Trust that ass, John. There he was flirting with the nurses. He did not know when he was going past the endurance of people; did not know that in a hospital he should act sensibly and not as a schoolboy. As to Blair believing that his cousin was sorry to leave the Front, he knew that was just a little bravado.

That evening was a quiet one and, after dinner, Major Sanderson asked Blair to come to his dug-out as he wished to speak with him.

"Well, Blair," the major said, "until yesterday I really thought you could observe fire, but last night's wire-cutting failure showed me that perhaps one should not place too much confidence in young subalterns. However, we will let all that pass. Now, it seems to me that you have spoken of Young Hackett in rather a rotten way, and now that he has been out here he deserves just a little credit because the fellow really has nerve. Last night I went out into the trenches myself after the attack was held up and found some of the infantry officers making nasty remarks about the artillery. There was a young artillery officer there who was so infuriated over the remarks passed that he walked away. Three-quarters of an hour later that same fellow came back limping to Battalion Headquarters, where I happened to be at the time, and asked to see the colonel. Thinking it might be something of importance, the colonel admitted him. 'If your men wish to raid the Bosch trenches now, sir,' said the artillery officer, 'they can fire ahead. There is a clear four-yard passage through the enemy wire. Some of the men cut it with wire-cutters'. Naturally the colonel seized the opportunity and sent a raiding party of two hundred men out. They were entirely successful and managed to capture a few Huns. You might have heard a few bombs

"'Oh, he was the "some men" who cut the wire'"

exploding about three o'clock ——"

"Yes, sir, I did." replied Blair. "But what has that to do with my cousin, John Hackett?"

"Oh, he was the 'some men' who cut the wire," replied Major Sanderson with a smile. "The colonel of the battalion has recommended him for the Military Cross—which the young 'nut' deserves."

"Well, sir, I expect old John was not such a fool as I thought him," replied Blair, as he rose and made his way outside—to curse "that wire".

THE WOOD PEWEE

By CHARLES BARLTROP

WITH ashy breast and olive wing,
In leafy maze and lonely tree,
Upon a dry branch balancing,
Sat little wailing wood pewee.

To wind lament in stately pose,
Like those in selfish sorrow blind,
And din the woods with minor woes—
Such seemed the bent of pewee mind.

But when this percher made a dart,
He snapped his beak with lightning vim,
And every moth he caught apart,
He made a sacrifice of him.

A habit of complaint had he;
But for my life I could not tell,
How, day by day, this wood pewee
Could ail so much and eat so well.

Pewee, pewee his trebles flow:
If sadness he were called to bear,
What living thing would wish to know
The grief that waked his trivial air?

He soothes me, does this wood pewee,
I scarcely know the reason why;
But life would be less dear to me
Without his little wailing cry.

SAWING

From the Painting by
Homer Watson

SPRING THE ELUSIVE

By A.B. Brown

SPEAR-POINTS of golden sunlight thrust past the green linen blind, and awakened the placidly dreaming Mr. Bowermeek. He returned to consciousness with a start, from a delightful dream in which he had just shaken hands with Lord Tennyson, while Mr. Rudyard Kipling sat cross-legged on top of a hackney-cab and declaimed in Hindustani. When the phenomenon of the dancing yellow patches on the carpet had sufficiently penetrated his intellect, he sprang out of bed and hurried to the casement. Sending the blind whirling around its roller, he threw open the window-sash. Then there might have been observed —had any one been looking—the spectacle of a small pale-faced man in a blue flannelette nightgown leaning far out of an upper window. It was early in the month of April; also early in the morning.

"O irresistible Spring," he apostrophized rapturiously, cocking his eye at the blue arc above,—"O Spring, thou glorious youth-time of the universe, thou dulcet dove of peace; soft thou art, and blue as a—a Damson plum. O Spring, thou, —a—you are here again."

All of which verbal acrobatics came quite naturally; for Mr. Bowermeek was a poet. No common poet either, was he. Had he not won the third prize in the poetical competition of *The Fireside Key*, that great family journal, and had he not more than once contributed to the local press? . . . Such was his proficiency in the gentle art of making rhyme, that, metaphorically speaking, he roamed hand-in-hand with the "ten" Muses. To him the composing of verse was a mere song. He was recalled from his blissful contemplation of the housetops however, by a voice from the interior.

"Mr. Bowermeek!" called the voice tartly, "what are you doing there? And what will the neighbours think? Haven't you any common sense?

Drawing in his head, the gentleman in question faced the bed.

"My dear Amazonia," he answered in a voice which he hoped was firm, "I was but welcoming the spring time, with—er—a few convivial phrases."

"Spring," said his better half, figuratively putting her foot down, "nothing of the kind! Why, winter isn't over yet. . . If you insist on keeping that window open," she continued, "I shall catch the grippe. I never thought," she went on, becoming plaintive, if Mrs. Bowermeek could be said ever to become plaintive, "I never thought you would wilfully try to make me ill. I thought better of you, Mr. B."

"All right my dear, all right, the window is closed. But," he added mildly argumentatively, "this balmy

spring weather would give no one a cold."

"It's no more spring," insisted the bed, "than—than I am. You'd bet ter go down and start the fire."

Mr. Bowermeek went.

"Ah, dear me," sighed his lady. "Poor man. He thinks it's spring."

Here Morpheus, in the form of a ten-minute snooze, overcome her.

Meanwhile Mr. Bowermeek, clad in airy neglige befitting the season, stood on the back stoop in his carpet slippers, and regarded the yard with a connoisseur's eye.

"Fine!" he ejaculated, with visions of a luxurious vegetation in the back of his head. "This spot seems to be intended to grow flowers."

The garden, be it said, was only in prospective; at present the earth was sodden, and soiled patches of snow lingered in the fence-corners. The grass looked like spinach.

"Fine!" repeated Mr. Bowermeek. "I shall have a row of asparagus along that side, and sweet-peas over there. I'll put in tomato-plants across the back; they say it's so easy to grow tomatoes. By Jove, this air evokes the muse. I feel as if I could write a lyric or some *vers libre*. How's this?

The birdies chirp in yonder brake,

"I wonder what a brake is?" he thought. "However, anyone can her";

The vagrant cats are all awake,

"Although they keep out of sight. Now to make a neat finish,

The sun is high up in the sky,
And as for me—er—why—a—here am I.

"Not bad," he modestly commented, though he dimly felt his effort might have risen higher.

Sighing gently, he picked up the milk-can, and retraced his steps to the kitchen. His early morning duties were to take in the milk, light the kitchen range, and put the kettle on to boil. Presently Mrs. Bowermeek would descend, prepared to make the coffee.

On this particular morning the nominal master of the house was unusually sprightly. The promise of spring in the air seemed inoculated into the mild little gentleman. He hopped about humming a tune, and made a quite unnecessary hot fire. His enthusiasm even stooped to pat the family cat, which delicate but unusual courtesy that agile feline misconstrued; she scuttled with trailing tail through the open door.

When Mrs. Bowermeek—a large-boned but plump woman with strawberry coloured hair and pale near-sighted eyes—appeared, arrayed in a wrapper, Mr. Bowermeek greeted her effusively.

"Good morning, my dear," he said. "You look as joyous as Aphrodite new-risen from the sea-foam this morning. Consider the enchanting seasons, my love; it is the youth of the year. Is it not delicious?"

At her husband's remark the lady merely yawned, and shook out a small measure of Cero Fruito flakes—or whatever it was—into the breakfast-food tureen.

Mr. Bowermeek tried again, almost desperately.

"The air, my dear," he said, standing on the other side of the stove, "the air outside is soft and balmy, the song birds sing in the old chestnut tree. There is not a trace of snow in the back-yard; everything is lovely. To stand at the back door and breathe the refreshing ozone is like wandering through the—ahem, green fields.

He had almost said Elysian Fields, but that flowery allusion seemed too incongruous with the majestic Amazonia.

"Goodness me!" she ejaculated, addressing Master Alfred Bowermeek, aged eleven, who was putting on his boots. "I wonder what's wrong with your father?"

"With me, my dear?" inquired that long-suffering person.

"Yes, with you. I can't see anything but mist. You better hurry and get dressed. I'm going to make

the toast. You can't live on spring, you know."

"Ah, dear me," ruminated Mr. Bowermeek, ascending to complete his toilet, "women, women! They seem to lack imagination! Dear me! Dear me!"

At the family's morning meal, consisting of the ubiquitous Fruito, coffee, toast and marmalade, the head of the house of Bowermeek said a rather perfunctory and conventional grace. Then he beamed around the table. "The air these mornings is so exquisite," he remarked, "splashing the milk over his cereal, "that we should all get up early to enjoy it."

The wife of his bosom yawned again, and poured out the coffee.

Mr. Bowermeek, slightly abashed, continued: "It is as mild and gentle as—a—cold cream." This aphorism also fell on rocky ground.

His spouse said she supposed that the Jones chickens would soon be scratching up their (the Bowermeek's) back-yard, and further she declared she couldn't understand why people wanted to keep hens in a city. She also stated with vague meaning it was hard that honest Christian folks, who paid a cash rent, should be worried to death by wild animals and other birds of prey. She stared sternly at Mr. Bowermeek as if he was the primary cause.

Miss Carolina Bowermeek, aged nineteen, who imagined herself to be æsthetic, now joined in the conversation.

"I'm glad the mild weather's here," she remarked, gracefully helping herself to sugar. "It'll be more comfortable to wear invisible sleeves."

But Mrs. Bowermeek being a tenacious lady (albeit a model housewife) could not rest now the Joneses were under scrutiny.

"The way that Mrs. Jones dresses," she informed her surprised mate, "is really too—it's simply—now isn't it, Caroline?"

Her dutiful daughter agreed that Mrs. Jones's costume was too—that is to say, it wasn't what it should have been. Though the gentle Carolina, relenting, said that young Mr. Jones was rather a nice boy.

At this juncture Master Bowermeek, with his mouth full, mumbled:

"Glad when the mud's gone. . . playin' marbles . . . spinnin' tops. . . . Gee!"

"Don't speak with your mouth full, my son," corrected his father, then remembering a rebuke on such a day was impossible, he coughed apologetically.

"My dear, that window," he observed, buttering a piece of toast, "might remain open to-day?"

"That reminds me, Stanley," said his vis-a-vis, (thoughtless parents had christened Mr. Bowermeek Stanley). "It will be possible to work with the windows open. You know that spare room carpet must come up, and be beaten. It hasn't been touched for three years; it needs it. Then there are the stove-pipes to be taken down and the yard to clean up. Do try and get home early to-night. It's bright till seven o'clock; you can get a lot done."

Mr. Bowermeek groaned aloud.

"And Stanley," continued the relentless housewife, "try and remember to bring home a bag of camphor balls. I'll need a fresh supply. Oh dear," she sighed, "there's so much work to do in the springtime!"

Mr. Bowermeek fled, almost slamming the front door.

"Ah, my family," he said to himself, as he inhaled spring in large gulps; "they have no artistic feelings such as I possess; their thoughts run on material things; but after all it's only men of imagination and poets who really understand this weather."

He decided to walk to his office this morning, rather than cling to a street car strap.

"Confound that nasty work," he thought, remembering the home-chores; "I don't want to do it. Bah! What's the good of spring if you've got carpets and stove-pipes?"

"Ah, here's Simpson," chortled Mr. Bowermeek, as a figure came down a cement walk. "He's a newspaper editor and can appreciate this. Hello, Simmy old boy! How are you?"

"Deuced poorly," answered the individual addressed, who had a muffler swathed around his neck, topped by a very red nose. . . "Col' in m' head. Echew! Wretched weather."

"You don't call this weather bad?" mildly interposed Mr. Bowermeek. "Why, I think it delightful."

"Oh, yes, of course," returned Mr. Simpson hotly. "But there's nothid the batter with you. First it's hod, then it's col'. Echew-w-w! Oh dear, enough to make an angel swear."

Mr. Bowermeek walked on in silence. On the down-town streets which he was compelled to traverse, the slush lay deep. Here the air was not quite so invigorating, and the poet felt slightly annoyed. "I'll not give into it," he said. "The idea of knocking this fine weather is absurd."

In the tiled rotunda of Mr. Bowermeek's office building the air struck damp and chill. However, bracing himself, he strode into the elevator.

"Good morning, Henry," was his gracious greeting to the shiny-visored elevator-man.

That worthy, having just concluded a successfully worded bout with the Janitor, was inclined to be facetious.

"Mornin', Mr. Bowermeek," he replied. "Fine mornin' sir, but chilly. See you didn't wear no rubbers. That reminds me of a little riddle; 's too good t' keep—Why are you—no offence meant—like the price o' leather?"

Smiling pleasantly the questionee said he had no idea. "Er—a—why?" he asked.

"Because—te he—'cause you're both going up," sped the answer. "Just thought of it, Mr. Bow'rm'k, when I seen slush all over your boots."

"This merry fellow," thought the genial gentleman, "can appreciate spring. Perhaps a poet's heart beats beneath that humble uniform." And passing the fourth floor, he remarked: "A little slush is of no matter in this warm weather, Henry; it will soon dry. It was not so a month or two back."

"You can't trust this blame weather," said the elevator-man suspiciously, as if it was a bank. "First it's mild as soft soap, then it turns cold as blazes."

"Yet it holds a promise of good things to come," hinted the partizan of spring.

"I dunno 'bout that," was the skeptic's retort, as he peered through the now open door; "seems to be somethin' like—." The lettered shingle of a brokerage firm suggested a simile. "It's somethin' like Wall Street," the knowing one added.

With this captious criticism still ringing, its recipient entered his office feeling as if he had just imbibed a dose of bad disillusionment. The clerkship he adorned, while not very lucrative, was quite comprehensive, and his superior that day having troubles of his own was, as Mr. Bowermeek mildly put it, rather exciting.

So at noon he thought that a quick-lunch, followed by a brisk walk, would set him to rights. But at that noon-time he found the weather changing. Gray clouds obscured the sun, when he looked for it at the cross streets; the wind had risen; it looked like rain. Partaking of a hasty and not very enjoyable lunch he returned dejectedly to the office. His poetical dream of spring seemed shattered; he thought with an inward groan of the waiting work at home.

About half past five he boarded a home-bound car. It was beginning to rain, and the car was crowded. Clinging to a strap, a hat ornamented with artificial fruit nestled beneath his arm pit, causing him acute apprehension lest he crush it; while on the other side, a barbaric quill feather pricked him in the cheek. He alighted at his own corner, plainly annoyed.

It was a typical April day, such as Mr. Bowermeek had experienced every season for the past forty-two years, and promptly forgot by August. Dark heavy clouds raced across the sky, and places which had been pools of water in the morning, were now glares of ice. . . Slipping on one of these traps for the rubberless, he saved himself by a great effort, to the disappointment of a watching small boy. The wind tore the hat from his head, which was recovered only after its pursuer was thoroughly winded. His breath came in short gasps. His head whirled. He sneezed several times. . . .

Coming in the front door contrary to custom, Mrs. Bowermeek met him in the hall.

"Oh, Stanley!" she cried, while her harassed helpmate groaned, "you forgot your rubbers. Got your feet wet, eh? I see you have a cold. Well, as I said before, what can you expect? I could talk myself black in the face before you—"

"Any carpets to take up?" he interrupted.

"What! in weather like this?" was the cutting rejoinder.

"Confound it, Amazonia, I came home early on purpose, to help you."

Mrs. Bowermeek only regarded him with a glance of scorn.

"Any stove-pipes to take down?" weakly inquired the repentant wight, with his handkerchief to his nose, like a pummeled prize fighter.

Then his wife, who during the day had tried to regard his short-comings leniently, arrived at her tether's end. "Well of all the —!" she exclaimed. "That's just like a man. Stanley Peabody Bowermeek, how do you suppose I could even let the fire out, in bitter weather like this?"

The unfortunate, misunderstood optimist sank sighing on the hall-seat. Soon—in a week or so, ran his thoughts, things might change, the grass would again be green, the sun would once more shine. But for the present he was subdued.

THE ARMY OF TO-DAY

By Patrick MacGill

AUTHOR OF "CHILDREN OF THE DEAD END", "THE AMATEUR ARMY", "THE RED HORIZON", ETC.

I SUPPOSE it has been the lot of every resident in the United Kingdom to see the British soldier leaving home to proceed overseas on the most momentous journey of his life; the journey to the field of battle. Those who have looked on him have seen his merry eye lit with the fire of romantic longing and heard his good-hearted laugh and song. If he had any misgivings on his fate in the crowning carnage of war, his face never gave expression to his feelings. Child of a great illusion, he laughed his mood away and hid his own soul. He was going out, a brave-hearted lad, to battle; another man to swell the ranks of our mighty Army.

Out there the civilians who have donned khaki enter on a new life and new experience. The battle front will never be understood by those who remained at home, despite Somme films and War Correspondents' stories. The atmosphere of war is confined to the field of operations, and no outside imagination can picture or penetrate it. The man who helps to hold a trench would willingly change places with Damocles who had to fear death from one quarter alone! The trenches hold death at every corner, from the furious shell, the vicious shrapnel, the hideous mine, the frost fiend, disease, and the ten thousand several means of destruction which modern war has let loose on the European nations.

The greedy casualty lists eternally cry "More—more," and are not satisfied. Full blooded men have sunk with the tumult which they created, and hearty fellows come out to take their places, to dare as they have dared, and die as they have died. Now and again the appalling conflict may sober for a second, only to be taken up anew with redoubled intensity; the raw winter day is made lurid with the blazing hell-fire of destruction, and summer with its fields of poppy flowers is made pungent with the smell of death and decay.

Who shall pay tribute to the fighting Britain of to-day, tell the tale of its prowess, endurance and chivalry? Shall we ever find a writer to tell the story and give due praise to the mushroom army which has arisen as in a dream, but which is very real in fortitude, veteran self discipline and self control, which is vigilant, energetic and ready to sacrifice its own will almost without convincing its reason?

The story of our day is too big for any pen, only in the hearts of the people will the history of our times be written, and written in blood and tears.

The war is one great long-drawn battle which ceases not by day nor night. The fighters never rest, the frenzied attack gives place to the stubborn defence; men die, and others as brave and hearty take up the fight over their dead bodies. Moments of hell-frenzy, when the swift clear steel carves the path of victory through the shell-shriven barbed wire contraptions which fence the enemy's alleys of war, are followed by days of tense waiting as a trench is held and consolidated.

Men's souls are tried when they cling on to a trench which the enemy endeavours to shatter to pieces. It is then that men prove their worth, for their endurance is tested to the uttermost. Our men seldom give way, and we know of none who give themselves up as prisoners to the enemy. On the other hand, the Germans are pleased to finish their share of war in captivity with a whole skin. We who have witnessed the marvellous war organization at home have marvelled at it, but it scarcely prepared us for the tremendous results of the last three months, the miracle of steadfast and irresistible progression across the stricken fields of Picardy, which lies to the credit of our inimitable New Army. The German Army, at the height of its strength, is being beaten and crushed by a young giant that has not yet attained the zenith of its power. Our air service is far superior to that of Germany now. Probably our machines are nothing better than those of the enemy; but the spirit of our young aviators is superb. Every fallen machine bears tribute to their worth. The German flyers, more discreet and less courageous, seldom cross our lines, while our boys move through the high heavens at will. Nothing deters them; they train their machine guns on the hostile trenches, locate the enemy gun emplacements and give the range to the British artillery. I have seen many of these young heroes return at dusk to their aerodromes behind the Allied lines full of the romance of their work and the spirit of young adventure. To them it is a great game, a joy flight through the sky. They speak little of the daring of their job; they merely bless their luck in being masters of their profession. They are men of whom Great Britain may well be proud. The last three months of Somme fighting, with its colossal artillery havoc and dogged infantry perseverance may well give hope to the England that waits at home. We all love peace and dislike war, especially war as it is waged to-day. But of the men who have gone out to fight there is no reason to feel ashamed. In the medley of heated passions they have played their part nobly, fighting with a zest when the battle was bloodiest, but ready in the hour of victory to take the enemy prisoner and hand him over to safe escort. There is no long-lived rancour in the hearts of the brave boys who fight so cleanly and courageously. A new chivalry has sprung up in the mind of Flanders, and there the traditional and heroic soul of England has come into its own. I know them well, the men of the British Army of to-day, men who laugh at death, weep over a fallen foe, grumble at fatigues, go into a bayonet charge with sublime nonchalance, and join in a song with their mates, even when the threat of death hangs over their heads. Mons knew them in defeat; Picardy sees them in victory, always the same, light-hearted, simple and brave. Their worth can never be gainsaid, their fellowship never questioned. I know them in all their moods, in depression and jubilation; little incidents make for either in their lives. An extra fatigue depresses them, especially when the work to be done is of no importance, an extra hour of sleep makes their mornings light and enjoyable. But even in despondent moments their jokes shine like stars.

A few weeks ago, when we were holding a trench near Vimy, a work-

ing party went out on our front to put up wires. The enemy discovered them, and opened a terrific bombardment. Presently one of our officers discovered one of the working party walking from the trench on the way out.

"Where the devil are you going?" asked the officer.

"Just going for a stroll down to the dressing-station," the man replied.

He was wounded in five places, and one of the wounds eventually necessitated the amputation of his right forearm.

The British soldier has much to his credit in France.

The patronne of the Café smiles when she hears his gay "Cheero" in the village; the children cluster round him in his billet. He evinces as much interest in "piggy-back" as in fighting, and laughs and sings at both. His big-hearted carelessness strengthens the bond between Great Britain and France. The soldiers of both countries have fought side by side; the peoples of both countries have lived together, eaten at the same tables and slept under the same roofs. The bonds formed in days of stress will not be severed in times of peace.

The British soldier has begun to take the war seriously; a new determination has been born within him. He wants to win now; once he used to want to get the job finished and done with, he wanted merely to give his foe a little chastisement and let him go home again when he promised to behave properly, become a better boy, and never play the fool again. But now the soldier is all for a merciless drubbing. He wants to beat the enemy, to smash him up. His resolve is written on his face, you see it in his eyes and the determined thrust of his jaw, but above all you can see it painted red in the villages and woods of the Somme region. There the spirit of our fighters makes itself manifest in deeds of great daring. In that district the British Army has come into its own. But not alone in the Somme region has Tommy put his back into the great work. Every trench from the Somme to the sea holds men who long to sweep across the parapet, and get to grips with the foe; men who have left homes and wives behind in England. Our soldiers are now in dead earnest; they want to get home to a country no longer imperilled by invasion or defeat.

The spirit of the Army to-day is as the song has it, "all right". It is the spirit that makes for victory.

THE GREAT EXCEPTION

By Phyllis Bottome

IT was a day of heat and richness; the sky was filled with light summer clouds piled high in shining whiteness over the undulating hills.

Kathleen Travers, lying back in a lounge-chair, felt a sense of physical well-being and content, which became enhanced as she saw her husband approaching across the lawn.

If she had been told before her marriage, two years ago, that she would find this pleasure in the Master of Hermmits, she would have politely disbelieved the statement.

It was improbable that she would have admitted it now; but as her husband stood before her, accompanied as usual by a bulldog and two fox-terriers, she felt the same sense of serene enjoyment with which she regarded a satisfactory dummy-hand at bridge. With what she had herself, and the exposed cards of her husband, she felt herself to be extremely capable of pulling off the game.

She did not repeat this reflection to Algernon as he sank into a chair beside her. She was not in the habit of repeating her reflections to him unless they dealt with the activities which formed his sphere. He had as much taste for abstract ideas as a dog has for red pepper. They did not make him sneeze, but they left him dazed.

Kathleen turned her eyes to his and smiled. Algernon's handsome, good-natured face wore a puzzled and vexed expression.

After a few moments' silence he burst out impatiently: "Hang it all, Kit, I'm in a hole! I want you to help me about something, and yet I don't much like to ask you. A man never knows his own sister! Of course, I'm awfully fond of Pam. She has been everything in the family line to me since my mother died. Told me what to go in for and keep out of, don't you know; and sometimes I've done what she suggested, and I've never been sorry afterwards. But when it comes to knowin' anything about her—by Jove, she might be a girl in the moon! What's a fellow to do?"

Pamela St. John's greatest friend crossed her extremely pretty feet, and gazed up into the chestnut tree above her. It had come at last! She was the only person who knew Pamela's story. She had always wondered if Algernon would ever ask her; and she had decided very often not to tell him because she was Pam's friend, and then to tell him because he was her husband.

She dropped her unfinished cigarette upon the ground. "I suppose you have a reason for wanting to know?" she asked.

Algernon was not the kind of man who wanted to know things without a reason; on the contrary, he preferred

not to know things at all. He wanted to think life very simple; and it is difficult to think this without a good deal of carefully-cultivated ignorance.

"I'll tell you just what I know," said Algernon, growing rather red and pushing one of the fox-terriers off his knee, which was immediately supplanted by the other one; "then I'll tell you why I want to know more, and you'll see what there is to tell me. It seems such a rummy thing to do to talk about one's sister. Besides, a person's either all right, you know, or else they ain't; and, either way, the less said about them the better!"

Kathleen nodded her head. She knew her husband's code, and for the most part she agreed with it.

"Well, I liked St. John awfully," Algernon continued. "He was a first-class shot and a downright good fellow, the kind of man one would like one's sister to marry. Pam was twenty, old enough to know her own mind, and young enough not to have much mind to know (first-rate age for a girl, I think)."

"I was only a kid at school. I heard she was holding off a bit; so I wrote and said: 'You're jolly lucky to hook the beggar at all. Don't be a fool!' And Pam wrote back: 'You're quite right, old boy; but only fools are jolly lucky!' I didn't know what she meant, but I remember puzzling over it at the time.

"I didn't see her for some time after her marriage. When I did, St. John had gone off to Canada, nobody knew why. My mother said it was absurd and horribly unwise, but his people were awfully nice to Pam; they stuck to her all through.

"A fellow once said something to me about her, and I knocked him down, of course; but I didn't find out. That was eleven years ago, and St. John hasn't been back; and naturally I've never asked, or anything, but I've often wondered. The aunts would have told me, but I've stopped them off. I'd be hanged before I'd listen to an aunt. And then, after all, Pam goes everywhere—and you were with her!"

"Yes, I was with her," said Kathleen very quietly. "I came to her six months after St. John had left her, and I've been with her, more or less, ever since."

"Six months after?" her husband asked, dropping the hot ash of a cigar upon the bulldog's nose, who promptly mistook it for a fly, ate it and looked disgusted.

"Six months after," repeated Kathleen.

Algernon cleared his throat. "Well, the name of the boy (the boy I knocked down, you know) was Clifford Lynn; tall, dark fellow, with narrow eyes. D'you ever see him?"

"Yes." said Kathleen tonelessly.

"Well, he took up painting (funny thing for a Lynn to do; most of 'em are soldiers), and then he married a rich wife. She died the other day, and left him a heap of money."

"Oh, I didn't know that," said Kathleen quickly. "I didn't know she was dead!"

"They were living abroad, you know—some rummy artist place with a funny Italian name—and now the chap's back. He did me a very good turn in the city the other day; just something he'd happened to catch on to, about rubber (it was an extremely useful deal. I should have had to let Hermmits if I hadn't made it); and he asked if he might come down here for a Sunday; said he hadn't seen Pam for an age. I've got the letter in my pocket, but I wanted you to see it before I answered. I say, Kit, you're not cold?"

Kathleen had shivered. It seemed to her that a small gray cloud had suddenly come between her and the sun—as if the glory of the day was blurred by the smudge of a careless hand.

"Let me see that letter, will you?" she asked indifferently.

Algernon did not repeat his question. He noticed that as she read it

her hand shook. It was one of Kathleen's peculiarities that she never showed anger by any other sign, and her hands only trembled when she was extremely annoyed.

"Have the man here," she said, handing Algernon back the letter. "By all means have the man here. I'll let Pam know."

"Is there anything you'd better let me know?" her husband asked anxiously.

Kathleen was angry, but she smiled. It was so evident to her that Algernon's supreme desire was to be let off knowing anything.

"I think you had better leave it to me," she said. "He won't suppose, you see, that you're aware of there being anything at all. You were only a child at the time. It would never do to have him think Pam minded meeting him. Yes; I think he'd better come."

Her husband rose, looking very relieved. No revelation had disturbed the quiet of his naturally placid mind. No doubt there was something—one of those vague and indeterminate affairs women are so apt to consider mountains, the kind of thing that, to a man of the world, barely exists as a molehill.

It would have been infernally awkward to tell a man not to come, anyhow, after that useful deal; and Kathleen would manage things all right.

He gave his wife a shy look of boyish admiration and gratitude, and laid his hand on her shoulder a little awkwardly.

"You've got an awful lot of sense, Kit," he said approvingly, then he went off with the dogs.

Kathleen sat for a long while after he had left her. Her eyes were half shut, and she rolled and smoked cigarette after cigarette with hands that trembled. She was living over again the most tragic episode of her life—an episode of somebody else's life.

Kathleen had been through hard times herself; she had borne the bitter ache of disappointment and the hidden smart of unavailing tears, but she had never suffered for herself so fiercely and so impotently as she had suffered for Pamela St. John.

Poor, pretty, clever Pam, who at eighteen had irretrievably lost her heart to a young artist, too poor to marry her! Poor, malleable, gentle Pam, whose world-wise mother had broken her romance as a heedless hand might prick a bubble, and had reconstructed her life for her, with the unswerving rigidity of the world's knowledge! Poor, heart-broken, shrinking, cowardly Pam, marrying a man she did not love, because her mother told her love did not matter; because St. John was kind; because the world was hard and she was young! And then the girl died forever, youth died forever, and Pam was a living woman, passionate, headstrong, desperate; and Lynn came back. He was not brave enough to keep her, but he had courage enough to tempt her, and St. John was a gentleman. It was true, that, as much as possible for the world he lived in. St. John hid the damning fact that he had not a single mean or cruel "sensible instinct", that he was chivalrous and generous and clear-hearted. But he did not hide it from the woman he loved. He knew nothing about Lynn till Lynn came back. But the moment he did know, he went away. Everybody said what an extremely unwise and foolish thing to do; and his wife thanked God, and forgot all about him for six months.

When Kathleen remembered St. John her face softened a little; but her mind went back to the story she was reliving, and it hardened again.

Pam was not a wise or a very brave or at all a far-seeing person then; Clifford Lynn was the only idea she had in the world, and she had it very badly. She was quite reckless; and the more she gave, the more he took; and the less he wanted what he took.

St. John wrote that he would have given her her freedom if he could;

but they were both Roman Catholics —it was not as easy as that. There was no freedom. From first to last there was for Pam only unrelieved and cruel pain—the pain of having what she wanted, and the pain of doing without it; she had them both. And though she loved Lynn better than her life, better than the whole of all things, she knew, in the fresh knowledge that came to her day by day, that he was not worth it.

There was not one wholly fine or strong thing in him—she was giving all and getting nothing: but while she was giving she knew some joy, as all women know who give for the sake of the man they love. The bitterest was still to come—the inevitable moment when she was face to face with the truth that she could give no longer. Stripped even of giving, she must bear the jeers of the blind world. All that meant anything to her ceased to live; there was nothing left. She had burned all her boats, and she was alone on a desert island in an empty sea. She couldn't believe it, of course, at first; she expected him to come back. She told herself that he still loved her, that he had to be away. Then, when he announced his coming marriage to her, she found excuses for that; an artist must have money, an artist is not like other men; but her soul began to grow—she refused to see him after his marriage.

She nursed for a long time in her heart the last of her delusions that he was still, in spite of everything, even if he wasn't hers, not anyone else's.

This, perhaps, was cold comfort for a proud woman. But it was the only comfort she had, and people who have no other alternatives must take their comforts cold. However, Pam was not left even this comfort very long, she found there was someone else—not his wife, but someone else.

Kathleen Murray had always been her friend; Pam had let her go with the rest of the world; she had almost forgotten her existence, but one day, in the miles of dead faces that seemed to haunt the sea of London hours, she saw eyes that really looked at her—that really saw her. Kathleen said, "May I come to tea?" and Pam had let Kathleen come to tea.

Afterwards, they talked for an hour about nothing, and then Kathleen said that she was glad to have seen Pam again. She said it has, if she meant it, and it was such a shock to Pamela St. John to hear that someone was glad to see her; that there could be anything glad left in connection with her, that she began to cry (a thing she hadn't done since the days of her girlhood). And she found such a surprising relief in tears, that she went on crying for several hours, while Kathleen stayed with her and smoked endless cigarettes, and the sun was hot on the London blinds, and nobody called.

Kathleen remembered just how Pam's drawing-room had looked, and the stripes on the awning over the balcony, filled with pots of hanging pink geraniums, and the bowed figure that seemed twisted and tortured with grief upon the sofa. Then Kathleen thought of the letter her husband had shown her; and she set her teeth and prayed that God would for once, just for once, punish the man.

Lynn, and her husband, whom she had not seen for eleven years, but remembered as being kind to her, were the only men who had ever played any real part in Pamela's life. For a year or two after Lynn's desertion, she had been for several men a dangerous woman, but that phase of her pain ceased and left her generous and kind; and, in the meantime, all sorts of merciful other things had taken place. Pamela had developed into a woman of many interests and profound originality. Her beauty had become astonishing, life and sorrow had made out of her face an exquisite picture; her mind had awakened and her whole being had become richer, stronger, and more alive.

Kathleen's friendship had turned the London tide. St. John's people

had never thrown her over (he had taken care of that). Lynn married and went abroad; and Kathleen Murray lived with Pamela. Kathleen was an heiress and a personality; and she would take no favours and accept no invitations that Pamela did not share.

So London came back; great ladies forgot to look over Pamela's head; invitations came pouring in, and Kathleen forced her to go out. Gently, gradually, inexorably, Kathleen took Pamela out of grief into life, out of darkness into intolerable twilight, and time and nature did the rest.

There was a great deal to do, and it had taken a long time, but it was done.

Kathleen, looking back over the years, knew that Pamela was safe, as secure, as free, as if she had never let those eyes, rather close together, look into hers, and take from her, one by one, all that makes life significant, precious and endurable.

"He made, quite without knowing it," said Kathleen, as she rose slowly to her feet, "an interesting woman out of a happy girl but it wasn't a pleasant method of creation, and I pray that the Lord will deliver him into my hands!"

Kathleen went to the house, but she did not write any letter to Pam. "I won't let her know," she said reflectively. "If she knows, she won't come: and if she comes, she won't care—and he will."

The drawing-room was full, and dinner had been kept waiting five minutes before Lady Pamela St. John came downstairs.

Kathleen was distinctly nervous; she laughed louder than usual and advanced to the borderland of conversational possibilities, till Algernon vaguely felt that he would rather she didn't.

A tall, dark man in the corner sat with his eyes on the door, twisting long, artistic hands, in a dumb anxiety.

"Pam wouldn't be Pam if she wasn't late," explained Algernon. "Kathleen says she'll keep heaven waiting on the Judgment Day; should be surprised if she did. But people ought to be more careful about dinner; there won't be anything to keep hot there, don't you know. Albert told me when I engaged him that he'd cook anything in the world I liked, but that he wouldn't keep back the dinner. Oh! thank goodness, here she comes!"

The door opened and Pamela St. John swept into the room. She was very tall, dark and slim, with blue black hair, and great gray Irish eyes, with lashes that hung over them (the comparison was Clifford Lynn's) like pines about a mountain lake. She was a little short-sighted, which gave her an eager, questioning look, relieved by her slow charming smile. She was dressed in apple-green, and she wore the St. John emeralds.

"I'm quite awfully sorry, Kathleen," she said in low tones (her voice held the deep sweet notes of a blackbird in the spring) "but you know quite well you ought to have told me dinner was at seven-thirty, I should not have believed you, but I'd have been ready. I can't see very plainly across the room, but isn't that Mr. Lynn over there in the corner? You know one hasn't seen him for so many years, he may have grown a beard."

"So glad you haven't grown a beard, Mr. Lynn?" her voice dropped and she turned another slow, bright smile to Kathleen, who introduced her to the famous explorer waiting to take her down to dinner.

Everyone had watched the previous encounter with keen interest; most people knew that there had been "something", nobody knew what. For the last ten years Lady Pamela had been a personality in society; she could do now practically what she liked; but what she had done always remained an open question.

Clifford Lynn stood perfectly still looking at her; he was like someone under a spell, mesmerized and utterly dazed. Kathleen had to touch him

twice on the shoulder before he regained his wits sufficiently to offer his arm to a shy girl in pink, who became quite brave towards the end of the dinner, when she found that Lynn was more inarticulate than herself.

It was a small dinner party, and Pamela and Kathleen between them played on their guests with the skill born of experience, and an intuition as subtle as genius. Kathleen had, perhaps, the quicker wit, but Pamela's soft strength, the velvety elasticity of her mind, was more than a match for her sometimes.

Lynn continued to look at her all through dinner. When he knew her, Pamela had never talked, she had listened to him and said things, generally the wrong things, because almost everything is the wrong thing to a man who is too conscious that a woman is trying to please him.

Lynn was a clever man, too clever a man not to see that he had made a great mistake. The woman who sat opposite him now could not have tired him; he was consumed with inward vexation and the hardest kind of remorse—remorse that tells a man that in doing the worst for another person, he has yet failed to do the best for himself.

The question now was, what was left—everything or nothing?

He turned at last to talk to his neighbour; he did not hear what she said, nor what she answered; he only heard every musical and delicious note that fell from the woman opposite, and each word that she uttered extravagantly meant to him the whole passionate, perfect past (for it had really been very perfect to him, as perfect as he would let it be.) He wanted it back, he wanted it different, he wanted it forever! Ah! her beauty, her maddening beauty! The way her neck was like a flower-stem, the way her full, round chin rose above it, and the shape of her face! Other women's faces were flat, hard; you saw the skull in them, or their cheeks were over full—you guessed what they would be by forty. Why wouldn't she look at him? He saw, as in a half-waking dream, those gray eyes throwing wide their gates for him, while all her heart was bare before him; and his?

He met her eyes across the dinner-table, and the gates were shut; she looked at him as if his face were part of the pattern on the wallpaper behind him; all significance was gone—all light, all life! Suddenly she addressed him directly, and he felt a pang that made his heart leap against his side.

"Have you been long in England, Mr. Lynn?" she asked him. "Do tell me what it seemed like getting back after so many years. It always interests me so much what people feel like on a return. Has everything shrunk? I remember going to see a clock-tower once after ten years; I was a child when I had seen it before. I thought it was about the size of Canterbury Cathedral; the difference now is that Canterbury Cathedral seems about the same size as the clock tower!" She gave a vague, formal smile as she finished speaking.

Clifford Lynn gathered himself together, trying not to remember what her voice sounded like before, when every word was his home, and every note of music it contained an orchestra in his praise and for his glory.

"Some—some things, when you return to see them, seem more beautiful," he stammered; "you didn't know, you didn't realize what you had left!"

"Ah!" said Pam, "I expect that's the difference between an artist and a common person (I suppose it is rather common, isn't it, not to be an artist? He brings back the beauty of the past, while all really sensible people take it away and put it into the future."

"People who think about the past are usually very young," said Kathleen. "I stopped thinking about it when I was eighteen. I thought about it a great deal before that; in fact, I

never thought about anything else. Personally, my dear Pam, I don't agree with you. It seems to me just as silly to think about the future. Now, a really wise person just sits down in the present, reckons on the past, and carries on into the future, but lives, don't you know, upon the immediate column!"

"Now, I," said the explorer, with a twinkle, "have carried on in the past, reckon upon the present, and live in the future. I think my plan the most satisfactory, but perhaps it pays better for men than for women."

"It would be an interesting question to know what does pay women," someone asked.

"Women," pronounced Algernon, "don't need to be paid; they are supported."

"Then, I suppose," said Pam, "we pay you for being insupportable. It certainly explains a good deal. But if you come to think of it, we don't get much fun for our money. It would pay us, perhaps, if you played fair, if you really bought all the amusing things in life, and handed them on to us; but so much of that sort of thing stops with the middleman, it doesn't get handed on."

"I think Pam's growing clever," said Algernon. "It ought to be stopped. Somebody told me the other day I had a clever wife. It annoyed me awfully, but I'll be hanged if I'll let anyone tell me I have a clever sister as well. A man must draw a line somewhere."

Kathleen rose and laughed. "You can draw all the lines you like," she said. "That's what I think men are for—to draw lines, that women may step over them. There would really be nothing in stepping over lines if men didn't draw them for us!"

Clifford's eyes sought Pamela's. Pamela was looking at Kathleen. Nothing passed between them; their eyes met as sentinels relieving each other at a dangerous outpost.

After Pamela left the room, Clifford Lynn knew that there was nothing else anywhere—nothing else at all.

The soft summer twilight lingered late upon the terrace; a band of yellow hung in the west between the jagged purple clouds; from time to time a flash of heat lightning opened a door in the sky and closed it again, with a faint reverberation of thunder. It was the hour when every blossom seems to yield its heart up in fragrance to the evening. The scent of honeysuckle, of roses, of ghostly white tobacco plants, passed in waves of sweetness across the garden. From time to time the sharp, sobbing note of a settling bird, speaking, and not singing, the last word of the day, struck across the gathering silence.

Clifford Lynn felt the spirit of the night press upon him in intolerable desire; his blood sang in his ears, and his heart beat thickly, as if he had been running to escape the pursuit of a deadly fear. He heard Kathleen's light peals of laughter at the other end of the terrace. Pamela stood a little apart, talking to the explorer, but when Clifford drew near the explorer turned away.

"May I speak to you?" Clifford muttered. Pamela turned her head and looked at him. There was a good deal of wonder in her eyes, but no fear, and no consciousness.

"Oh, yes," she said, "of course. Let us sit here." She chose a seat in full view of the group on the terrace. It was out of ear-shot. Then she leaned back, and drew in a long breath of the fragrant night. Her eyes wandered across the garden to the faint lightning in the west.

"Pam," he said quickly, "Pam." Then, indeed, consciousness came to her in a surprised and angry wave. Her eyes blazed at him.

"How dare you?" she said. "Never use that name again!" She rose as if to leave him, but something in his imploring eyes stopped her. They were full of tears and wild with pain. Looking at him, she saw suddenly across a wide abyss a feeble ghost of her own lost agony.

"Hush, hush!" she said gently as if she were speaking to a frightened child. "It's all gone now—it's all forgotten. Don't you know that it's dead?"

"Ah, not for me!" he cried. "Don't you see I love you! love you! love you! I'm mad and dazed and blind for love of you! You're my life! The very air I breathe is you! I am suffocated and lost and broken if you won't listen to me! Kill me if you like, but in mercy don't treat me as if you were not you, but some strange woman with your eyes, your lips, your hair! Oh, God! you're too beautiful! There's nothing I won't do for you. My whole life—" He stopped short. Something in her eyes stopped him. It was not scorn, it was not anger; it was simply weariness. She looked very tired. "Why, why," he stammered, "you don't love me! I thought you loved me! You can never have loved me!"

"I didn't mean to make you suffer," Pamela replied in a low voice. "I didn't think the question would arise. Why should it? Think for a moment. It was of your own free will you left me. Why should I for a moment have supposed you would have changed your will? As a matter of fact, I didn't think anything about it. When I saw you here to-night I thought it was an accident. I'm very sorry if I've hurt you; I don't like giving people pain."

"People," he groaned. "Can you speak of me like that?"

Pamela frowned. "How else should I speak of you?" she asked a little coldly. "Once, it is true, you were The Great Exception. Now you are the rule; the rule, you know, that is proved by being the great exception! If you mind, I'm sorry; but I didn't make the rule.

"Now, Mr. Lynn, I'm not going to talk to you any more, or see you any more. What's the use? It would only make you sad. I should like it so much better if you could go away not feeling bitter, or wronged, or unhappy, because, you see, there is nothing to feel bitter about!"

"Nothing," he interrupted argrily. "Nothing! My whole life is ruined!"

"No, it isn't," said Pamela quickly. "Nobody, fortunately, can ruin our lives. They can try, but they can't do it. Good-bye." She rose as she spoke, and turned towards the group on the terrace.

"Nothing," he interrupted angrily. "Nothing!"

Kathleen came forward as if she were going to speak to him, but Pamela slipped her arm in Kathleen's and drew her away. Kathleen gave her a quick glance. Pamela smiled, and gently shook her head.

"Don't want to be unkind," she said, "because things are always unkind enough."

Kathleen stood looking at her for a moment. "If I'd been you," she said, "and seen what you've seen, I'd have tortured that man before I let him go"

Pamela shook her head again.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't, Kathleen. You think you would, but you would not. You can't go on slapping a selfish child; and if the selfish child was once the man you loved, there isn't any pain you wouldn't spare him, except to be again the woman that he thinks he loves."

Clifford Lynn sat with his face buried in his hands. He was suffering, suffering horribly, and there was nothing, there was no one, who could share his pain. Even his wife was dead. In his head, like the swinging of a pendulum, rang out two unmeaning, torturing words, "Everything!—nothing! nothing—everything!" They might have been the epitome of his life.

Then the artist woke in him for a quivering and astonished moment, and he saw there was nothing left him but himself; and for the first time in his life he did not want—himself.

From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

THE TRIUMPH OF THE ZEPPELIN

"But mother had done nothing wrong, had she, daddy?"

WITH CANADIANS from the FRONT

By Lacey Amy

VII.—THE NON-COMBATANTS

ALL who don khaki are not fighters or Red Cross men. Another class has sprung up with the new conditions of war: the Pioneer Battalions, the sappers and miners and wirers. They are the labourers of the force, the men who take strange risks against which they can scarcely protect themselves. Their work is never finished, idleness is never more than enforced at the point of a gun. With the big guns roaring about them their duties continue, increase, oblivious to the fortunes of the struggle in which they indirectly take such an important share.

Day and night are the same to some of them. To others night and darkness provide the only protection they know. But some time their toil must be performed. The Pioneers are pioneers indeed, first on the new ground where the deserted, battered trenches of the enemy must be rebuilt without loss of time for their new occupants, always fighting against conditions that seem to conspire to impede them. Like the fighters, they are not fair-weather soldiers; but, unlike the soldiers, the resting enemy affords them no rest.

In the German army the Pioneers and sappers form an integral part of the combatant forces. When there is no fighting they are working. When their friends go "out over the top" they are in the thick of it. That is one reason why they are a larger proportion of the soldiers in the front lines. In the British army they are called on to fight only in extreme cases. In such a struggle as that at St. Julien, when the enemy was held up only by the grim grit of every man in the Canadian camps, they are able to prove that, under necessity, they can handle a rifle as well as a pick. But even the camp cooks and roustabouts were called into that affray. Every arm that could pull a trigger or throw a bomb figured in the repulse which added the grandest battle-page to Canadian history.

But these charmen of the army are not left to the charman's standing in society. The boys who make things possible, who make impossible the worst of the enemy's menaces, who offer to their friends that protection which could come from no other source, are not apt to be looked down on in an army where every man has his part—and it makes no difference whether he was a clergyman or a billiard marker. Digging trenches, piling up a parapet, gouging out a dug-out for others to enjoy, laying a trench mat, clearing the water and mud from about the soldiers' feet—it all gives them an importance which is appreciated at its real value in the scheme of things. And even back in

camp they are not allowed to rust, for a camp is a huge house to look after. Then at night they may form a burying party, that evaded task of the soldier's daily life, with a chaplain mumbling reverently but hurriedly the service in the blackness of a cemetery within reach of the enemy's machine-guns.

Plug—plug—plug is the routine of the soldier who lifts pick and shovel as his share of the great war.

The miners are as real miners as those who seek coal or gold from the depths of the earth. Indeed many of them were miners in civilian life. The Maritime Provinces have supplied hundreds of miners from their coalfields, men inured to underground life and work, accustomed to the back flaying task in impure air, trained to play with gunpowder, to sense subterranean dangers, experienced in the demands of safety where an accident is certain death. England's miners have responded by the thousands, many of them engaged at their ordinary wages in a task that requires an expertness equal to that demanded of the army General.

Never, day or night, are the tunnelers of either side idle along those hundreds of miles of front. Down beneath the mud and cold of the trenches above, the snow and rain, the thunder of guns and the tearing of shells, the advance and retreat of struggling millions, the miners swing along foot by foot farther and farther towards the enemy, cutting the shafts and drifts and galleries that will some day play an important part in the defeat of the enemy. And the men above never forget it. To them the menace of the unsuspected mine is more terrible than a score of attacks.

Tunnels vary in size and length and shape as they do in the pursuits of peace. Usually about three feet wide and four to five feet high, they advance about a foot an hour, two miners using the pick while two others carry back the loosened earth. If it is to be a long tunnel it will sink as far into the earth as sixty feet before striking its level. In that case it probably starts back in the supporting trenches and sinks either straight into the earth or by a slope. The extreme depth of a long tunnel is necessitated by the fact that an obstruction of water or rock is surmounted only by rising, and in a tunnel of a mile many upward deflections may be necessary. As it progresses it is shored up every three feet by timbers brought in by working parties during the night. The loosened earth is removed in sandbags that are used as parapet or emptied somewhere out of sight of the enemy. For the earth from a tunnel is recognizable, and the entire value of a mine is its surprise.

Over all these operations a mining officer, an engineer, has charge, performing the task as accurately according to plan as his facilities permit.

Some of these tunnels are the products of more than a year of unbroken work. As this is written there are at the front certain huge tunnels about which the soldiers speak in awed voices. Extending on and on, they pass beneath two, three, four enemy lines, even back beneath towns in which the enemy thinks himself secure, under artillery emplacements which will one day be marked only by a tremendous hole in the ground. When the time comes for advance these mines will play a part that will effect the results.

At the great fight at Hooge a German mine blew up almost an entire company of Canadians. The boys are going to exact retribution.

Four to eight hours at a stretch the miners toil underground, coming to the surface "for a blow" as the quality of the air and their experience demand. Fresh air is pumped in by bellows through pipes, but only the most modern ventilating system would purify the air of some of these larger tunnels.

And all the time an enemy mine

may be near, awaiting the moment when it may be blown up with greatest damage. The only defence against a mine is a counter-mine. Groups of enemy miners may tunnel within hearing of each other, both feverishly seeking the advantage of level where the other may be destroyed. When the enemy's mining is suspected a counter-tunnel may be hurried out towards it and blown up in its path, thus blocking its progress by means of what is known as a *camouflet*.

Another kind of tunnel has proved itself especially serviceable to the Canadians. At an exposed point where a hill ranges behind the front lines a tunnel was dug beneath the hill to provide safe passage for the incoming and outgoing troops. Six feet in height, it is a luxury that has saved its hundreds of lives, for it prevents an exposed movement within easy range of an effective German artillery that here has every foot under fire.

A third variety of tunnel is that utilized as a listening-post. One of the wounded Canadian miners has told me that the strangest feeling he had at the front was when he lay only four feet or less beneath the feet of a trenchful of Germans, hearing them with perfect safety converse and laugh and play their musical instruments almost within reach of his hand. A charge of gunpowder would have blown up the entire company, but the spying value of the tunnel was greater than its destructive value. From that listening-post we were kept informed of every enemy movement in the immediate vicinity, with some knowledge of their gun emplacements, their working parties, their night patrols, and their suspicions of the movements of the enemy before them. There is always the chance that the conversation of the front line is within the hearing of the enemy.

The sappers are the privates of the Engineers. They take charge of fatigue parties for digging trenches, building parapets, laying trench-mats, guarding ammunition dumps and stores, and of the thousand and one duties for which men must be detailed. In most of these the knowledge of engineering, however slight, is of value.

The wirers have a particularly unpleasant job. Not so expert as the miners, they are, nevertheless, selected for this task which takes them always within reach of the enemy rifles and machine-guns, of flares, of bombing and patrol parties, of every sniper who looks out towards the lines for a chance shot. Barb wire, while it is a curse to friend and foe in the wrong place, is as necessary for protection and rest as the sentinels themselves. Its only place of usefulness is in the most dangerous part of the front, where only darkness offers protection to the men who stretch it. And the Germans have an unpleasant habit of turning loose a machine gun or two without provocation; and a machine gun may wipe out an entire company of wirers without knowing it. When the wirer goes out into No Man's Land he simply takes a big swallow —and his life in his hands. At the first sound of a Veery light, before it has had a chance to light up the ground, the wirer throws himself on his face or turns to stone and escapes notice by mere lack of movement.

His fate is less disagreeable to-day with the improvement in the style of fence. At first the posts were wooden, and had to be driven in. Even when they were made of iron in the next stage, they still were pounded in where noise was the last thing desired. The Germans first developed the new idea, the screw post, but the British quickly followed, the only difference in the two styles used being that the British posts did not have the arms that were a characteristic of the German variety. Now a wiring party goes out into the danger zone and works in silence. The posts are four feet high and eight feet apart, with a low post midway be-

tween. The barb wire, which at first was wired to the wooden posts, then strung through poles in the early iron posts, is now simply looped over hooks on the posts. From high post to high post it runs, with other wires proceeding downwards to the low posts, thus making a network impossible to pass through without cutting.

Comment has long been made on the maze of wires that protects the German lines, the deduction being that the enemy is much more afraid of surprise attacks than are our men, so nervous, in fact, that he is willing sometimes to wire himself in as well as wire our soldiers out. And patrol and listening-post is considered to be an integral feature of the British war scheme.

The strain of continued wiring must be tremendous. S., a Toronto-born lad who enlisted in the West, was sent from the trenches to hospital with a complication of diseases, among them being a weakness of the heart. Arriving in England for treatment, he fumed at the enforced inaction, for, although feeling at times almost as well as ever, he was ordered to bed. He knew it was unlikely that he would see the trenches again, and back in Canada a very sick sister and mother called to him to return. It seemed to him, too, that only in Canada would there be relief to the lung trouble that was one of his ailments.

Of course his only chance was to remain in bed, an order which he consistently ignored at every opportunity. He was a dark, suspicious-eyed fellow, fostering the idea that the world was against him, and to every effort at restraint he opposed a watchful silence or an explosive disgust. The knowledge that came to him gradually that the doctors were not frank with him increased his insubordination, and finally one evening I undertook to put his case frankly before him. It was a seemingly useless task, for when I called the next two nights he was out. On the fourth evening I was prevented from visiting the hospital, and a message was delivered to me from him that he was remaining in bed at last. I understood. For a week I saw him every day, and for another week he stuck faithfully to his word. Then he was allowed up, and to give himself some interest in life he established a barbershop in the hospital. It brightened him up wonderfully. And there he remained, seeing ahead of himself in the end a reasonable recovery that could be attained only with extreme care.

His weak constitution and bad family record were scarcely the foundations on which to build a wirer's career.

Of course there are thousands of others in khaki who not only have not fought the enemy but have not even seen them, who could scarcely be called soldiers in any sense of the word. Many of these have landed in the non-combatant service from choice. For instance, the Canadian War Records Office in London was filled with them, until a "man-power board" yielded to public clamour and cleaned a lot of them out for the work for which they were supposed to enlist. But "man-power boards" are more for the public eye than for real "combing-out", and still many continue to draw good pay without more danger than threatens in the life of London. There have been, too, in these offices many who were not permitted to go to the front, because their faithfulness to the work in hand made their presence in London desirable. What they suffered from was the quality of their work. The young fellow who loafed on his job and filled no essential place in the offices was—unless he had the "pull"—cleaned out for active service, while those who were eager to do everything they touched with all their energies were put down as "indispensable", although they were usually the ones who had enlisted to be real soldiers. In addition there were a number upon whom sick-

ness fell before they could cross the Channel. So that not by any means all the clerks in the War Records Office were shirkers.

Of the didn't-want-to's I came across an interesting example who for many months had succeeded in evading discovery. He was admitted to the hospital where I met him with what appeared to be shellshock. It was a well-defined case. I saw him first seated on a bench in the blazing sun (of which England had experienced none for weeks previously) but in his surly, cynical face was a hopelessness and disgust with life that seemed to call for sympathy. His right knee thrown over his left twitched spasmodically and he watched it with sneering contempt and disgust.

From the first word I found him "fed up" with everything—the many hospitals he had been in, the weather, the state of his health, the food and treatment he had received at everyone's hands. He was explosive in language, irritable, almost vicious, with a face from which every gleam of pleasure seemed to have taken permanent leave. At times it was impossible to get a word out of him until some impulse started him, when he would hiss and sputter out his anathema until it was considered wise to keep the poisons out of his reach. The only treatment seemed to be to rouse his interest in something outside himself, and at first he was put on the mess. For a few days he improved, and then he began to complain of the clatter of the dishes. He was set at gardening, but something or other there did not agree with him and he was put to making chicken coops. For a few weeks the young chickens did seem to be working a cure.

I came to understand his case and the reason for his eternal grouch, as well as for his transference from hospital to hospital. He had not only never been at the front but he had tried every means to escape being sent. At Shorncliffe his leg was injured by being thrown from a horse, but his "shellshock" was sheer fear. In the hospital where he was undergoing treatment for his leg the inmates quickly diagnosed his case and laid themselves out to make him undergo some, at least, of the suffering, even though he never got to the trenches. They piled on him such terrible stories of the life in the trenches, the suffering, the danger, the misery and injuries that he developed shellshock without having heard a big gun. It is an established fact that the boys who have been in the trenches have nothing but contempt for the khaki-clad pseudo-soldiers who prefer a safe job in England to taking a term in the active fighting.

Of the other kind who were prevented from reaching the front one whom we will call R. is a good example. R., a Westerner, had enlisted with the C.A.M.C. Always before him he held the picture of the good he might do as a stretcher-bearer up in No Man's Land. After very little training he was sent to England and there his training stopped. His earnestness and indefatigability earned for him right away one of those positions of drudgery that come to the faithful, in order that some officer may have at his beck and call the best workers in the army. He became a batman to an officer, and such a good one that his delivery to the active forces was not to be thought of. In the course of many changes he reached a convalescent home, not as a patient but as one of the staff whose duties were to scrub and sweep and clean and perform other tasks within the powers of wounded soldiers unfit for the front. Transferred to another convalescent home, he came to my notice. He was never idle. No need to point out what needed attention; R. always saw it and attended to it. When the ordinary work of the staff orderly failed, he filled in his time in a little garden he commenced to make in waste ground.

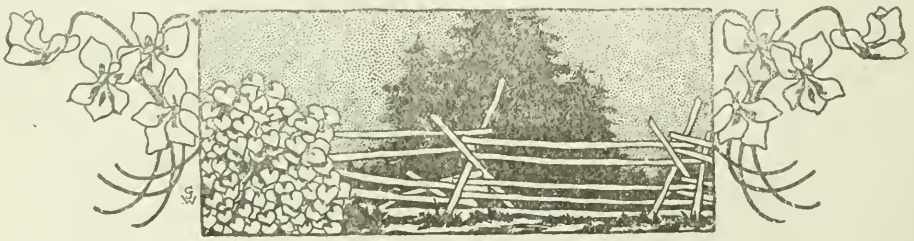
He was too good for the trenches, of course, said the officers.

He became a silent lad, moving about his work with a wordless suffering behind his patience that was pathetic. It was in a moment of confidence that I obtained his story. He had never been "crimed," never been even lectured save when he pleaded to get to the front. Strong and clear-eyed, he was at first sight the very man to have about anywhere. Had he dared he would have removed the red cross from his arm, "for," said he, "anyone can do this work. I thought I might be of use out there at the front," he moaned. "They told me they needed stretcher-bearers when I enlisted."

I was able to obtain for him his wish, and the last word I had from him, written in a Y.M.C.A. hut at the front, was the gratitude of a happy soldier at last within sound of the guns. The flotsam in the eddies and back currents of military red tape and discipline is sometimes as pathetic as the suffering of the wounded and nerve-stricken.

Another, a Russian, who enlisted in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, came over to England as a gunner, full of the enthusiasm that so often characterizes that branch of the service. When about ready to leave for the front, at Shorncliffe his gun backfired. Once before it had done the same without serious injury to any of the crew, but the second time it caught five of them. The other four recovered, but the Russian's heart had been too badly tampered with. In the hospital he struggled hard with his malady. Time after time as the medical officer inspected the boys he put on the best face he knew how, but the trained ear heard the murmur of the weak heart and turned the Russian back. Long since I lost track of him but at the last he was becoming reconciled to return to Canada without a taste of that for which he had enlisted.

As sad as any are the cases of those who took sick in the training camps in England through no fault of their own. The exposure of that first camp at Salisbury Plains will stand for many years a discredit to the authorities. How many of the boys contracted through it pneumonia or rheumatism, tuberculosis, kidney trouble or the other diseases resultant from such outrageous mud and exposure I do not know. That any of them came through it is surprising. English weather, combined, perhaps, with a certain recklessness on the part of the boys, has claimed a toll that has decreased as experience taught the best methods of combatting it. So that to-day the Canadian soldier who has no chance to reach France is becoming a rarity. In that stands the protection of these who would be real soldiers.



THE FIRST CANADIANS IN FRANCE

By F. McKelvey Bell

CHAPTER IX.

EVERY military unit at the the front has its mascot. Our's was no exception; in fact we overdid it, and became a sort of home for pets of all shapes and sizes, from Jean, a little French boy of nine years of age, who wandered in one day from Soissons, to Nursing Sister Marlow's baby goat.

Jean's mother was dead; his father was fighting at the front, and the little chap being, as we discovered later, of a migratory disposition, forsook his native haunts and "took the trail". How or why he came to us, no one knows, but he liked our company, so he stayed.

A small boy being the only sort of animal we had not already adopted, was hailed with joy, and before two days had passed, we had taken up a collection and bought him a complete military uniform, from cap to boots. He couldn't speak a word of English —but he was a boy, and as we too had been boys not so very long ago we understood one another from the start. Jean picked up English words with disturbing rapidity. He had learned several distinct and artistic varieties of oaths before we were aware he understood at all.

Jean and the goat had much in common. They had both been cast upon a warlike world at a tender age. They had both adopted us, and both accepted their living from us with gracious condescension.

According to world-wide custom, the goat was promptly nick-named Billy, although he was a mere bundle of lank gray wool with legs so long that it must have made him dizzy every time he viewed the earth below. He was just strong enough to stagger over to the nursing-bottle which Jean held out in his grimy fist.

Jogman loved Jean; Jean loved the goat, and the goat loved Jogman. Thus was established a circle into which none might break.

"Dat's a hand fer ye'," Tim commented to Jogman, as the pair watched Jean feeding the goat. "A hand like dat ain't friends wit' soap an' water, but de goat ain't too pertickler."

"I washed him about an hour ago," Jogman replied defensively, "but ye' can't keep th' boy clean—he ain't happy without dirt."

Jean sat upon the ground as they spoke, still holding the nursing-bottle up to Billy's greedy mouth. He understood only a little of what they

were saying, but looked up quickly at the last few words.

"I'm happy here—me," he cried. "*Bien content.* Damn!"

The expletive was addressed to Billy, who with a sudden tug had pulled the bottle from his hand.

"Do ye' know where small boys that swear go?" asked Jogman reprovingly.

"Big boys what swear go to de war," Jean contended, "an' me soldier too."

"If ye do it again I'll send ye back to yer aunt at Soissons," said Jogman.

The child sprang to his feet at once, and catching him by the hand cried tearfully: "No! No! No! Not back to Soissons—"Oh, *Je vous en prie, non!*"

What strange fear had driven him from home? He couldn't or wouldn't explain it; but he was in great dread of being sent back, and this dread was the one thing that influenced him.

"Well, well," said Jogman soothingly; "be a good boy, an' don't swear no more—then we kin keep ye' with us."

Jogman had a good heart, but a bad stomach—it's difficult to get a perfect combination. Jogman drank; so did the goat, but they imbibed from different bottles and with different results. Jogman had been on his good behaviour for almost two weeks—his money had run out. But pay day came at last and trouble always followed in its wake.

Thirty dollars—more than one hundred and fifty francs in French money—was enough to turn the head of any soldier. With a bulging pocket the Tommy's heart throbbed nervously, until he got a chance to "blow it in". But before this fortuitous undertaking was completed Jogman had signally disgraced himself and us. Tim accosted him as he was leaving the hospital grounds:

"Where are ye' goin'?" he demanded.

"Goin' to town to see th' sights," Jogman returned, with a wide grin.

"Some sights—dose gals," Tim growled. "Remember yer failin' an' don't hit de can too hard. I can't bear seein' ye' doin' mor'n six days 'First Field' per week."

Jogman had good cause to know to what form of military punishment Tim alluded. He had already had several trials of it.

Paris-plage was only two miles distant, and its smart cafés and pretty girls called irresistibly to the lonely boys. The girls, however, never worried Jogman. His life was full when his stomach was full, and the fumes of *cognac* or *whiskey blanc* beckoned him like a siren's smile. Loaded down with his full month's pay and with a twenty-four-hour pass in his pocket, he took the shortest path through the forest towards his objective.

The day was clear and almost warm, and the soft breeze droned lazily through the pines. As he reached the edge of the wood he saw before him the sand dunes rolling gently toward the sea. There was a weird fascination about those great hollows and hills of sand. Time and the wind had beaten them so firmly that one might tread upon their crusted surface and scarce leave a footprint. Craters as large as the Roman Coliseum, surrounded by tufted grass, spread before his gaze but he tramped stolidly on, hardly conscious of the lonely beauty of his environment. All that Jogman saw was the top of the large French hospital which marked the edge of the town and stood out clearly against the deep blue of the sea.

When he came to the highest point of the dunes, he idly noticed the strange house surmounting it—a dwelling made from an overturned fishing-smack, with door and windows in its side. But a little farther on a habitation, stranger still, by accident attracted his attention. He had lain down for a moment's rest beside some bushes, and on turning his head he was surprised to see a small window

on a level with his eyes. The house was buried in the sand; its little door, scarce big enough to permit a man's body to pass through, was cunningly hidden by the brush and grass. Whoever lived within was hiding from the world.

Jogman got upon his knees and thrust the brush aside; he pried open the window and peered within. He saw a small room, neatly furnished with bed and rug and chair. A dresser stood against the wall. An electric light hung from the ceiling, but no wires were visible without. The clothes still lying upon the bed, the overturned chair and the remains of a lunch upon the table all spoke of a hasty departure. Perhaps it had been the secret home of a German spy. If so, he had decamped.

Dismissing idle speculation, but making a mental note for future reference, Jogman rose and proceeded on his quest. He soon found himself in the streets of that lively little town which has been aptly called the Monte Carlo of northern France. Its big gambling casinos had long since been turned to better use, and the beds of wounded soldiers now replaced the gaming tables and *petits chevaux*.

Hurrying through the "Swiss Village" and scarce taking time to acknowledge the greetings of a Belgian lassie who waved her hand from a shop window as he passed, he entered the Café Central and seating himself at one of the little round tables forthwith called for a drink. The barmaid approached him.

"M'sieur veut?" she asked at once.

"Gimme a glass of Scotch an' soda," Jogman demanded.

"Ees eet wiskie, m'sieur desire?" she queried in broken English.

"Yes—whiskey—big glass," said Jogman picturing the size with his two hands.

"Oui, m'sieur."

She filled his glass. He drank it thirstily and called for another. Several more followed their predecessors, and being now comfortably alight he proceeded up street, seeking new worlds to conquer.

The butcher-shop door stood invitingly open. Jogman entered unsteadily; what maudlin idea was fermenting in his brain none but himself might say. The fat butcher, meat axe in hand and pencil behind ear, approached to take his order.

"Bonjour, monsieur!" he said.

Jogman placed one hand upon the slab, the better to steady the shop which, ignoring the law of gravity, was reeling in most unshoply fashion.

"Bone Dewar, yerself!" he cried, incensed at being addressed in an unintelligible language. "Why th' hell can't ye speak English—like a—white man?"

How often we, too, have been unreasonably irritated by a foreign and incomprehensible tongue! Jogman's sense of injustice was preternaturally keen just then. The butcher was a trifle alarmed at his attitude, without in the least understanding the cause.

"Qu'est ce que vous voulez, monsieur?" he demanded nervously.

"Drop that hatchet," cried his irrational customer, making a step forward. "Drop it, er I'll drop you."

The unfortunate shopkeeper grasped his weapon more firmly still, and stood tremulously on the defensive.

"I'll learn ye to do as yer told!" shouted Jogman, and seizing a large knife from the slab he rushed at the frightened man, who ran screaming into the street with Jogman in hot pursuit.

The sight of a British soldier brandishing a meat knife and chasing a fellow citizen along the main street was terrifying in the extreme to the peaceful denizens of the town. They ran shrieking for help, bolting into their shops or houses, and barring the doors as if the devil himself with a regiment of imps on horseback was at their heels.

Jogman had cleared the *Rue de Londres* and in the pride of drunken

conquest was about to attack the lesser streets, when the military police hove in sight. The disturbance interrupted Sergeant Honk, much to his annoyance, in a monosyllabic conversation, which he was holding with a pretty French girl. He humped himself around the corner just in time to see the sergeant of police take the belligerent Jogman by the scruff of the neck and the seat of his breeches and heave him into a waiting ambulance.

Honk returned to his Juliette. She had retired to her balcony and refused to descend. Honk lifted his voice appealingly from the street:

"Hi say! Down't ye' be afeered; 'e won't come back, an' 'e wouldn't 'urt ye when hi 'm 'ere. Come hon down!"

But Juliette was obdurate; she turned a deaf ear to his entreaties.

"Merci. Je ne descends point!" she returned.

This was about as intelligible to Honk as Chinese script, but he understood the shake of the head all too well.

"Blast 'im!" he grumbled. "Them bloomin' blokes what drinks is goin' to 'ave th' 'ole bleedin' town habout our hears. Th' gals won't look at a decent feller soon." And he forthwith went to drown his sorrow in a mug of beer.

Honk's complaint was soon verified by the facts. Jogman's fame flew from house to house with such rapidity that in less than twenty-four hours the French had learned an English phrase which it cost our lads several months of good conduct to eradicate. It was simple and to the point: "Canadians no good!" For weeks afterward it was shouted at them every time they entered the village. The populace gathered in little groups close to their own homes, while a few of the more timid locked themselves in and shouted through the shutters these same humiliating words.

As Jogman was brought into the guard-room, Barker caught a glimpse of him.

"Well," Barker cried in scathing criticism; "Th' colonel said I wuz th' *first* t' disgrace th' unit. By cripes; I wusn't th' last. You sure made a good job uv it!"

The colonel was a busy man. His day was as varied and colourful as Job's coat. When it wasn't the vegetable woman who had to be bartered with, it was the iceman who sought, with true French business acumen, to show him why he wasn't really overcharged, although the bill was three times what the natives had to pay.

Alvred had been installed as "Interpreter", and throughout all these ridiculous and unsatisfactory arguments maintained a face as impassive as an English butler at a club dinner.

If the electric light bill to the former tenant was eighty francs a month, and our bill was three hundred francs for the same period, monsieur was assured on word of honour that the party of the first part was undercharged and would forthwith be requested to pay the difference. But one thing was certain, the account against us was *always* correct.

When the colonel had finished these little business details he was hurried away to the operating-room. A serious case was awaiting his skilled hand. The patient, whose thigh had been shattered with a rifle bullet, was lying upon the table waiting patiently to be etherized. The colonel stepped over to pass a kindly word with him before he was put to sleep.

"And how are you this morning?" he inquired.

"Oh, verra weel in meself," the poor fellow answered, with a ready smile, "but ma leg is a bit troublesome. I hope ye won't hae t' cut it off, sir."

"Oh, I think not," the colonel declared reassuringly. "I expect it won't be as serious as that."

"In course, sir, ye'll dae whichever ye think best, but I hae a wife an twa wee bairnies at hame, an' I were thinkin' as how I'd be better able tae dae for them wi' baith ma legs."

"We'll do our very best to save it," the colonel answered.

In a few minutes we were dressed in our white gowns and caps. The X-ray plates were brought in and placed in the illuminator for us to see the exact damage done. The thigh bone was badly splintered for a distance of three inches, and one large piece was torn away. We hoped to be able to put a steel plate upon the bone and, by screwing it down, draw the fragments together with some fair chance of having them unite. This is a delicate operation; it not only demands considerable skill, but the operating facilities must be perfect.

Fortunately our operating-room was ideal, with its white enamelled walls and marble basins, its rubber covered floor, the most modern of surgical appliances, and, most important of all, a staff of highly trained nurses. It was as ideal as science could make it.

With a bright keen knife the incision was made down to the bone. Alas! It was hopelessly fractured. For a space of several inches there was nothing but tiny fragments, and the one long loose piece we had seen in the X-ray plate. The colonel turned and said:

"What a pity! The space is so large, the bone will never regenerate. This leg should come off, but I promised to try and save it."

We discussed the situation for a few moments, and finally decided to try an experiment. The loose piece of bone had not yet been thrown away. Might it be used as a splint? We fitted it in between the upper and lower fragment—it was just long enough to be wedged between. We drilled a hole through either end and fastened it firmly with silver wire. Would it grow or decay there? We had grave doubts, and time alone would tell.

Let no one imagine that in the thousands of operations performed at the front surgeons become careless. Every case is a special one; every Tommy the private patient of the Empire. The surgeon's responsibility is as great—and he feels it to—in that far-away land as it is at home.

We put the limb in a plaster cast to hold it firm. It had been a clean wound, with no infection, and we had hope Six weeks later the bone had united fairly well, and in three months McPherson was able to walk!

But when this operation was done the colonel's troubles were by no means over for the day. It was ten o'clock, and "office" must be held. This miniature military police court sits every morning, with the commanding officer as judge. If the court is small, it is by no means unimportant. Jogman realized this, as he stood waiting with the guard and witnesses in the hall, the day after his great *débacle*.

The colonel and adjutant were seated in due state, being in full service dress, which, as distinct from undress, comprises belt and cap. The sergeant-major, in equally dread attire, ordered the guard and prisoner (the latter being minus both belt and cap, him) to "Shun! Right turn! Quick march! Halt! Righ turn!" and the whole squad was in line, awaiting "office".

The colonel's face wore a tired and worried expression; his smile had disappeared. The sergeant-major announced:

"Private Jogman, sir!"

The Adjutant read the charge sheet: "Number 17462, Private James Jogman, is accused with conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, in that he, on the afternoon of the 21st instant at 4 p.m., in the village of Paris-plage, was disorderly."

The colonel turned to the accused.

"Private Jogman," he said, "you have heard the charge against you, as read. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, sir," Jogman muttered shamefacedly.

Sergeant Honk, as a witness, expressed his surprise by an almost imperceptible lifting of the brush of red hair which did service in lieu of

eyebrows. The sergeant-major's lip curled slightly. The colonel's face remained immobile.

"Read the written statement of the military police," he commanded.

The adjutant did so. Each line was correct and convincing. The accused, when asked, declined to express an opinion on it.

"Who is the first witness?" the colonel asked.

"Sergeant Honk, sir."

"Sergeant Honk, what do you know of this case?" demanded the colonel.

"Sir; h'on the afternoon of the twenty-first, at about four o'clock, Hi was talkin' to a lady hon the main street of Paree-plaige, when Hi 'eard th' devil of a row (beg pardon, sir, it slipped h'out afore I thought").

"Go on," said the colonel dryly, "I daresay what you say is quite correct."

Thus encouraged, Honk resumed with morose enthusiasm: "Hi says to th' young lady, says Hi, somethin's broke loose 'ere.' The women and men was a-screamin' an' runnin' into their 'ouses. Hi runs to the corner as fast as me legs could carry me." (Jogman looked instinctively at Honk's queer limbs, as if he were about to do a mental calculation of his speed, but was immediately called to attention by the sergeant-major.)

"When Hi got there, Hi see th' prisoner goin' like h—— (h'excuse me, sir); well, 'e were goin' some, I tell 'e, with a butcher's knife in 'is mit—"

"Did he appear intoxicated?" the colonel interrupted.

"'Orrible drunk, Hi calls it, sir. 'E were that same, sir; and afore Hi gets to 'im, th' sergeant o' police 'ad 'im by th' seat of 'is pants an' 'oisted 'im into the waggin!"

"Have you any questions to put to the witness?" the colonel asked.

"Yes, sir," Jogman replied. "Will Sergeant Honk state, sir, how many beers he had inside him when he thought he seed me in the street?"

The unfortunate Honk turned a deeper hue of red, and shuffled uncomfortably from one foot to the other.

"Your question is not allowed," the colonel replied sternly. "There is plenty of other evidence to show that Sergeant Honk's vision was reasonably accurate."

Other witnesses were called, but the evidence was all equally damning. At last the colonel asked the prisoner if he had any further defence to offer.

Jogman replied: "Yes, sir. Last month I fell from the boiler and my head has been queer ever since. When I take a drink I don't know what I'm doin'. I don't remember anything about all this."

And the colonel replied: "This month you fell from the water waggon, and your head is queerer than before. For the crime of which you are guilty you might be shot; but I intend being lenient with you, on one condition."

Jogman looked up expectantly.

"And that is that you sign the pledge that you will not touch another drop of liquor while you are in France."

Honk looked as if he thought this worse than being shot. Jogman glanced furtively at the colonel's face; he had never seen him look so severe before. It was a big sacrifice, but it could not be avoided. He heaved a sigh and replied slowly: "I'll—sign."

"Right turn, quick march!" cried the sergeant-major; and "office" was over for the day. Remorseful recollection of the pledge he had just signed clouded Jogman's brow.

"He's gone an' spoiled th' whole war for me," he groaned, as they led him away.

PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN

By Emily P. Weaver

III.—MRS. TRAILL AND MRS. MOODIE: PIONEERS IN LITERATURE

THE first of Canadian novels was written by a woman, Mrs. Frances Brooke, wife of the chaplain of the garrison at Quebec. This book, "The History of Emily Montague", issued in four small volumes by a London publisher in 1784, is a somewhat complicated love-story, interspersed with descriptions of Canadian scenes and manners in the eighteenth century. It is by no means devoid of interest, though it is cast in epistolary form and takes the formidable number of two hundred and twenty-six letters to get the lovers happily married.

After this early example of woman's literary activity, there was a long break of nearly half a century before the two sisters, whose names stand at the head of this page, began to write in and of this country. At that date "the woman that writes" was something of a curiosity amongst Canadians. But Canadians these two Englishwomen became, in that they spent the remainder of their long lives here; and upon the whole they served their adopted country well by attracting attention to her in days when population was needed even more than now. Both Mrs. Traill and Mrs. Moodie wrote numerous tales and sketches dealing with life in Canada. In addition, Mrs. Traill made a special study of the plants and flowers of this new land.

Of the younger sister, Mr. W. D. Lighthall, when calling attention to the strength of Canadian literature "in lady singers", in his introduction to "Canadian Poems and Lays", has this to say:

"Even from the beginning—fifty years ago, for there was no native poetry to speak of before that—we had Susanna Moodie, one of the famous Strickland sisters, authoress of 'Roughing it in the Bush', who gave us the best verses we had during many years and some of the most patriotic."

Mrs. Traill and Mrs. Moodie were the younger daughters of the extraordinarily literary family of Robert Strickland, of Reydon Hall, near Southwold, on the east coast of England. Of the nine children six had a share in writing books of more or less importance, though Elizabeth, the eldest, who collaborated with Agnes Strickland in the composition of the "Lives of the Queens of England", and the "Lives of the Queens of Scotland", declined to allow her name to

appear on the title pages of these monumental works. Of the six writers, three settled in Canada, including the subjects of this sketch and their brother, Samuel, who came to this country when a mere boy and afterwards wrote a book on his experiences of "Twenty-Seven Years in Canada West".

Robert Strickland, in his earlier days, was a successful man of business, holding a responsible position with a firm of ship-owners. Later he was overtaken by a serious financial disaster. This probably hastened his death, while it reduced his family to comparative poverty, which, no doubt, seemed the harder because the children had been brought up in considerable luxury.

In the biographical sketch by Miss Agnes Fitzgibbon, prefixed to Mrs. Traill's "Pearls and Pebbles", a pleasant picture is given of the earliest-remembered home of our two Canadian writers. Stowe House stood in lovely country, a few miles from the old cathedral city of Norwich. The children's special room, where they played and learned their lessons and waited "to be summoned by the footman to the dining-room for dessert", was a brick-paved parlour, panellel with oak and possessing a huge fireplace.

Late in 1808 the family removed from Stowe House to Reydon Hall, an old Elizabethan house with tall chimneys and ivy-mantled walls, which Mr. Strickland had recently purchased. About the same time, he bought also a house in Norwich. There he usually spent the winters, leaving part of the family at Reydon Hall. In this division of the household Katie (or Catharine Parr, as she had been named oddly enough after the queen who succeeded in outliving Henry VIII.), and Susanna were often left at the old country house, which, with its odd nooks and corners, its secret chambers, its own special ghost-stories and its library of musty old books upon which the children browsed at their own sweet will, was surely an ideal home for the budding writers. They were still very youthful when they raided a supply of paper and quill-pens, stowed away in a huge chest, and began to write stories. Doubtful of the approval of their elders, particularly of Elizabeth's, they endeavoured to keep the diversion of authorship secret. In vain. Katie, at least, was caught red-handed and was ignominiously condemned to use her precious manuscript for curl-papers. But she continued to write. A second time (after her father's death) a manuscript containing half a dozen juvenile stories, fell into hands for which it was not intended, on this occasion those of the young people's guardian. Instead of condemning it to destruction, he carried it to a publisher, and brought back to the delighted author (still only sixteen) the sum of five guineas. Thus Catharine was the first of the Strickland family "to get into print".

Her story-writing was no longer discouraged, and she wrote much, including some nature tales, though not under her real name. The resources of the family were now so limited that the small sums she gained by her pen often found their way to her mother at Reydon Hall.

In 1831, about a dozen years after Katie's first adventure into print, Susanna published a little volume of verses, with the rather unpromising title of "Enthusiasm, and Other Poems". In the same year this youngest of the sisters married Lieutenant Moodie, a half-pay officer from the Orkney Islands, who had spent some years in South Africa and had written a book on his experiences.

In his house at Southwold Katie met a widower, Lieutenant Traill, also an Orkney man. He fell in love with the pretty, blue-eyed, happy-hearted young woman and persuaded her to go with him to Canada, where both he and Moodie meant to take up free grants, as offered to military men.

The pair were married in May,

1832, and a few days later the bride bade a life-long farewell to her mother and sisters and native land. Susanna and her husband, however, were soon to follow across the ocean, and Samuel Strickland had already been in Canada for seven years.

The Traills, after journeying north to visit their relatives in the Orkneys, set sail from the Clyde on July 7th. The date is of interest for their vessel, the brig *Laurel*, was the last of the season bound for Quebec and Montreal.

Catharine and her husband landed at the latter port on August 17th. The weather was terribly hot and the cholera was raging. Mrs. Traill sickened and came to death's door, but was saved by the good care of Dr. Caldwell (who died of cholera a month later) and of a woman of the hotel, where they had lodged. By the end of August she was able to make the toilsome journey by stage, boat, steamer, light-wagon: a second steamer, a scow, and finally a canoe, to her brother's log-house on Lake Katchewanook, near Peterborough.

Mr. Trail drew a grant nearby, partly in Verulam, partly in Douro township, but it was not till nearly Christmas that the newcomers could move into their own log-house—"Westove"—which was to be their home for seven years. Two months later the Moodies, after a brief sojourn near Cobourg, settled in the neighbourhood.

The members of this little family colony drank deeply of the common trials and hardships of the inexperienced in the bush. They had all the lore of wilderness life to learn, from the clearing of the soil to the making of sugar, vinegar, soap, candles, and "hop", or "salt rising" as a preliminary to the baking of bread. They were very poor—the poorer for blunders, which older settlers might perhaps have avoided.

Mr. Moodie was peculiarly unfortunate. Hampered from the first by the effects of a wound which had rendered his left arm and hand almost useless, he met with more than one serious accident, and during his later years was partially paralyzed. Nor was this all. Too hastily he sold his commission (which entitled him to half-pay) and invested the proceeds in "steamboat stock", which proved almost worthless.

The sisters had not been long in Canada when they again took up their pens, partly perhaps for the pleasure of writing, partly to eke out their scanty resources, and partly to forewarn coming immigrants as to conditions in the wilderness. Mrs. Traill's "Backwoods of Canada" was published in the "Library of Entertaining knowledge" in 1836.

"Roughing it in the Bush", Mrs. Moodie's rather unattractive sketch of life in the wilds, with its agues, its squalid discomforts, its uncongenial Yankee neighbours, was not published in England till 1850, and was followed by "Life in the Clearings versus the Bush", in which the writer painted a brighter picture of life in the settlements. This book, by the way, contains an interesting chapter on Toronto, as it appeared sixty-five years ago. Coming in by water from the east, the author mentions the new University and the Lunatic Asylum as standing out in bold relief. King Street she describes as the Regent Street of the provincial capital, and Front Street as its "West End", or fashionable residential quarter. The work of both sisters, though according to modern standards, too leisurely and diffuse, contains much of historic interest, especially in relation to social conditions.

In 1837 the settlers on the Otonabee were thrown into wild excitement by the arrival of a messenger from Peterborough in the middle of a December night, when the snow lay thick in the woods, to tell of William Lyon Mackenzie's rising. Instantly the military settlers answered the call.

Before dawn Mr. Traill was on his way to Cobourg. A few hours later

the maid and manservant deserted his wife, and she was left alone on the bush farm with three children under five. It was hard to keep the fires going with the great logs then in use, but presently a neighbour came to her help, and after some weeks of uncertainty the men who had assembled at Cobourg were disbanded.

Moodie, however, had gone straight to Toronto and served for several months on the Niagara frontier. His wife, with her four small children, had an Irish servant to help her, but they lost their crops next summer through want of men to gather in the harvest. However, in 1839, Moodie was appointed sheriff of Vittoria (now Hastings) county, an office he held for twenty-three years, to lose it at last through a technical irregularity in the appointment of a subordinate.

In 1839 the Traills also moved to the outskirts of Peterborough. Seven years later they moved again to "Mount Ararat", overlooking Rice Lake. Mrs. Traill was the mother of nine children, but she continued to write. Indeed, her literary work was important in "keeping the wolf from the door". Some of her books passed through many editions, but as she usually sold the copyright outright, their popularity did not immediately add to her resources.

Both sisters were "burnt out" at different times. In 1857 Mrs. Traill lost everything by fire, including all her books. Her husband never quite recovered from the shock of this disaster and died soon afterwards. His widow then went back to the Otonabee, to be near her brother. One of her daughters taught the settlement school, and Mrs. Traill, whose interest in botany had never flagged, began to send collections of pressed ferns and mosses to England for sale.

One of these collections attracted the attention of Lady Charlotte Greville. She interested Lord Palmerston, and the result was a grant of one hundred pounds from a special fund, which enabled Mrs. Traill to buy a house and lot at Lakefield, where she passed the remainder of her days. In her extreme old age she asked and received from the Dominion Government, the grant of an islet in Stony Lake, where Polly Cow, an Indian girl, was buried. Mrs. Traill desired to be able to protect the grave from desecration.

In 1869 Mrs. Traill's botanical notes were used in preparing descriptions of the illustrations drawn by her niece, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, afterwards Mrs. Chamberlin, and published in her book of "Canadian Wild Flowers". Fifteen years later appeared Mrs. Traill's "Studies of Plant Life in Canada", also illustrated by Mrs. Chamberlin.

Mrs. Traill's latest book, "Pearls and Pebbles", was published in 1894, three-quarters of a century after her first little volume, brought out by "Harris, the Publisher, of St. Paul's Churchyard, London". Not many authors can match this record, but Mrs. Traill lived till her ninety-eighth year, and those who knew her in her old age were as much impressed with the sunny cheerfulness of her disposition as were her childhood's friends.

Mrs. Moodie had died in 1885, at Toronto.

The next article of this series will give an account of the career and attainments of Madam Albani, a pioneer prima donna.

From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

JUSTIFICATION

"It's all right; if I hadn't done it someone else might"

THE CHEMIST'S TASK

By Francis Mills Turner, jun.

THERE is no class of human workers more directly responsible for a nation being self-sufficient and self-contained as regards the staples of life and industry than the chemists and the chemical engineers. At the same time there is hardly any profession regarding whose work so little accurate information and so much misinformation exists. One particular class of chemists, the pharmaceutical chemists, have been looked on as representing the whole profession, and consequently it is not at all surprising to find, as was the case only a few years ago, the mayor of a great city welcoming a convention of chemists in terms which showed plainly that he believed them to be apothecaries.

Chemistry is the science which deals with the composition of things and the changes in composition which these things undergo. These changes are called reactions. There are a great many industries where chemical reactions are not called into play, chiefly industries in which materials are simply shaped or rearranged in some way without changing their composition. For instance, in the making of hardware and tools from steel or the making of furniture from wood. However, in the main, industries are based on changing some substance into another substance which for some reason or other people want and are willing to pay for, and consequently there are continually things arising in industry which only the chemist can explain.

Of course, a great many of these things were explained before chemistry existed as a profession, but generally only after many years of tedious work, and even then the men who worked out the explanations were more or less chemists although they did not know it and would have said that all they made use of was "common-sense".

Asphalt pavement would not seem at first sight to be a subject about which the chemist would have much to say, yet this industry has been quite revolutionized by the work a few chemists have done. Formerly when a pavement was put down it might be good and give many years of satisfactory service, and it might be so bad it would have to be replaced in a few months. If a bad guess was made in the proportions in which the asphalt, sand and powdered limestone were mixed it was merely a bad guess and nothing was learned from it that would help avoid such mistakes in the future. The chemists came and took pieces of old pavements and resolved them into their respective constituents. They found that the good and bad pieces varied very much in the way they were made up; they invented ways of controlling the size of the sand by sieves; they studied the

nature of the bitumens of which asphalt is composed and made it possible for engineers to specify exactly what one they wanted used. They then studied the physical structure of pavements and found that in this work a most thorough knowledge of some principles of physical chemistry was required which formerly had been thought to be chiefly of academic interest. In this way an industry that developed in a purely "rule-of-thumb" manner has been put on an entirely reliable and scientific basis.

Until the beginning of the present century Portland Cement was very little used in America. At present 25,000,000 tons are made every year, and it ranks next to steel in keeping busy the freight departments of the railroads. For a long time people were afraid of using American-made cement because it was not so good as European. The chemists soon showed that this was not due to any inherent defects in the American materials, but merely to poor technique in manufacture, and when they had overcome this tests soon showed that it was even better than cement that had been made in Europe. This being done they turned their attention to making it cheaper so that its use could be extended. Until about 1898 oil had been used as fuel in cement manufacture; after a great deal of experiments chemists found out how to make cement using powdered coal as fuel, thus effecting an enormous economy in its manufacture. Many other economies were introduced after this and so largely is the chemist in control of the operations of cement making to-day that one of the largest manufacturers of cement in the United States gives great prominence to the fact in his advertising.

The gas-mantle, used for illuminating purposes practically everywhere to-day where electricity is not used, is a brilliant example of an industry not merely aided by the chemist but built up entirely on the fruits of his researches. There is a series of very rare elements, not even the names of which are familiar to most people, which occur in minerals mined in Norway, the Ural Mountains and certain parts of Australia and America. More than thirty years ago Baron Carl Auer von Welsbach discovered that a vegetable fiber could be coated with these substances, which become brilliantly incandescent when held in a gas flame, and then the rare earths would still retain the form of the original fibre structure, thus making the incandescent mantle. The present mantles much excel the first ones as to brilliancy and permanency, and it has only been after years of profound research that these improvements have been made. Selection of the proper material for the vegetable skeleton of the mantle was found to be most important and a great deal of research was done on this before the present substance, a certain quality of artificial silk, was perfected The coating of the mantle, which has to be burned away before it can be used, would not seem to be very important, but few things connected with the industry have required more patient and skilful research. Only by patient chemical and physical research at every turn has an industry become possible which permits vast savings in the gas bill of the nation and in turning out millions of mantles annually gives employment to great numbers of people.

Nearly a century ago Liebig, a great German chemist, studied the chemistry of plants and found out that certain mineral substances were necessary in the soil to ensure good crops. He found that chief among these substances was phosphoric acid and devised a scheme to render the phosphates in bones soluble by treating them with sulphuric acid. A very little later Laws, an Englishman, established a factory for making phosphatic fertilizers from rock phosphate and sulphuric acid, and this

was the real beginning of the fertilizer industry which to-day, if tonnage be made the standard, is by long odds the most important branch of the chemical industry. In the United States alone about 8,000,000 tons of fertilizers are made annually and over 2,125,000 tons of sulphuric acid (or over half the total made in the country) was used to produce this tonnage of fertilizer. At first there was a great deal of insoluble phosphate in even the best manufactured phosphate; by the aid of the chemist this has been reduced till it is only a fraction of what it was: double phosphates containing very large amounts of available phosphoric acid have been invented, thus effecting a great economy in shipping: waste from packing-houses, abattoirs, city refuse plants, fish canneries and other industries has been converted into most valuable fertilizers: the nitrogen in the gas from coke-ovens has been converted into sulphate of ammonia, a valuable fertilizer of which over 400,000 tons were made in England and over 200,000 in the United States in the last year: finally the chemist has worked out how to blend and proportion all these fertilizers so as to secure the best results to the farmer or gardener who is only beginning to realize what research has done for his business.

The making of leather is one of the oldest of industries, but it was not until the growing scarcity of suitable materials and the increased demand for leather forced the tanner to look about for cheaper raw materials that he began to make use of the chemist. Once the chemist was installed in the tannery for this purpose he turned his attention to a great many other matters, and as a result most large tanneries now have their operation controlled by their laboratories in charge of expert chemists. Skins are tanned by either vegetable or mineral tanning substance. The vegetable tan-liquors are made by soaking certain raw tanning materials in water in machines called extractors. These machines have been much improved by the chemist so that now a much greater proportion of the tannic acid content of the raw material is available than was formerly the case. The mineral tanning processes have been entirely invented and worked out by chemists. Other lines along which he has benefited this industry have been improvements in the preliminary preparation of the raw skins, utilization of the exhausted tan-liquors, formerly let run into the sewer, production of patent and enameled leathers, production of dyed and fancy leathers and the application of certain oils to remedy some of the defects in leather. This being such an old industry, the chemist has had at every step to combat the prejudice of the "practical" tanner, but the results have been so brilliant that there has been a great increase in the number of tannery chemists and in one of the great technical institutions of America chemistry is the most featured subject in the course in tanning.

In no field have the contributions of the chemist to industry been quite as interesting as in the production of glass. Originally only five substances were used in glass manufacture, viz., silica (sand), soda, lime, potash and lead oxide. By the introduction of the use of borax in glass glass-chemists have been able to produce glasses which expand when heated and contract when cooled so little that pie-plates which can be used for baking in ovens can be made of them. Of course such glass is far superior for lamp-chimneys, and as those glasses were much more easily worked than the old chimneys of much better designs have been made. It is not generally appreciated that ordinary glass is by no means insoluble in water, and although this solubility is insufficient to be noticed in every day life, it becomes a matter of grave import in the chemical laboratory where small quantities of materials have to

be taken care of. Quite recently special glasses, very highly insoluble, have been made. Other achievements have been the making of special glasses for X-Ray tubes and telescope lenses and the production of artistic glasses, such as the beautiful Tiffany or Aurene glass.

Steel is the most important material known to man. Both in peace and in war it is absolutely necessary to the carrying on of all his activities. Half a century ago steel was made in a forge, the blower for which was operated by a water-wheel. The pig-iron was made in a charcoal furnace and was generally transported to the forge by canal-boat. At that time about two tons a day was produced at a cost of about $250. By such means slightly improved only 40,000 tons of cast steel was produced in 1872. In 1912, forty years later, more than 30,000,000 tons of steel was produced. To whose work must the possibility of the enormous increase be attributed? If we say chiefly to that of the chemist, few voices will be raised among those familiar with the iron and steel industry to deny the statement. The following quotations from an article by Dr. A. S. Cushman of Washington, D.C., in *The Journal of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry* will demonstrate how great have been the contributions of the chemist to the iron and steel industry:

> The contribution of chemistry to the iron and steel industries may ge said to have begun with the introduction of the great pneumatic process of steel-making in the latter part of the nineteenth century. The Bessemer process, brought out in 1863, and the Siemens-Martin open-hearth process, which followed soon after, produced a revolution in the iron industry that gave the chemist his first opportunity. Before the days of steel, iron-making was largely an empirical art, and no one considered the estimation of control of the impurities which usually accompany the metallurgy of iron to be a matter of vital importance. It was, of course, known through the operation of the puddling and crucible processes that certain elements could be depended on to confer hardness and toughness, but the very important quantitative roles in the metallurgy of iron played for good or ill by the five ever-present elements—carbon, manganese, sulphur, phosphorus and silicon—were not understood. It was by means of his original researches into the methods for determining and controlling these so-called impurities that the chemist began to force his co-operation upon the more or less unwilling body of contemporary metallurgists. Even within the memory of the present writer, which does not comprise more than a third of a century, iron masters were loathe to recognize the necessity for well-equipped laboratories under the charge of college-bred chemists.
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> After the ore is mined and shipped, the iron industry begins in the blast-furnace in which chemical reactions involving enormous energy changes take place. Just as soon as the professional chemist was allowed to work his way out from the laboratory into the works, revolutionary changes in output and economy were very soon accomplished. This move forward constitutes, in the mind of the writer, the first great contribution to the iron industry made by the chemist.
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> In the meantime, the steel-maker, in charge of the rapidly developing pneumatic processes, required to know and follow the content of carbon, manganese and other impurities during the progress of a heat. Analytical chemistry came to the rescue by devising quick methods of analysis. So rapid has been the development along this line of chemical contribution that the modern metallurgist can literally obtain his information while he waits, and thus modify and control the degree and duration of his heats. The writer has information that by a recent method even carbon, by combustion, can be accurately determined in eight minutes from the time sample drillings are delivered to the laboratory. The developments of modern methods of rapid and accurate analysis may be held to constitute another great contribution of chemistry to the metallurgy of iron and steel.
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> Modern metallurgy has not been satisfied with the development and improvement of ordinary carbon steels, for modern requirements have demanded the production of alloy steels possessing marvellous, and until very recently, unheard of and undreamt of physical properties. The ores of the rarest elements have been unearthed to produce these wonderful alloy steels, and the chemist has been called on to devise ways and means for their development and study. This evolution has indeed presented many a knotty problem to the analyst, as well as to the chemist in the works. It is no easy task to separate,

estimate and control such elements as chromium, vanadium, titanium, nickel, cobalt, molybdenum and tantalum, as everyday constituents of steel.

Space will permit of only the briefest reference to the very important place that these curious alloys have made for themselves in the metallurgy of iron and steel. The tungsten, chromium, cobalt and molybdenum alloys of varied composition constitute the modern "high-speed" steels (so-called on account of their ability to hold their temper at high temperatures, and consequently when running at high speeds) which have revolutionized machine shop practice. Vanadium and chromium are used in the manufacture of the so-called anti-fatigue steels for springs and other rapidly moving machine parts. At the New York meeting of the Eighth International Congress of Applied Chemistry, in 1912, Dr. Carl Duisberg said that the very latest alloy manufactured by Krupp for the manufacture of safety vaults and safes can neither be drilled nor exploded, nor can it be cut by the oxyhydrogren flame. In the light of subsequent events we are led to presume that the manufacture of safes was not the only purpose in the minds of our chemist-colleagues across the water. It is interesting to note in passing that unless the chemists of Germany had worked out the synthesis of nitrogen compounds from atmospheric nitrogen, as well as the special steels suitable for the construction of the necessary apparatus, the present great world war would have been brought to an early close.

Another important contribution of chemistry to the iron industry which may be called purely American is the manufacture of pure iron on the same scale which is usual in steel production. This development, which the writer is in large measure responsible for, has had to win its way against many difficulties and even much prejudice and hostility. Many hundred thousand tons of commercially pure iron are now produced annually in this country and are in demand for many purposes for which pure iron is more suitable than steel. Pure iron is soft and ductile, with a high electrical conductivity and valuable magnetic properties; for many deep drawing and enamelling purposes it is unequalled, while its slow-rusting qualities have given it a widespread reputation and use. Some years ago the demand for pure iron could only be filled by the importation of Norway and Sweden charcoal irons; at the present time the industry is fully established in this country on the large scale which our industrial and economic conditions demand. That the chemist has contributed to this line of development, there cannot be the slightest doubt. It has been found necessary to eliminate the gaseous as well as the solid impurities from these pure irons, and this difficult problem has engaged the closest co-operation between the men in the laboratory and the mill.

In a brief review of this nature it is possible to touch only lightly on the many contributions of chemistry to the iron and steel industry, but it is the writer's experience that unless the divisional superintendents in a modern iron and steel plant are themselves chemists as well as metallurgists, they cannot be depended on to carry on progressive work.

In the copper industry the chemist has had an equally great part to play. Over seventy-five per cent. of the copper used in the world is refined in America, and most of this is refined by electrolysis. All this electrolytic work demands a very expert knowledge of the principles of electrochemistry and the chemist has been largely responsible, acting in co-operation with the electrical engineer, for the improvements made in the last twenty years. More than half of the copper refined is ultimately made into wire for the conduction of electricity. A very small amount of arsenic lowers the ability of copper to conduct electricity very markedly. In fact a quarter of one per cent. cuts down the conductivity more than fifty per cent. Most customers specify that their copper shall not contain more than one-thousandth of one per cent. of arsenic, and it is only by using the results of much careful research on the part of the copper chemists that these small amounts can be tested for quickly and accurately, and the arsenic kept below this in the process of manufacture.

Copper is not the only substance the demand for which has risen enormously on account of the development of the use of electricity. On account of its excellent insulating properties rubber has steadily become scarcer and consequently dearer. When we add to this the demand for

rubber created since the automobile came into being, it is easy to see that anything that will help make rubber more cheaply is very interesting. Although there is still a great deal unknown about the chemistry of rubber, the chemist has shed a great deal of light on its manufacture and use. He has studied the structure of rubber and is able to tell the manufacturer something about what the process known as vulcanization is and the conditions under which it should be carried out to get specified results. He has found ways of working up second-hand rubber, of recovering the valuable solvents used in manufacturing rubber articles, which formerly escaped into the air, and of removing the "fillers" from old rubber so it can be worked up again. Finally he has been preparing for the day when the natural supplies of rubber material will be quite inadequate to meet the demand, by discovering how to make rubber synthetically from other substances. The rubber made in this way is in no sense a rubber substitute. It is rubber, chemically, physically and in every other way. However, it does not pay to-day to make rubber this way; it is cheaper to make it from natural raw rubber, but just as soon as the cost of natural rubber exceeds that of the product of the laboratory we shall see synthetic rubber works all over the land just as we now have synthetic indigo works and artificial silk works.

Since Canada is already a very important paper producing country, and likely to develop into the chief source of pulp and paper of the world in a few years, the chemistry of pulp and paper should prove very interesting to young Canadians, and a perusal of the literature of the subject will show that although the chemist has already done so much for this industry there are still a host of problems awaiting solution.

It would be impossible to go thus into detail about all the industries in which the chemist has played a great part. Sufficient has been said to show that making coal-tar dyes is not the chief work of the chemist. Brilliant as has been the record of chemical achievement in this direction from a strictly business point of view coal-tar dyes can scarcely be said to be a necessity of life. A most liberal estimate of the value of the whole world's production of coal-tar dyes is $100,000,000.* Now in the United States alone thirteen industries, quite as much the product of chemical research as the manufacture of coal-tar colours in Germany, produce annually $2,500,000,000 of manufactured products. This large total is just about one-eighth of the value of all goods manufactured in the United States in a year, and these industries employ about one-twelfth of the wage-earners of that nation, and yet in the whole United States there are only about 9,000 chemists (about 0.01 per cent. of the population) who direct this industry and provide for its future development. Quite an important class of workers, are they not?

* At the outbreak of the war a perfect flood of mis-statements and exaggerations about the importance of the German coal-tar dye industry appeared in print, especially in England. Members of Parliament and others stated that the capital of the German industry was from £100,000,000 to £200,000,000. As a matter of fact it was less than £15,000,000. The parliamentary chemists never explained how an annual production of £13,500,000 of dyestuffs could support a dividend of from 12% to 25% on a capital of one or two hundred million pounds.

The Canadian War Correspondent

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

STEWART LYON, editor of *The Globe* (Toronto), sets aside for the present at least the foremost position in journalism in Canada to become what is known as a war correspondent. But not a war correspondent in the ordinary sense, for he virtually goes to the battlefront to report officially for all the people of Canada, or at least for all of them who read newspapers.

About the time that Canadian soldiers began to operate at the Front the Government appointed Sir Max Aitkin official eye-witness. Sir Max made records for the Government and later on he published a book, a very good book, entitled "Canada in Flanders". He had in a staff of helpers more than his own two eyes as witnesses. Lyon, on the other hand, goes unaided. He has the consent of the Government, but not its assistance. And although his mission, which is supported wholly by Canadian Press, Limited, is in many respects as important as a commanding officer's, he does not command as much as a corporal's guard, an orderly, or even a cup-bearer. He goes alone, relying on his own resources to carry him through all the vicissitudes of an unattached man at the Front.

Stewart Lyon is fifty-one years of age. He was born at Port Glasgow, Scotland, and therefore he went to the editorial chair of *The Globe* with all the traditional Scottish qualification. George Brown, the great founder of *The Globe*, was a Scotsman. John Cameron, his immediate successor, had the name and half the claim. J. S. Willison came of Scottish parentage, and J. A. Macdonald, the next to follow, has boasted ever since that the blood of the Cameron of Lochiel and of the Grant of Craig Ellachie and of the Macdonald Mohr himself that mingles in his veins is to this day untouched and untainted by any Lowland or Sassenach or alien blood of any kind.

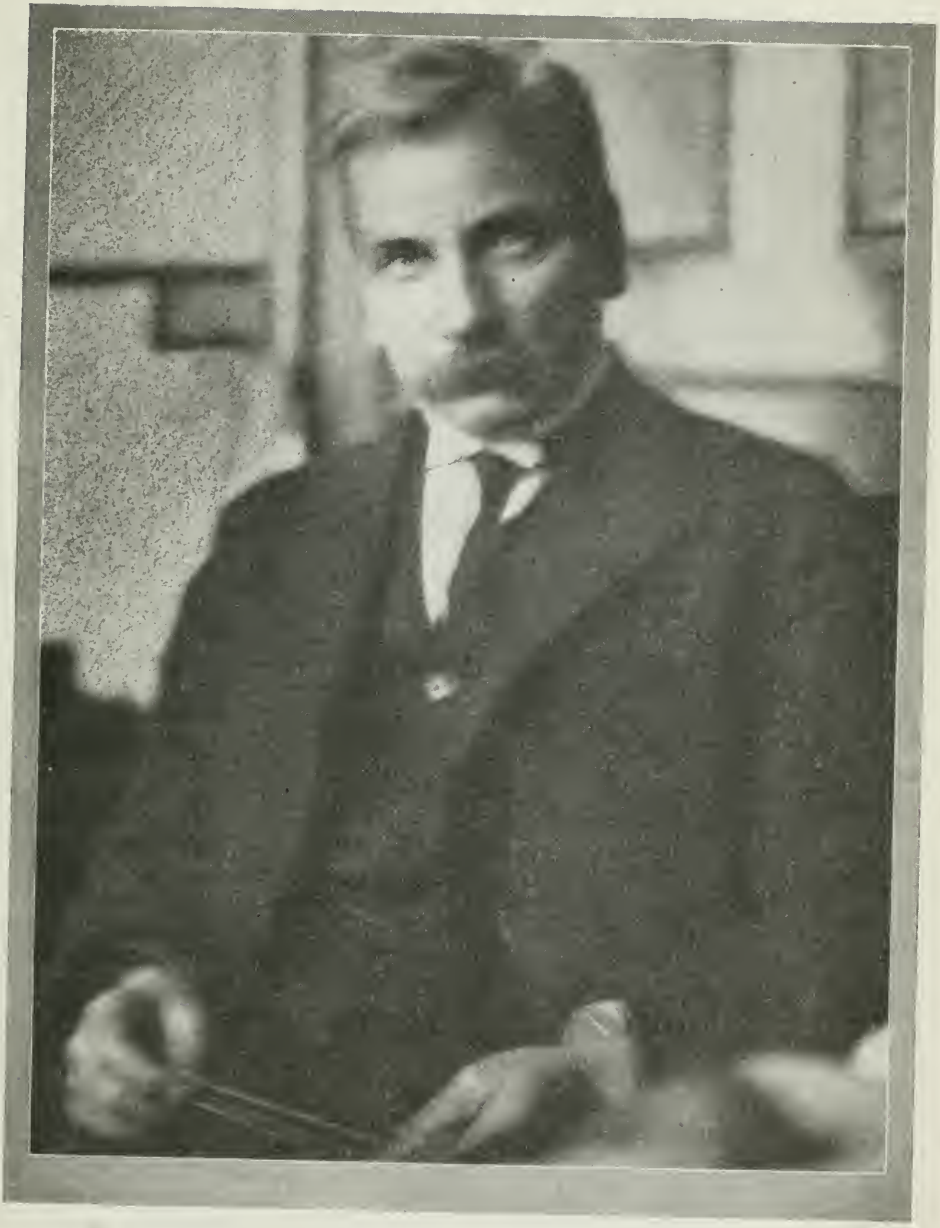
But Lyon has not depended his chances in life merely on the chance of birth. Had he done so he still might be sitting at the saddler's bench where he began. Saddlery, indeed, was his beginning after he left school, but it was far from being the end: for having a radical nature and an expanding disposition he soon set foot on the soil of the new world, where he began to seek the moulds of public opinion. Among the first available was the open-air meeting, a mould that he had seen used more freely in the Old Country than in the new. He selected the Queen's Park in Toronto, and there, until he was stopped by the police, he discussed single tax and other social questions. Then he perceived the advantages of the newspaper, and having made a study of

municipal affairs, he was put on the staff of *The Globe* as city hall reporter. It was while he was still in that position that I first saw him. He was sitting at a flat desk in the reporters' room in the present *Globe* building before it was remodelled—a slight, wiry, keen-visaged young man, with touseled black hair, now almost white, and a black moustache. I was told in a whisper that he was the crack reporter of the staff, getting the princely salary of twenty-five dollars a week. Naturally I regarded the crack reporter as a person of extraordinary importance, a more important person, indeed, than Mr. Willison, the editor, who had failed to discover on me the shining spots of genius. F. A. Acland, the present Deputy Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa, was city editor, or, rather, he combined the functions of news editor and city editor. It was to him that I had to apply, as I did every day, for a position or a night assignment. He kept on telling me that Willison had made one or two promises, which might not be set aside, and that until they were fulfilled I had no chance. Meantime, however, if I wished to give him a few lines about a farewell to some outgoing missionary or the regular monthly meeting of the Separate School Board, he might find room for them among the items of local interest.

Then, one afternoon, I went in, as usual, to the city editor's desk, and there I saw the black-haired, keen-visaged Stewart Lyon—the new city editor. I asked for Mr. Acland, and without looking up from the paper he was reading he informed me that he himself, very likely, would be in that chair thenceforth for some short time at least. He knew just as well as I knew what I wanted, and the one thing I remember is that he was curtly sympathetic. Sympathy, indeed, is one of his attributes, even if at times he uses peculiar means to hide it. He can be sympathetic and yet, apparently, very hostile.

The editorial system of *The Globe* was enlarged when Lyon became city editor, for then Acland became news editor, a new position in that office. Previously one man had done the work of two. There was, indeed, a general branching out. An assistant was appointed to the financial editor and the reporting staff was enlarged. Lyon assumed his new duties with immense enthusiasm, and that enthusiasm, in all circumstances, never has displayed any appearance of waning. It was only natural, therefore, when Acland resigned that Lyon should succeed him. As news editor he acted with signal success until after the death of John Ewan, whom he succeeded as associate editor to Dr. Macdonald.

Ewan used to relate an incident that revealed the dissimilar temperaments of Lyon and Macdonald. It should be explained that the news editor has to oversee the arrangement of all matter that goes into the paper. That arrangement is called "make-up", and most of it is done between midnight and three o'clock in the morning. The editorial page, unless the circumstances are extraordinary, is not affected immediately by news, and therefore it is the first to go in for make-up. It so happened, however, that Macdonald, the editor, was sufficiently a Celt in temperament to be absorbed by the editorial he had just written and utterly contemptuous of the mechanical process of getting it to the readers. It naturally followed that a few nights after Macdonald became editor Lyon suddenly discovered, away beyond midnight, that the editorial page had not gone through. He jumped about four feet into the air, and then made a dash along the corridor and up the stairway into the composing-room. There he found Macdonald calmly reading his "leader" aloud to the foreman, oblivious of time or audience, except that he appeared to think he had plenty of both. When Lyon returned to his office, Ewan found him



MR. STEWART LYON

Editor of *The Globe* (Toronto), who goes to the Front as War Correspondent for Canadian Press, Limited

still foaming, but when the comical aspect of the incident was pointed out he began to feel as if the earth was again revolving on its axis.

Lyon has a passion for promptness and thoroughness, and always has been a slave to his position. He has a ready-made opinion for all emergencies, but his opinions, unlike most Scotsmen's, can be changed. They can be changed, even though it is not always necessary to use a sledge-hammer, a hand-grenade, or a Jock Johnson.

There have been few Canadian war correspondents. The first was George Ham, who sent to *The Mail* (Toronto) accounts of the last Riel rebellion. John Ewan was sent by *The Globe* to Cuba at the time of the Spanish-American war, and he also, as well as Frederick Hamilton, represented the same paper in South Africa. Several others went to South Africa, but their work was so inconspicuous that it scarcely is worth recording. W. Richmond Smith represented a number of publications during the Russian-Japanese war, and "Kit" sent to *The Mail and Empire* (Toronto) letters about the Spanish-American war.

To Stewart Lyon has fallen a more important and more imposing task. He will rise to it the same as he has risen to each opportunity as it has come to him in the successive stages of newspaper work from reporter to editor-in-chief. He is well equipped for the work. He writes well, is unusually alert, and owing to the demands of *The Globe's* "War Summary", which he has written since the beginning of the war, he knows thoroughly every aspect of the great struggle. He will not be easily upset or misinformed. If he finds it necessary to reveal wrong-doing he will reveal it with unflinching honesty and fairness, and nothing will be done with malice or with a view to making mischief. He will take his work seriously, because it is serious work, and he will not take anything for granted that is too important to be so taken. For he is a strict Presbyterian and a stickler on points of religious observance. He advocates and practises temperance. He never drinks tea or coffee, and only on very special occasions, such as an annual dinner, a twenty-first birthday, or a general election, can he be induced to smoke even a cigarette. He is extremely simple in his mode of living, and is the very antithesis of the man who rides to work in a limousine and grows his own asparagas. He is an excellent companion, a lover of nature, but scarcely its devotee. His office bearing is aloof and rather frigid, but socially he is genial and highly entertaining. He is unusually well-informed on most subjects of current interest, and apart from that he has acquired a vast amount of general information. Although he never may have put a foot on the soil of Flanders he goes with a better knowledge of the country than most persons who have lived there all their lives.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HENRI DesROSIERS

A hero of Langemarck and Ypres

Among French Canadians who have distinguished themselves at the Front few are more noteworthy than Lieutenant-Colonel Henri DesRosiers. When war was declared M. DesRosiers was one of the first to enlist in the 65th Regiment. He received a commission as lieutenant, but at the Front he was promoted to the rank of captain. He made an enviable record in the terrific encounters at Langemarck and Ypres. After the battle at Ypres he was left in command of his battalion, and was then raised to the rank of major. Later on he was recalled to Canada to take command of the 165th Battalion under organization in Montreal. For this command he received the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He has been working in conjunction with M. Olivar Asselin, who was asked by Sir Sam Hughes to recruit a regiment in Quebec Province. Mr. Asselin agreed to undertake recruiting if the Minister would place in command of the regiment an officer who had had actual experience at the Front. M. DesRosiers was chosen, and both he and M. Asselin have done much to promote recruiting throughout the Province.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

CANADA'S FUTURE

By E. A. Victor. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE whole continent of America, north and south, is staked out in huge areas for experiments in democracy; and now democracy is on its trial as a form of government. One issue of the present war is whether government of the people, for the people and by the people is to perish from the earth. Of all American democracies, Canada is most clearly involved and most deeply concerned in the conflict. For her the war may mean national death. It is therefore natural that Canadians should try to look ahead and, if possible, anticipate what is to come when the conflict is over. The question has been widely discussed in the Canadian press, generally in an optimistic tone. In complete keeping with this tone is this compilation by Mr. A. E. Victor. The compiler calls to his work "a symposium of official opinion", and it is a collection of the views held by leading Canadian politicians, scholars, journalists and men of science. No attempt has been made to correlate these opinions, or present some composite picture of the nation's future. Each reader is permitted to make it for himself. One conclusion that every reader will draw is that Canada's conviction in the success of the cause for which she is pouring out blood and treasure is unshakable. From first to last there is no shadow of doubt expressed or implied as to how the war shall end. The universal assumption is a greater, stronger Canada after the war.

The future of Canada has always been precarious. At the outbreak of the American Revolution, a force of Continentals occupied Montreal, and another almost captured Quebec. Sir Guy Carleton, the heart and soul of the British defence, barely escaped being made a prisoner. At Halifax, Governor Legge had only thirty-six effectives, when word came that an American expedition of ten thousand men was organizing for the invasion of Nova Scotia. What the success of the Revolution meant to Britain is put by Cowper in a single ironic line:

> True, we have lost an empire.

The unconsidered fragments of that Empire, Canada and Nova Scotia, though lopped and pared, were invigorated by the immigration of thousands of exiled Tories, whose descendants are proud to call themselves United Empire Loyalists. Out of those fragments grew the present Dominion of Canada.

In the second war between the United States and Britain, Canada bore the brunt. Her territory was invaded by American armies. More than once they were within sight of complete conquest.

When the danger of invasion from without passed away, internal troubles arose which threatened the very life of the country. In 1837, armed rebellions broke out in Upper and Lower Canada. Both the British and the French populations were apparently defying British authority. Those

rebellions failed, but if the Liberal leaders, Papineau and Mackenzie, had won, Quebec and Ontario would now be States of the American Union.

Danger soon arose from precisely the opposite quarter. Among the very party which stood for British connection arose an agitation for the annexation of Canada to the United States. In Britain itself, statesmen held that colonies were only a needless expense, and advocated "butting the painter", by which the little cock-boat Canada towed in the wake of the three-decker *Britannia*. Annexation with the United States was long regarded as the one cure for all the ills of Canada. Confederation of the scattered jarring Provinces in 1867 proved to be the solution of the problem, though annexation died hard. It is buried in the grave of Goldwin Smith, the brilliant Oxford professor who made himself its consistent advocate, and became in consequence the most unpopular man in Canada.

That the future of Canada should be doubtful is nothing new; but never before did that future seem so uncertain. It is not impossible that the British Empire may go the way of Carthage, and that Canada may become a German colony; or, after this long struggle towards individual nationhood, she may be compelled to merge her identity in the Great Republic.

To the casual observer, Canada is completely Americanized. In voice, accent, slang, dress, manners, sport, amusement, social customs, the ordinary Canadian is not to be distinguished from the ordinary American. Canadian journalism, French as well as English, follows American, not English models. It has never attempted to strike out original lines. Bulky, screaming headlines, sensation are features of the Canadian press, and it is hard to find a journal free from American "boiler-plate" and the loathsome comic supplements. An Englishman does not find himself very welcome in Canada. His speech, his dress, his manners are subject to the natives' criticism or ridicule, as Goldwin Smith was always pointing out. The most popular series of cartoons that ever appeared in Canada burlesqued the young sporting Englishman who comes out in a Wild West costume with a complete arsenal to shoot buffalo in Montreal and grizzly bears in Toronto. Even the sign, "No Englishman Need Apply", has been seen in Canada. And yet when England went to war at midnight, August 4th, 1914, Canada never hesitated for a moment as to what she would do. This is a paradox which Canadians themselves find hard to explain. In political theory, there was no reason for Canada to enter the war. There was no document, no pledge, no bond requiring Canada to fight when Britain fought. One respected political leader had always used his great influence to keep Canada out of "the vortex of European militarism". In theory, Canada might have declared herself neutral, or have limited herself to the defence of her own shores. She did nothing of the kind. Any government that proposed either course of action or inaction would not have survived for twenty-four hours. Those who lived through the first four days of August, 1914, will never forget the fever of excitement that reigned throughout the country until the issue was decided. On the eighteenth of the month, Parliament met in Ottawa, the Duke of Connaught presiding in the "service" uniform of a British field-marshal. The speech of Sir Wilfrid Laurier was worthy of the great occasion. He promised the undivided support of his party in the hour of national trial. Having enjoyed the privileges of British subjects, we were now prepared to pay the penalties. The Premier, Sir Robert Borden, is not the equal of his brilliant French opponent in eloquence, but he was equally in earnest. His speech was a revealing of state secrets. The actual text of the telegrams exchanged between Canada

and Britain during the crisis proved that up to the last moment Sir Edward Grey was hoping for peace, almost discouraging Canada's representative in his offers of help, in the expectation that it would not be needed.

If the action of the Canadian leaders was a complete answer to the suggestion that the country could be kept out of the vortex of European militarism, when the life of the Empire was menaced, the action of the people was even more unmistakable. Britain was unprepared for war. If the Kaiser called her little army "contemptible", he was quite correct; a force of 120,000 men, no matter how brave or how highly trained, is as flax in the furnace when millions clash. Canada had a standing army, or permanent force, of fifteen hundred men. No democracy will ever prepare for war in time of peace. Canada certainly did not. In 1913 Sir Ian Hamilton inspected the forces of Canada from east to west, and scrutinized the Canadian provision for war. The men he found excellent, but *material* was absent and organization was awfully lacking. Yet Canada promised a complete division, or a unit of twenty thousand men, comprising the three arms, infantry, artillery and cavalry. That division was not only assembled, by the free will of every single man in it, but clothed, armed, organized, equipped and despatched in three months. Twenty thousand men were asked for; thirty-three thousand were sent overseas, the greatest force that ever crossed the Atlantic. To her lovers, Canada seemed "incomparable Britomart", the lady knight hastening to the field where right encountered wrong, and buckling on her armour as she ran.

That First Division of the Canadian Expeditionary Force was the first British unit to meet the new device of the Germans, the poison gas, on April 22nd, 1915. The Turcos, wild men from Africa, inured to war, broke and ran. The Canadian boys from comfortable, sheltered homes, stood fast. By every rule of the war game they should have been crushed; but they fought on, blindly, desperately, with appalling losses, for three days and three nights until the German rush was checked. Since then there have been nearly 400,000 enlistments and Canada is maintaining four full divisions in the field, in spite of nearly 70,000 casualties. The losses, the return of the sick and wounded, the prospect of a billion-dollar war debt have not for an instant shaken Canada's resolution.

In the third year of the war the Government is adopting the drastic measure of national registration in order to render more efficient aid to the common cause. Wherever possible, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, shell factories are turning out incredible quantities of munitions. The youth of British Canada, the flower of the country in character, education, property, is in arms. From east to west the women of Canada are unresting in their labours for the common cause. They bear their grievous losses without a murmur, even with pride. It is an epic time. This is Canada's crusade.

The war has proved to be Canada's testing-time. It has revealed unsuspected possibilities of heroism in countless individuals. It has also revealed the deepest political instinct of the Canadian people, the instinct for unity, for cohesion with peoples of the same blood and the same racial traditions. It has also shown that Canada's manifest destiny will not be accepted passively by Canada, as Goldwin Smith preached. She will shape her destiny with her own hands. Be the future of Canada what it may, it will be through her own decision. How it can be separate, for weal or woe, from the future of the British Empire, is difficult to imagine. "Light as air, but stronger than iron" are the ties which bind the daughter nation and the mother country.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

MRS. BEATRICE HARRADAN
Author of "The Guiding Thread"

TOLD IN A FRENCH GARDEN, AUGUST, 1914.

By Mildred Aldrich. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THIS delightful little volume is by the author of "A Hilltop on the Marne"—an American author, indeed, who has become almost French. The scene of this story (or series of stories) is in a suburb of Paris, where a party of uncommon persons meet and by common consent agree not to discuss the war. They are in the very atmosphere of the war, almost within hearing of the guns. But they held to their resolution, by telling tales, some of which are retold in the book, the war meanwhile coming closer and closer. The tense, absorbing situation is splendidly depicted, and the style of the writing unusually good.

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NELSON'S HISTORY OF THE WAR.

By John Buchan. Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons.

THE interest and value of this popular history of the war seem to increase with each successive volume. Volume IX describes the Italian war, the campaign in Gallipoli, and the Warsaw Salient. Then in Volume X the writer takes up the Russian stand and the September offensive in the West. Volume XI discusses the struggle for the Dvina and the great invasion of Serbia. Volume XII, which is one of the most interesting in the series, deals with the retreat from Bagdad, the evacuation of Gallipoli, and Derby Report. Volume XIII follows with a statement as to the position at sea, an account of the fall of Erzerum, and a description of the great Battle of Verdun.

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THE GUIDING THREAD.

By Beatrice Harradan. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS is the story of a runaway woman by the author of "Ships that Pass in the Night". Joan, a blacksmith's daughter, marries a recluse who passes his time in a lonely house on the moor, where he is engaged in writing a history of the Renasance. The young wife, exasperated in time by her husband's jealousies, runs away, and although they both love each other they remain separated for several years. At length friends intervene, and the wife is urged to return. She does so, but is repulsed by the husband. After she leaves, however, the house takes fire, and her heroic efforts to rescue her husband bring about a happy reconciliation.

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A SUNNY SUBALTERN.

Billy's Letters From Flanders. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

THIS book contains letters written by a Canadian lieutenant to his mother. The letters begin at St. John, the point of departure, by vessel, and extend to the days passed in the trenches. They contain much pathos, much mirth, with the result

that the reader is inclined to laugh one minute and weep the next. Many incidents in the soldier's daily life are vividly described.

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LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

By Mrs. George Churchill. Edited by Grace McLeod Rogers. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

FEW books present so clearly as this one presents the spirit and life-work of the foreign missionary. Mrs. Churchill went with her husband, the late Reverend George Churchill, to India about fifty years ago, and the record of her work, the expression of her Christion faith and zeal, and the results are given in the form of letters which begin on the day when the writer received from Mr. Churchill an invitation to accompany him on his great mission to India and realize her fondest ambition. The book is readable and entertaining.

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THE WOMAN—GOD BLESS HER

By Marjorie MacMurchy. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THIS is a timely volume from the pen of one who has had a wide range of experience and observation in women's affairs, and who is also a student of economic conditions affecting women. The book is divided into six chapters, which treat respectively of women's organizations, the business woman, the college woman, the country woman, the woman at home, and women and the war. Miss MacMurchy observes that the majority of girls in Canada go to work when they leave school, but afterwards enter the "more important occupation, socially and economically, of creating the homes of the country". Statistics show that eighty-seven per cent. of the women of the United States marry, and Miss MacMurchy thinks that the percentage in Canada is higher than that.

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH.

By H. G. Wells. Toronto: The MacMillan Company of Canada.

THIS novel will be regarded by many readers as the author's greatest achievement. It certainly is a distinctive achievement considered as a novel of to-day, and it is peculiarly of to-day. While the author might claim for it nothing more than the status of the novel, it nevertheless is a study of English life and customs immediately preceding and during the present war, and it is as well an attempt at an appreciation of the war. The title is a misnomer, because as a matter of fact Mr. Britling does not see it through. He may think that he sees it through, and likewise Mr. Wells, but the philosophy and conclusions will not satisfy the average reader. There are many, however, who will agree with the book, that the war is not the design of the Almighty, but rather that it has been brought about in spite of or against the design of the Almighty. Or, in other words, that God is able to create but not able to control what he creates. Nevertheless it is an extremely clever book, with many humorous and appealing touches. An American of British descent goes to England for the express purpose of inviting and urging Mr. Britling, who is an essayist of international reputation, to come to the States to address an association of which he is a member. He is met at the station in England by Mr. Britling himself, and then the fun and the exchange of international opinion begin. Mr. Britling is the garrulous, fussy type of little Englishman who is pleasant in his way if you let him have his way. While the book presents a splendid picture of English home life, it is largely a study of Mr. Britling as the centre of that life—a very fine study, an original characterization, a book well worth reading.

From the Painting by G. Horne Russell

LOW TIDE IN NEW BRUNSWICK

When Bliss Carman wrote "Low Tide on Grand Pré" doubtless he had in mind some such a scene as this. But Grand Pré is in Nova Scotia, while this scene is in New Brunswick. There a vessel standing high and dry is one of the common sights when the tide is out.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVIII TORONTO, APRIL, 1917 No. 6

OUR ALL-CANADIAN PEER

By A. R. Carman

CANADIAN opinion—probably because of its persistent penetration by American opinion—is still somewhat inclined to regard the conferring of titles by royalty as a practice peculiar to feudal Europe and more or less exotic on this continent. This feeling is passing away as the rise of Canada in importance in the British family leads to an increase in Canadian titles. The more of us there are, and the more we share in the man's task of defending our common Empire, naturally the more does that central organ of Empire we call the Crown direct toward us an approving and discerning attention. If we are to judge this system fairly and decide whether it be a good or bad thing to incorporate in our community, we must take pains to know the quality of public service which it stimulates and rewards. For, in these days of constitutional government, a title is no chance fancy of a monarch, but a public honour, awarded for public service. And one of its principal values to us as a people is that it must tend to incite similar services by other public-spirited men.

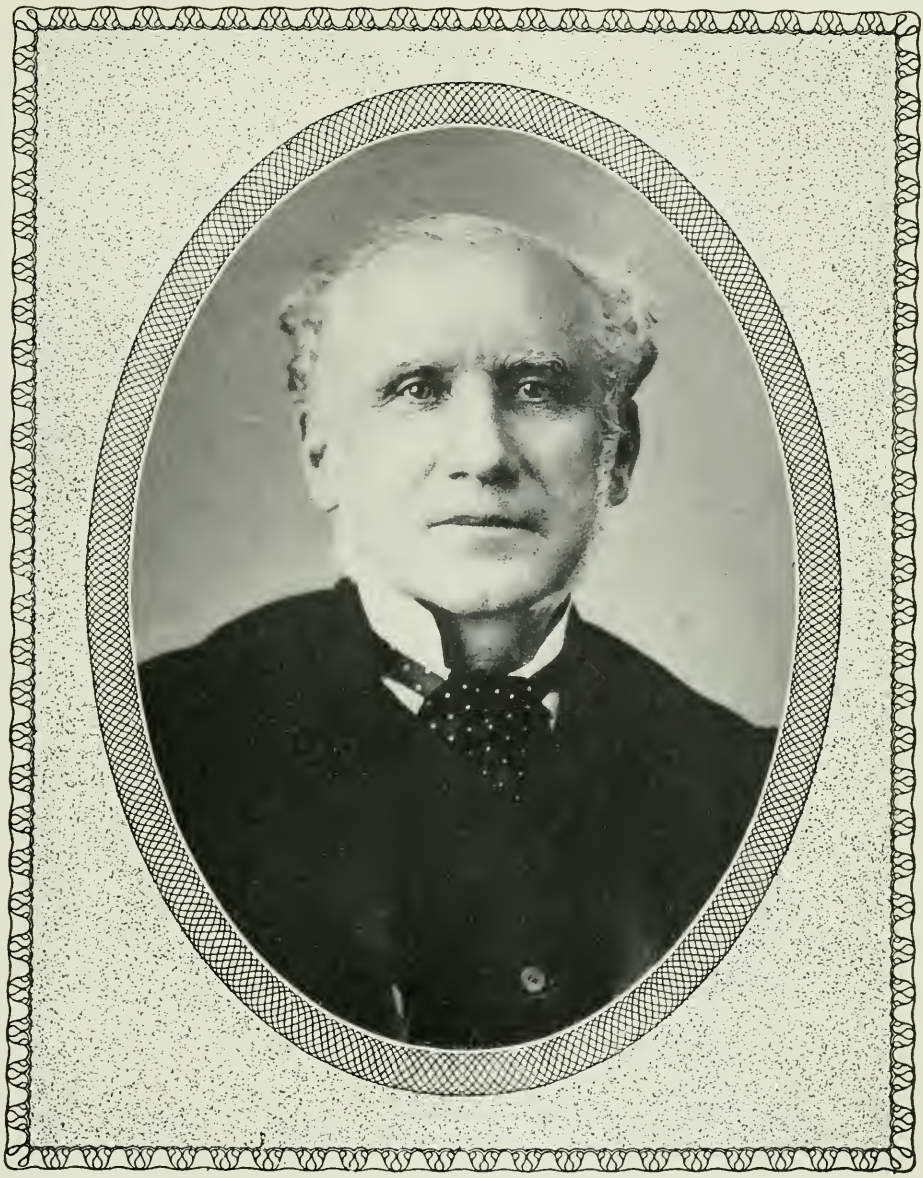
I should like—if I had the space—to write a whole paper on this phase of the question. A community which does not include public honours among its rewards for public services, is deliberately throwing away, not only one of the most effective inducements to public service, but the inducement by far the freest from sordid motive. A great difference between public life on this continent and in Britain is that in Britain men can be got to perform public services on honour and for honour which too often they will only perform here for pay.

The belated New Year's list contained for Canada a new example of this system of conferring honours from a central fountain of honour—an all-Canadian Peer was created. It is the

SIR HUGH GRAHAM

Publisher of the "The Montreal Star"; raised to the Peerage, 1917

first case in which a Canadian born, Canadian resident citizen has received this distinguishing recognition. So we have here a step forward in the application of this system to Canada. Was it justified? On what grounds was this honour conferred? These are questions which are surely worth inquiring into in connection with a new development of the policy of treating Canada as a fully incorporated part of the British Empire. Curiously enough, it synchronized with the summoning of the first "Imperial Parlia-



ROBERT WALKER GRAHAM

Father of Baron Graham, to the influence of whose sterling qualities, initiative and guidance his son attributes any success he may have made in life.

ment", with Sir Robert Borden as our representative.

The first thing that appeals naturally to us is that Baron Graham—the recipient of this novel honour—is one of us. Whatever else he is, he is "made in Canada". He was born in the Eastern Townships, in the country village of Athelstan, Huntingdon county. He was not born with "a silver spoon in his mouth" or with any unusual advantages. He had a father of sternly upright character and high ideals, and a devoted and wise mother.

But they had nothing to give him save good birth and a hearty "God speed" when he set out as a lad of fifteen to make his way in Montreal. His schooling had been got at the Huntingdon Academy, an institution which is duplicated in the boyhood memories of most of us. He had the usual barefoot country boy's joys and sorrows—he began life with nothing but a keen brain, a dauntless will and a passion for work.

His uncle, Edmund Henry Parsons, the greatest leader writer of his day, then published a paper in Montreal, *The Evening Telegraph*, and the young Hugh Graham went in as office-boy. He rose quickly, however, to be manager, and then—three years later—joined the staff of *The Montreal Gazette*. One of the photographs we publish reveals him at this age—clear-eyed, confident, yet with that modesty which has never left him. In the *Gazette* office they called him "young shoulders and old head". There he met young Lanigan, the brilliant writer, with whom during the following year he started *The Montreal Star*. Lanigan was the "pen", but Hugh Graham was the rest. He was the capitalist of the new enterprise, with all of a hundred dollars in the treasury. Not yet of age, he was confronted in a narrow English-speaking field with three well-established rival newspapers. It was a situation which would have daunted most men of thirty: but it has always been one of Hugh Graham's mottoes that the only way to get ahead is to take risks—wisely.

It was not long before Lanigan departed, and the future Peer went on alone. Deeply in debt, he was constantly harassed with law-suits, duns, and even much more serious refusals of further credit. The story of these early struggles has already been told in this magazine by the well-infromed pen of my late friend, Dr. George Murray, who knew Sir Hugh well: so that I cannot dwell upon them. But when a newspaper genius forces success out of a condition of affairs in which he must carry the coppers from one day's street sales to his paper merchant before he can get white paper for the next day's edition, we have surely an example of native Canadian determination and prowess which would add lustre to any honours conferred in any way.

This story of the making of *The Montreal Star* is one which has probably more interest for members of the profession, like myself, than for the general public. In our view, it is the great achievement of Hugh Graham's life. He has done many other things more spectacular for the moment than this daily fronting of difficulties—this daily solving of imperative problems which (like that of the sphinx) threatened "death" if the solution were wrong—that make up the grind of conducting a daily journal to success. He had, of course, the advantage of an almost uncanny gift of divination as to what news his public most desired. He knew by instinct what kind of a paper to publish if he only could overcome the material handicaps that weigh down a young man—a lad—with neither capital nor backing. He had courage—grit—that invincible spirit of a good soldier who will on. Without these he must have failed. But those who have stood at his elbow, day in and day out, through the long battle, have most winning tales to tell of his resource in the face of sudden crisis, of his immediate perception of an opportunity, of his strategic skill in conducting this long and wearying campaign—the campaign in which we are all engaged, of trying to make a success of our job. It is a typical Canadian story. It is Canadian because of its unfriended beginnings—because of its entire lack of powerful patronage which does so much to win success in an older civilization—because it is the work of an individual, owing everything to his upbringing and to his own keen brain and stout heart.

His Lordship has a great reputa-

BARONESS GRAHAM AND THE HONOURABLE ALICE GRAHAM

tion, among those who know him, for his approachableness—his democratic attitude toward the world. This, too, is Canadian. He has never thought to ape an Old World frigidity or aloofness. His Barony does not hamper him at all when he wants to see a "rough proof" in his news-room, or to run in on some man at his office or home. He is the rapid-thinking, rapid-acting Canadian business man, absolutely without "side". I mention this because I want to add that he has no sloppy notion of falsely flattering democracy to its own hurt by pretending—as so many do—that a majority vote always knows more than a board of experts. There are some dema-

gogues who talk as if they would take a plebiscite of their street as to whether they needed an operation for appendicitis: but, when they are stricken themselves, they promptly call in a specialist. Hugh Graham always knew that the specialist should be called in at once. When it comes to doing things, he has always believed in an intelligent and courageous autocracy.

Away back in 1885, when he would have laughed at the idea that he would ever be a Peer of the Realm, Montreal was in the killing grip of a great smallpox epidemic. Hundreds were dying. There was hardly a street free from the terrifying infection. The rest of Canada had isolated the city and shut out its wholesale trade. Ruin stared our rising metropolis in the face. The city council was paralyzed with fear. A widespread anti-vaccination propaganda had been poisoning public opinion for years; and the stricken people would allow neither the isolation of their sick nor the innoculation of their well. Hugh Graham took the bull by the horns. He organized a deputation of leading citizens to invade the City Hall and demand that six of their number be added to the Board of Health—a body which had large powers of control and action. Then the "new blood" on the board went full steam ahead. Immediately what looked like an insurmountable difficulty arose. There was no place in which to isolate the rapidly-increasing cases. The Exhibition Buildings were the only structures at all adequate, and the managers of the Exhibition threatened to sue the board for fabulous damages if they dared to touch them. Even the new board was staggered. But to Hugh Graham they delegated their powers. Then he procured an order for calling out the militia: got the good old Victoria Rifles under arms, and marched at their head up to the Exhibition Grounds. The gates were banged, barred and bolted against him. He himself climbed over them, ignoring all threats of legal action, and opened them to the troops, who marched in. In twenty-four hours a great army of nurses was installed, and smallpox patients were being brought, under police control, to the new and spacious "hospital" in a continuous procession. A sample of Mr. Graham's personal courage—a quality which manly men ever admire—was displayed on this occasion when he repeatedly accompanied the officers into pest-infected homes and patiently talked the families into willingly allowing the removal of their sick. The plague was soon checked and Montreal saved. A great sigh of relief had gone up from the citizens when he took forcible possession, with all the attendant risks, of all the Exhibition grounds and buildings for isolation purposes: and, later, thousands of the citizens of that day in recognition of the master stroke testified to him their deep sense of gratitude. It was reckless work, but the plague was devastating the city, and it needed just such reckless courage to grapple with it.

It is always an exasperation for those of us who know him to speak of his charities. The very small part of them that can be related are by no means the bulk of them, and are not even the best or most appealing. Sick children are a specialty with him. Of this there are several public monuments, such as the Children's Memorial Hospital on the slopes of Mount Royal, a beautiful home for the beneficiaries of the Fresh Air Fund on the Richelieu River (a fund he himself started in the days of his battle with poverty and hard conditions), and his more recent fund for the relief of the brutally ill-used children of Belgium. I have seen tears fill his eyes in reading accounts of the German cruelties to children in the war zone. There is nothing assumed in his passionate pity for a stricken child. In fact, there is precious little assumed in his conduct in any way. He is singularly free from "pose". And he hates cant as he hates the devil. It is equally

true that he hates a toadying spirit. Some people who have only one conception of the possible attitude of a man who believes in the system of Imperial titles, toward these titles and high rank generally, would be amazed at the instructions I constantly get from his Lordship for the editorial treatment of titled personages. He seldom fails to say, "Don't be fulsome. Don't leave the impression that we are toadying. Be Canadian".

Which brings me to the discussion of his Imperial services. These, of course, are what have particularly attracted attention in London. From his early youth, Mr. Graham has always been an Imperialist, as his father was before him. But that does not mean that he has been a "centralizer". On the contrary, he has always been a *Canadian* Imperialist. Imperialism on his lips means principally "permanent British connection"—as the only possible safeguard against annexation. He is for that first, last and all the time; but he is just as strongly of the opinion that Canada should have a great deal to say about running the Empire. He is as critical of "Downing Street" as any Liberal of the old school. His great god is efficieney; and he thinks that that quality is more apt to be found in the New World than in the Old.

His first Imperial service was performed when, as a lad not yet of age and struggling against heavy odds to get his paper started, he put aside a tempting offer to lend it to the advocacy of annexation. Soon after that he became convinced that our industrial independence of the great and growing American manufacturing world was an absolutely necessary basis for our safe political independence in this country; and he began to advocate a policy of protection for our industries long before Sir John Macdonald took it up. His advocacy in the *Star* prepared the ground very largely for the campaign which in 1878 carried Sir John back into office on this platform. The correspondence which he had with Sir John shows what that stout imperialistic statesman and still stouter Canadian thought of his services. I do not desire to reopen recent political discussions in this article, but I may be allowed to add that it has been this motive—a desire to keep Canada truly independent and British—which has led him to oppose every effort to break down this fence along the American border. He has frequently said that he would rather lose every penny he has in the world than see Canada absorbed by the American Union—and he is by no means certain that the danger of this is entirely gone yet.

HUGH GRAHAM

When he started "The Montreal Star"

Thinking of Canada as British—not "an adjunct" of the British Empire, but an integral part of it—he logically has long believed that Canada should stand as ready to fight for the Empire as does Middlesex or Midlothian. So when the Boer War came and it looked as if Canada would do nothing, his chagrin was deep. Then we got the news that a New Zealand

"ELMWOOD." The country residence of Baron Graham at Cartierville. The Viaduct over the Ravine.

regiment was on the way. Sir Hugh immediately seized the opportunity, repeated this cable to every mayor and militia officer of importance in the Dominion, and asked them to say whether they thought Canada, too, should help. They were practically unanimous that she should. Sir Hugh published these stirring despatches in the *Star*, and mailed copies to every public man concerned. The immediate result was the decision of the then Canadian Government to send a contingent. Sir Hugh at once supported this by insuring every man who enlisted in the first contingent, up to a total of one million dollars, thus encouraging recruiting. As usual, he was out for results: and, as usual, he wanted Canada to take a first place. He subsequently raised a Children's Patriotic Fund for the families of these men.

His services in connection with the present war have been constant, well-directed, and so valuable that they constitute probably one of the chief reasons for his elevation to the Peerage. For years before the war opened, Sir Hugh was thoroughly convinced that it was inevitable. He had travelled much in Germany, and he was fully persuaded that "Germany would strike when Germany's hour had struck". He was in Britain when Lord Roberts made the telling and prophetic speech from which the above phrase is quoted: and, so perfectly did it express his own opinion, that he cabled it in full at his own expense to the *Star*, and had it repeated to every other Canadian paper that would take it. He wanted all Canada to hear the clear and ominous note of warning.

Naturally in his character of Canadian Imperialist, he also wanted Canada to prepare to help meet the men-

"ELMWOOD," AT CARTIERVILLE. The country residence of Baron Graham.

ace. In Britain they were preparing by augmenting the navy. No one thought of the army in those days. So Sir Hugh became convinced that Canada must assist in strengthening the navy. Always out for results and always contemptuous of empty phrases, he wanted to put Canada's contribution in the form which would mean the greatest fighting value—even if it were easier to talk of "autonomy" and "home industry" in connection with some other scheme. He unfolded his plan to Lord Strathcona, who was so convinced of its worth that he personally accompanied Sir Hugh to the Admiralty to lay it before the highest naval authorities in the world.

This was the very plan which was advocated by the *Star* for years, subsequently adopted by the Canadian Government and warmly supported by an Admiralty memorandum. Under it, Canada would probably have been represented at the battle of Jutland by at least three Dreadnoughts.

During the war his Lordship's services have been limited only by opportunity. His papers have always been active participants in every campaign for recruits or for subscriptions and loans for war purposes. As to other war services, I here enter a field on which I cannot turn the light—yet. Perhaps, in some future day, the whole story of Lord Graham's services to the British cause may be told—perhaps not. But it is sufficient for the moment to say that war-time peerages are not conferred for merely looking amiable. Thinking of these unknown services reminds me that I have forgotten to mention his Indian Famine Fund—an early Imperial service which taught our people (to the tune of more than a hundred thousand

Canadian subscribers) that they carried some responsibilities toward India. But I do not pretend to make a complete list of either his patriotic achievements, his more public charities or his campaigns for the public weal. This is not a catalogue, but a character study.

The key-note to his character is a passion for achievement. He always puts his whole soul into accomplishing what he sets out to do. I have been struck in my own personal relations with him with his remarkable gift of concentration. We often say in the office that he is "a one-idea man"—that is, when he is doing one thing he entirely forgets that there is anything else to do. But he gets the one thing done if it costs twenty-four hours a day. In the office and out of it, his courtesy is unfailing. I have never known a man to complain of him on that score. He is no flatterer. He is a keen critic, but he is always courteous.

His family life is almost his only relaxation from work. A member of many clubs in Canada and Britain, he spends little time in them. The Baroness is in close sympathy with him in all his works of charity and kindness. She shares with him his extreme solicitude for the suffering of little children, and joins in his labours to alleviate it. Much of his tenderest love is lavished on his only daughter, the Honourable Alice. As a united family, they holiday whenever the chance offers—sometimes a motor tour in Europe, sometimes a flight from the winter to Florida, but oftenest in passing an ideal summer in their lovely home at Cartierville. It is his Lordship's boast that they have there all the games that can be played in the open air, and that he can hold his own—and more—at any of them. Golf is, perhaps, his favourite; and more of his visitors leave his private course vanquished than victors. Taken from all sides, he is a fine flower of our typical Canadian culture. He has brought the ancient title of "Baron" home to us, and domesticated it. He has made it more human, and, shall I say, Canadian? The name under which he will assume his title rests, of course, with the authorities in England; but his own preference is Baron Graham of Athelstan. For, whatever they may make him in London, he will always be a Canadian. He has no notion that the Empire is a top, pivoting perilously on Westminster, but rather a broad-based Temple of Liberty, with one of its stoutest foundations resting on the soil of Canada.

AN ADVENTURE IN YOUTH

By Mary E. Lowrey

Illustrations by Berthe Des Clayes

IN this warm month of July it is good to be back again at Westhaven. I had been thinking about it all winter—not as it really must have been, with the snow packed to the edges of the hotel verandah and stretched across the ice to the black trees on the other side, but as I have always seen it: a tiny, red-roofed settlement on the edge of a little lake that looks like nothing so much as a big, blue saucer with a charming serrated etching of inverted pines at its rim.

That is Westhaven. From my bedroom window—the bedroom I have occupied for ten years—I can look out across the water to the pine-trees beyond. At home my window commands a view of a row of little gabled houses, all so exactly alike that it is, I believe, a daily occurrence for the owner of any one of them to find one or another of his neighbours withdrawing confusedly from his front vestibule. I think it must be that view from my winter window that makes me long for Westhaven as soon as the weather begins to warm towards spring. Westhaven is monotonous, too. But it is a very gracious monotony.

This year there are more guests than usual—a great number of pretty young girls and little children. But there is a tragic dearth of young men, tragic, alas! in a very real sense. For most of them are in France now—the boys I remember who came here summer after summer to swim and flirt and sail; and even the ones who used to play pirate in the old flat bottomed dinghy, and to shoot marbles, on rainy days, down the long hotel corridors.

To-day I met Jerry.

Her real name is Geraldine Ross, but in most of her moods, Jerry suits her best. She is tall and vigorous and young; beautiful, too, I think, with the sort of beauty one feels sure must be the gift of ancestry and not of accident. She can swim and sail like a boy, and she handles a canoe with the dexterity of a French habitant.

"It's curious, isn't it, Miss Armitage?" an elderly spinster like myself said to me as we sat on the verandah watching Jerry executing a remarkable series of "jack-knifes" at the end of the pier. "We were taught that all a woman's destiny lay in being a good wife and mother; and the modern girl seems to believe that her destiny lies entirely in being a good sport."

I smiled without replying. For my part, I love this gay young generation, that takes such good care of its muscles, and lets its manners take care of themselves.

I do not mean that its manners are not excellent. They are. And their very excellence lies in the fact that they are allowed to take care of them-

Drawing by Berthe Des Clayes

"Jerry paused on the Verandah to talk to us"

selves in their engaging self-unconsciousness.

Jerry came up from the pier and paused on the verandah to talk to us. She sat on the railing with the water dripping from her short skirt and bright hair, looking like a classic water-nymph in an extremely modern bathing suit. She has offered to teach me to "do jack-knifes."

Jerry and I have become very good friends.

She takes me out every morning in her canoe. Ordinarily, I have a deep-rooted distrust for that tricky craft; but in her competent hands I feel quite safe, and become so absorbed in watching the rhythmic swing of her paddle that I sometimes find myself forgetting to clutch tightly to the sides.

"I like you, Miss Armitage," she said to me this morning. "You're an awfully good sport."

I felt extraordinarily pleased. For now, though I have failed my destiny as a good wife and mother, I have been promoted to the sisterhood of the rising generation.

This morning we had a new guest. A very tall young man clambered out of the little motor boat which the hotel despatches to meet its guests, and came up the pebbly path to the verandah. I had a fleeting impression of rather exceptional good looks just as he disappeared through the doorway.

The impression was confirmed at dinner time. The new guest has pleasant gray eyes and an excellent profile. He is a little shy, I think. For though we are very informal and cordial with strangers at Westhaven,

he had very little to say to anyone. And after dinner he disappeared immediately in the direction of the boathouse.

Jerry and I were standing on the verandah as he went by.

"Now, why isn't he in khaki?" demanded Jerry, following him with a frowning glance. She has a younger brother in Flanders, and her patriotism runs very strong.

"He probably has an excellent reason," I said. "A widowed mother—or a weak back—"

He may have a widowed mother," she answered, eyeing his large form disapprovingly. "But he hasn't any weak back."

Plainly the new guest may expect small favor from Jerry.

Her acquaintance among the militia, I have observed, is extremely wide. Almost every week-end, a soldier on his last leave comes up to say good-bye to her. Under her competent guidance I am rapidly learning to distinguish between the various ranks. At first I recognized rank only by its leather leggings, and when it abandoned its leggings, I was altogether lost.

This morning we had an unusually full breakfast table. There were Dr. and Mrs. Edwards, and their large family (they have five little girls, ranging in age from rompers to middy blouses) one of Jerry's soldiers, who, a laggard in love, had overslept and lost his place at her table, the new guest, whose name is Allan, Miss Wilson, the other elderly spinster, and myself.

We talked about the war, of course. Dr. Edwards, who expects to go overseas with a medical unit in September, will talk of nothing else. This morning he could not be restrained from outlining the Western front on the table cloth with the handle of his spoon. He illustrated the great

Drawing by Berthe Des Clayes

"She takes me out every morning in her canoe"

Somme drive with his knife and fork, and conducted a spirited infantry attack with the salt and pepper.

Mrs. Edwards took occasion to congratulate Jerry's soldier on the fact that he was in the service of his country.

"Oh, well, life's pretty uncertain anywhere," he responded, cheerfully attacking a large slice of toast.

"It is, isn't it?" said Dr. Edwards, diverted for the moment. "Almost every human being takes a chance one way or another. Some people live on the sides of volcanoes, and some don't pay any attention to the warning of their livers. And I don't suppose," he added, making the neat professional application, "that it's any more dangerous to cling to the side of potential calamity than to have a potential calamity cling to the side of you."

He returned to the subject immediately, however.

"I haven't much of an opinion of the man, especially the young man without a family, who isn't willing to take a chance these days," he said, resting his gaze absently upon young Allan.

The boy did not respond. He sat crumbling a piece of bread with restless fingers, his eyes on the window, and the water and pine trees beyond. I could not bear to look at him. I believe firmly that conscription is a democratic measure, and I can see no defense for the slacker. But the youth of to-day is faced by a very terrible alternative; and when it is publicly tried and condemned for its choice of the ignoble part, the sight is not a pleasant one.

It is sad to think that the responsibility for the whole future of the race must be thrust upon the young shoulders of a single generation.

We held a Red Cross garden party this afternoon on the grounds of the hotel.

Jerry sold ice cream. She came down about two o'clock wearing a fresh summer gown and a green wide-leafed hat that cast a pleasant shade across her eyes. And she looked so altogether delightful that it scarcely seemed possible she should be unaware of it. She wasn't.

Young Allan and I were talking on the front steps, and he was just about to leave for one of his solitary canoe trips. He spends very little time about the hotel. Almost every morning, immediately after breakfast, he takes his canoe and disappears; and sometimes we do not see him again until breakfast time the following morning.

He paused a moment when he saw Jerry, and then went up the steps towards her, with a crisp new bill in his hand.

"It's for the Red Cross," he said, as he handed it to her.

Jerry took it without enthusiasm.

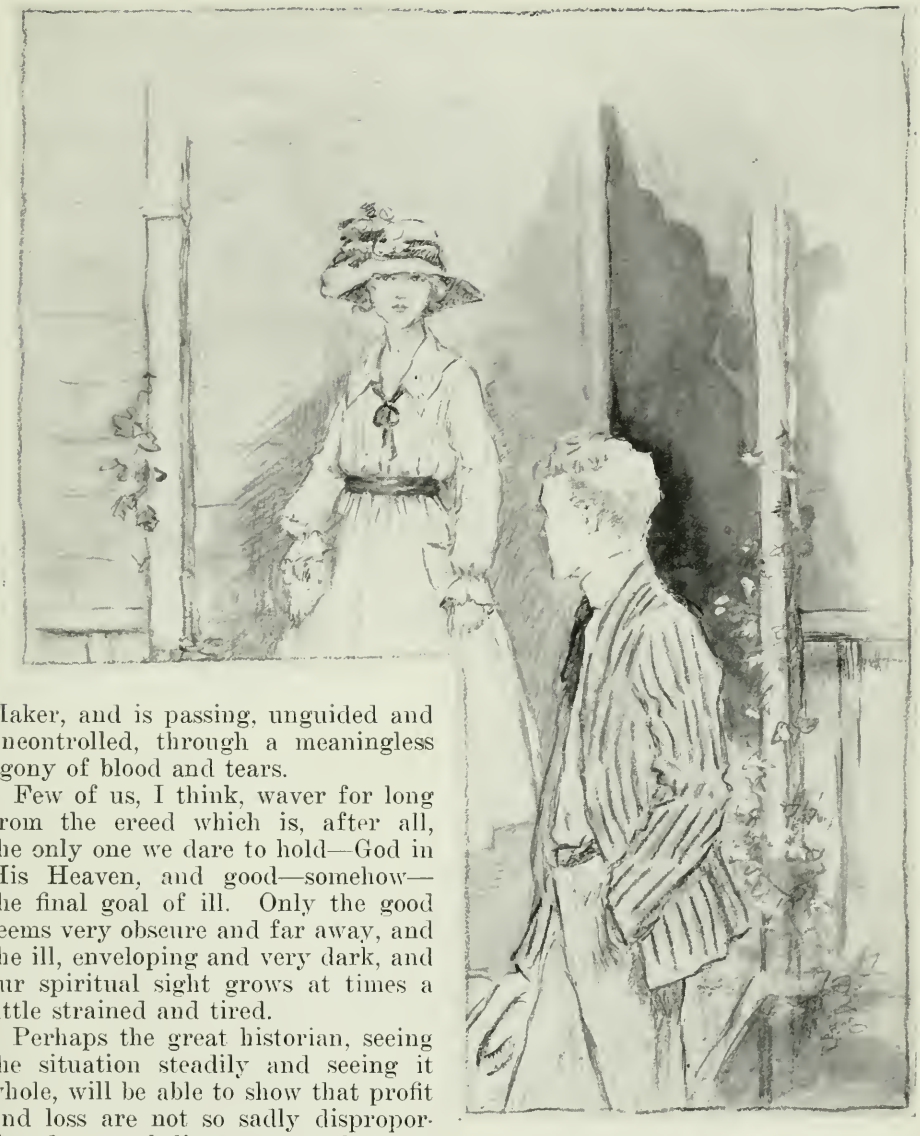
"Thank you very much," she said, and thrust it negligently into the wide pocket of her skirt.

Had it been anyone else than young Allan she would certainly have paused, exchanged a few remarks, and invited him to be present. And she would somehow have contrived to leave him with the delightful impression that the sweet perfection of her afternoon depended, to a far greater extent than he might have suspected, upon his presence. But Jerry will waste none of these courtesies upon a slacker.

He looked after her with a rather curious expression as she went across the lawn towards the big striped tent where the ice cream was being sold. And then he went slowly down the path to the boat-house.

One wonders whether in the days that are to come, it will be possible for a historian to arise great enough to grasp the significance of the tragedy through which we are living to-day.

And there are terrible moments, too, when it almost seems that it can have no significance, after all; that our unhappy old world has somehow been wrenched away from the hand of its



Drawing by Berthe Des Clayes

"He paused a moment when he saw Jerry—"

Maker, and is passing, unguided and uncontrolled, through a meaningless agony of blood and tears.

Few of us, I think, waver for long from the creed which is, after all, the only one we dare to hold—God in His Heaven, and good—somehow—the final goal of ill. Only the good seems very obscure and far away, and the ill, enveloping and very dark, and our spiritual sight grows at times a little strained and tired.

Perhaps the great historian, seeing the situation steadily and seeing it whole, will be able to show that profit and loss are not so sadly disproportioned as we believe them to be now. And even we, looking back across the unreal horror of the last two years, may at least thank God for what they have revealed to us of the gallant spirit of youth.

To-day the casualty list was headed by the name of a boy I remember in Westhaven ten years ago. He was killed while leading his men into action in an engagement in Flanders. And side by side with the picture that rose to my mind of the gallant officer, Lieut. William Carter, charging at the head of his men into the face of destruction, came the memory of Willie Carter, a mild little boy, nicknamed Bunny for reasons all too apparent, who never used to like to go into the dark alone.

Jerry, it seemed, had known him

Drawing by Berthe Des Clayes

"And I came up to my room and got into my old purple kimona and put my wet hair into its wire curlers"

too. Looking very white, she came out to the verandah where I was talking to young Allan.

"Bunny Carter has been killed," she said to me. "He was a friend of my brother Jim's. They were in the same company."

She stood looking away from us so that we would not see the tears in her eyes. But she could not keep them out of her voice.

"It wasn't fair for Bunny to have to go to war," she said. "He wasn't very strong. And he was so young—only eighteen when he enlisted!"

And then she faced about unexpectedly and regarded young Allan with scornful eyes.

"Why don't *you* go?" she demanded.

I saw him open his lips to say something, and close them again in a stubborn angry line. And after a moment he replied rather sullenly.

"I'll go when my turn comes."

"You slacker!" said Jerry, and went haughtily down the steps, and along the pebbly path to the shore.

I remonstrated with Jerry this morning when we were out in the canoe, but she remained obdurate.

"If he's a slacker he deserved it; and if he isn't, of course he would have denied it," she declared with the beautifully simple logic of youth.

"Not necessarily," I said, remembering the look that had crossed his face when she challenged him so unexpectedly. And I added as gently as possible, "Even so, I can't help feeling that your methods as a recruiting agent are perhaps—insufficiently diplomatic. Even a slacker has feelings."

Jerry fell back on the syllogistic form of argument.

"A slacker is a worm," she said. "And a worm can't feel. I don't see how it's possible for a slacker to have any feelings."

I had no reply for this. So we sat silent for awhile, drifting about the quiet lake with the little waves slapping against the sides of the canoe.

"Miss Armitage," said Jerry presently. "Do you remember the line from the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," about "sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat"? That's what is happening to-day, isn't it? There are some, like poor Bunny Carter, whom no one ever suspected of heroism; and they go away and are killed. And there are others whom one would naturally expect to be—more the soldier type. And they stay at home and let the Bunny Carters do their fighting and dying for them."

"You mean young Allan," I asked.

"Yes—young Allan," answered Jerry thoughtfully, taking up her paddle again. "I suppose if I hadn't known the sort of person he really is I might have liked him—quite well."

I have been trying to analyze the friendship between Jerry and myself.

It is a little unusual, I think. We of the older generation are separated, by a long line of years, from the experiences of youth; and youth accepts us pleasantly for what we are, and regards with secret skepticism the platitudes that argue, rather pathetically, that age is simply an attitude of mind. It respects us deeply and pities us a little, convinced of our wisdom and our tendency to rheumatism.

With Jerry it is quite different. It is possible that she may refer to me, in my absence, as "an old dear." But when she is with me she meets me frankly and simply on the basis of one and twenty. And before I realize it, the decorum of years slips away from me, and I find myself boldly scraping acquaintance again with youth.

She has asked me to go into town to the movies with her to-night.

An incredible thing has happened!

We went to the movies, Jerry and I. We paddled into town in the late dusk, and arrived there just as the lights began to glimmer down into the water.

The first play was nearly over when we entered the crowded little theatre,

and we sat in a seat near the back and watched the performance of the "greatest emotional actress in America". The great emotional actress had very definite ideas about deportment, and she slapped the face of the floor-walker (the floor-walker is the villain *par excellence* of the movies, I have observed) because he remarked, with an odious leer.

"Some chicken! how about a little lunch?"

("Now, if he had only said, 'How about a little lunch—some chicken?'" said Jerry regretfully. "He wouldn't have been nearly so likely to get his face slapped.)

And we saw her entrapped at last, and watched her effect a rather ingenious escape through a dumb waiter. And after that our interest flagged a little, and we sat and talked about something else until hero and heroine faded rapturously off the screen.

But the next picture caught and held my attention from the first. It was a war picture, taken in France—very old and streaked, and belonging, I imagine, to the earlier period of the great struggle. And it showed long, patient lines of soldiers passing over a dusty country road. The silent tragedy of it caught suddenly at my throat, and the desolated landscape and the gray figures on the gray road blurred to a mist on the screen before me. And the words of a sad little poem I had read somewhere came back to my mind:

> Oh, living pictures of the dead,
> Oh, songs without a sound—

Jerry said the pictures were probably faked.

"C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre," she remarked knowingly.

But they were not faked. For the next picture showed the late Earl Kitchener reviewing the Canadian troops. And at the end of the line nearest the camera, standing at salute before the greatest soldier of them all, was young Allan!

Jerry made a little exclamation.

"Oh-h, it *can't* be!" she gasped.

But it was. The picture was very clear and close, and young Allan's excellent profile is not to be mistaken.

We were both a good deal startled, I think. It was almost uncanny—as though a familiar acquaintance had suddenly been presented to us in the spirit. Jerry did not utter another word until we were getting into the canoe to go home. Then she said tragically.

"And I called him a slacker!"

"He's home on leave, I suppose," I said.

"I can never look him in the face again," declared Jerry passionately; and after a moment.

"If you could see him first, Miss Armitage, and explain how I didn't understand—and how terribly sorry I am—"

I said I would, rather reluctantly. I am quite sure that she could do it a great deal more effectively herself. And we went the rest of the way home almost in silence.

I overslept this morning, and woke to the vague consciousness of a task to be performed. And then I remembered my promise to Jerry.

I should have been quite content to lie there much longer, with the yellow sunlight across my bed, and a fragrant little breeze kicking at my curtains, and a bright windowful of blue sky to look at. But I knew that if I did I should probably miss young Allan, who is seldom to be found around the hotel after nine o'clock. Life, as the industrious moralist has pointed out (in pink embroidery, on the pillow-shams of a former generation) is not Beauty but Duty.

I came down just in time to waylay him in the lower hall. And I told him about our discovery of the night before.

He looked a good deal surprised; I could not tell whether or not he was pleased. And I told him how sorry we were—especially Jerry.

"But why didn't you tell us yourself?" I asked.

He did not reply for a moment. And then he said with extraordinary abruptness.

"Did you ever go to Hell, and then come back?"

I gasped, I think. It was, perhaps, an odd question to put to a mild little elderly person who had never gone to anything more questionable than the movies in her life.

"No, I don't think I ever did," I replied.

"Well, I have," said young Allan," and I didn't want to talk about it."

It was dramatic, perhaps. But it was terribly pathetic as well. And just for a moment I caught a glimpse into the troubled depths of the boy's mind. And I knew that the things he had seen and heard were still so real and close that he could not bring himself to think about them—the sights and sounds of death, and the hideous futile desolation of which we understand so little.

"I thought I'd like to get away by myself for awhile," he said, "I haven't any folks, you see."

I did not know what to say. I could only murmur that we were terribly sorry—especially Jerry.

"Miss Ross really didn't give me a chance to tell her," he said. "Everyone took it for granted from the first that I was a slacker. I didn't think it worth while to make explanations."

It was what I had suspected—a bit of stubborn pride carried over from his not very remote boyhood. I tried to set things clear.

"Jerry is very loyal," I said. "She has a younger brother in the trenches. We all feel it unfair that the burden of the war should rest only on the willing, like yourself."

"Of course I understand that that was how you felt about it, Miss Armitage," he said politely. "It wasn't necessary to explain."

The awful haughtiness of youth! I was reminded of that absurd poem of Lewis Carroll's:

I said it loud, I said it clear,
I went and shouted in his ear,
But he was very stiff and proud,
He said, "You needn't shout so loud!"

"Then I shall tell Jerry you forgive her," I said.

"Why certainly. There was nothing to forgive," he answered and started toward the door. There he hesitated a moment.

"I—she—," he began, and then turned away. "Oh, there's no use now," he said, and disappeared. And a few minutes later I saw his canoe moving slowly across the lake.

I told Jerry about the interview.

"I don't blame him," she said soberly. And she added after a moment. "But what do you suppose he meant by that Ibsenesque farewell?"

I am sitting in my room in an unlovely purple kimona, a hot brick at my feet, and my hair in wire curlers —the crowning offence of *déshabillé*. And the rain is beating sadly.

And less than an hour ago—

It must have been almost eight o'clock when Jerry, who had been wandering restlessly about the verandah, came up to me as I sat knitting, and suggested going into town for the mail.

"And the morning paper," she added persuasively, seeing me hesitate.

(When Jerry wants me to go into town she always suggests the morning paper; for when one is a little withdrawn from the world the daily newspaper assumes an undreamed of value. Sometimes at home, I do little more than glance at the headlines. But in Westhaven I read everything in it—even that least inspiring of departments, the Woman's Page, and the curious lyric outbursts that have taken the place of department store advertising.)

So I consented, and she went down and brought her canoe around to the pier. And we set out just as it began to grow dusk.

It was quite dark by the time we emerged from the little land-locked

harbor of Westhaven. Outside, in the open lake a chilly breeze was blowing, and the water was beginning to move and murmur restlessly. And in spite of my confidence in Jerry I felt a little shiver of fear.

We arrived in town safely however. It was too late to linger there long, and we secured the mail and the paper and hurried back to the dock.

The wind had risen alarmingly. Standing there, with that murmuring blackness before me, and the waves beating up against the dock at my feet, I felt a dreadful sinking sense of terror. There are moments when I find the business of being a good sport a little trying to my years. If there had been any other way of getting back to Westhaven to-night, I should certainly have insisted upon taking it.

The situation did not appear to trouble Jerry. She was humming softly as she lit the lantern and steadied the canoe while I got in. And she was still humming as she swung the bow about and headed toward the open lake.

I do not know how long it was before I discovered that something was wrong. I remember noticing that Jerry had stopped humming, and wondering why we were so long in making the little Westhaven harbour; and wishing, with a rising sense of fear that the terrifying sound of wind and water would begin to die away.

And then, quite suddenly, I knew that we were lost. And I knew that Jerry, paddling silently at the end of the canoe was matching her strength against the strength of the wind and the mounting water about us.

We did not seem to be going forward. We seemed to be hanging there, between heaven and earth, in an awful rocking blackness—blackness that stretched away on every side, and held no sound but that dreadful sound of wind and water.

It rained too—great drenching gusts that swept along with the increasing wind.

It was young Allan that rescued us, three miles outside the entrance to Westhaven. He had been out patrolling the lake in the little hotel launch for an hour, and he came riding toward us in answer to our frantic calls, the searchlight in the front of his boat cutting a narrow lane of brightness through the dark. And somehow we scrambled aboard.

"I heard someone say you had gone into town," he said. "I had just got in and I knew it was pretty rough out here. So I thought it might be a good idea to borrow the launch and scout around a little."

"If you hadn't," said Jerry shakily. "I'm afraid we might never have got back at all. You—you have probably saved our lives."

There was a little awkward pause. The customary line of conduct in a case of this kind, I suppose, is to seize the hand of one's rescuer and pour out broken words of gratitude. But our rescuer sat with his large unresponsive back toward us, and his hands resting firmly on the steering wheel. So I murmured, "Thank you very much," which was the only thing that occurred to me, and nothing more was said until we ran into our own little lake and the lights from the boathouse trembled faintly through the rain. Then Jerry ventured resolutely.

"I want you to know that we realize what you have done for us. I know you must feel—unfriendly toward me—"

Young Allan faced about with a half reluctant grin.

"Not exactly unfriendly," he said. "In fact I believe I've been hanging around Westhaven most of the summer simply on your account."

I left them standing under the dim light in the hotel hallway, talking in low mysterious voices, in that sudden absorbing intimacy that is possible only to youth. And I came up to my room, and got into my old purple kimona, and put my wet hair into its wire curlers.

There is a curious deadening of the

spirit that can no more be reasoned away than can damp and dreary weather.

To-morrow morning the sun will be shining over the bright wet world, and a nipping breeze from the great lakes to the north will be blowing down through all the little islands. But to-night—

To-night the rain is beating sadly against my window and I have an old bleak feeling that life and the beautiful things of youth have somehow passed me by.

For Jerry came in half an hour later to say good-night. She wore a scarlet silk kimona, and her hair hung over her shoulders in tow amazing yellow braids. She sat on the bed with her feet tucked under her, and regarded me with wide dreaming gray eyes.

"He has to leave on Thursday," she said, "but we—he says we will at least have to-morrow together."

She got up suddenly, thrust her muscular young arms round my neck and hugged me vigorously.

"Good-night," she said—"you old dear!"

THE SISTERS

By RALF SHELDON-WILLIAMS

WHAT of the day, O Picardy?
Cry us how goes the day;
I have sent my children from sanctuary
To keep the tryst of the blood for me,
My fee of kinship pay.
Do the lilies, our mother's lilies pale,
Hold high their heads to the gloom and gale?
Are they yet unstained in their beauty frail?
Sister, how goes the day?

Rest tranquil, sister Normandie;
The day goes well for France.
Your sons are one with the sons of me,
Pledged in blood and devoirie
To my deliverance.
But the lilies, our mother's lilies pale,
Flaunt gules of pride on their argent mail,
Yet never in gracious beauty fail,
For the day goes well for France.

Do you ride alone, dear Picardy?
Strike alone and lonely stand?
Nay, fear not, sister Normandie;
Our cousin of England rides with me,
Rides at my bridle hand.
And my lilies pale and his roses gay
Kindle the northern marches gray.
Where a wounded Lion holds the way
Hard by the North Sea strand.

THE SKIRMISHER

By C. W. Jackaberry

GIROUX half raised himself from his crouching position behind the rock and reached for his canteen. To his disgust, it was empty, and with a muttered curse he tossed it from him. Then resignedly he settled in the sand and peered cautiously from his hiding place. As he did so, a puff of smoke broke from a bush far out on the veldt and a bullet droned wickedly by his ear.

"Got my range all right," he muttered to himself, dodging quickly back.

From time to time he took a long shot at that bush but it was risky work and brought a fusillade of bullets around his ears, without silencing in the least the sharp-shooter who so diligently fired upon him. At last he gave it up and mopped his perspiring brow shakily. It was insufferably hot! Not a breath of air stirred, and the sun glared down pitilessly! He glanced to the left and saw stretching far out on the plain the long line of khaki-clad figures, recumbent like himself behind bushes, rocks, or heaps of sand—taking every available vestige of cover. The sharp crack of their rifles now and then came to his ears, but the firing was desultory; and showed that they, too, were biding their time; waiting for night to fall before crossing that fire-swept zone to the attack of the distant kopje.

Giroux was the last man on the right wing of the advance party, and consequently he was isolated from his comrades. The nearest soldier was beyond speaking distance, and he dared not leave his protecting rock to get any closer to him. Conversation being out of the question, he bethought himself of a smoke, but was even denied that privilege, for the good briar pipe that he carried was found broken to bits in his pocket.

He smiled ruefully at the discovery, then cursed his fate. Skirmishing was hell, anyway! He wished he had stayed at home! He licked his lips, then fell to coughing—a dry, racking cough that shook his whole frame and left him weak and helpless. Why had he come? That was the question. Oh, yes, it was on account of Dora. He had a picture of her somewhere in his uniform. With trembling fingers he finally found it in his left pocket, just over his heart.

"Sentimental ass!" he growled to himself as he brought it out.

But at sight of the girl's beautiful features a change came over him. His pale, worn face lit up, and a hectic flush appeared in each cheek! The fire of his love burned brightly in his dull, sunken eyes, and for a moment he looked almost healthy. Then the reaction set in, and another spasm of pain contracted his chest. When this was over he fell to talking to himself.

"I cheated old Saw-Bones, anyway," he said with a short laugh. "He told me I had only two months to

live and here it is three to a day, since I left home. He nearly guessed it, though, for I won't last much longer. I just hope that fellow in the bush gets me before this cough does. I'd hate to go that way!"

Then musingly: "I wonder if she will care, when she hears about it. I don't think so, but anyhow, it doesn't matter."

He closed his eyes wearily, in spite of the fact that all his watchfulness was needed. Already the fever was mounting in his veins, and every pulse quickened perceptibly. He remembered her very words to him, when he had asked her to become his wife. The scene was as vivid as if it had occurred yesterday, instead of months ago.

"Bob," she had said, "I like you very much, almost as well as any man I know, but I do not love you. So, it would not be fair to have you go through life with a girl who did not return your affection. I respect and admire you greatly, but we can never be more than friends. Besides—

And then a confused look had stolen over her fair face, and instantly he had guessed the truth.

"There is someone else!" he had said huskily, and as she nodded her head and whispered "yes" his heart sank within him. From that time on, his soul grew gray and lifeless.

Then had come the knowledge that he was consumptive. A mere wreck of a man, with but two months to live! The dread disease had been slowly creeping upon him for a year back, and he had never known it! Now that it had to be, though, he was almost glad that a way presented itself to rid him of a life grown so distasteful. His bare existence palled upon him and he lived and moved as one in a dream. To cough himself to death was not an easy way to leave this mortal shell, but since the die was cast, let it be. He was content.

It was in this state of mind that he had read of the hastily mustered contingent leaving for the Transvaal, and instantly his mind was made up. How he ever passed the tests, he never knew, but men were needed desperately and when the transport sailed he was aboard, bound for the front, eager and expectant.

And now he was here, lying in the sand, waiting—waiting for night to come before he and his comrades could make a dash for the hilltop. And meanwhile they were to fire steadily at those invisible Boers out on the plain.

"There was someone else," Dora had said. Yes, and Giroux knew who that was. Still, Lieutenant Randall was a fine fellow, he was forced to admit, and worthy of any girl's love. He was fighting out here at the front, somewhere, like himself, but in what regiment he knew not. Ever since his arrival, somehow, the conviction forced itself upon him that one of them would return to claim the girl's heart. What if that one were himself? His pulses leaped madly at the thought, but no, it could not be! Even if no Boer bullet ended his career, there was still that cough. And, besides, they could never be more than friends. So, what was the use.

His reverie was here disturbed by a sound that broke upon his ears from the rear of the firing line. Turning, he gazed back over the sparsely wooded plain, and perceived a horseman approaching at a furious gallop. He had evidently lost control of his mount, for the frightened beast had the bit between his teeth, and with widely-distended nostrils, and foam-flecked lips was dashing madly forward towards the long line of soldiers. On, on he came, covering the ground at a furious pace, while his rider tugged vainly at the reins. The man's head was flung back, and Giroux could see that his face was white as death. And small wonder, for he was dashing to his doom, and in a moment would be out in front in the very face of the enemy's fire.

He shrank back suddenly as the flying hoofs passed close beside him, throwing the sand and pebbles in his

very face. Then he hid his eyes, not caring to witness the end of the unfortunate man, for surely he could not last long at the hands of those deadly marksmen. A breathless moment, and then he was startled by a thud! He raised his head, only to see a crumpled up figure lying not fifty feet away and exposed to every wandering bullet, while the horse dashed madly over the plain, seemingly unscathed. He watched the inert mass, for any signs of life, and had just given up hope, when his ears were assailed by a slight groan that burst from the man's lips. He stirred slightly and appeared to be regaining consciousness. Perhaps he was not hit at all. If this were true, it would be a pity for him to become a target for alien lead.

Giroux thought quickly then, for a wild idea entered his head. And as he thought it over, it gradually became more feasible. He had coughed more than usual during the last hour, and a strange numbing sensation was stealing over him. He had never felt this way before. What was it? He grew chilly, too, in spite of the fact that the sun was blazing brightly overhead. Then the sweat stood out upon his brow, as he realized the dread truth. The doctor's words were about to be fulfilled, and his sojourn on earth was drawing to a close. He became almost frantic at the thought. Oh! what a death! No, no, he did not want to die, at least not this way. His strength was quickly leaving him. He must hurry if he would carry out his plan.

A moment he paused, however, and gazed once more on the fair face in the picture. Grimly he smiled, then left the shelter of the friendly rock and crept inch by inch towards the huddled-up figure in the sand. A feeling of gratitude swept over him, as he realized that he was about to do one good deed before shuffling off. That is, if his strength were spared him. He prayed that this might be so. Surely he would be allowed to do this thing. Steadily he drew nearer, and presently reached out and touched the man with his hand. A groan was the only response. Another foot nearer, and Giroux gazed on his face.

Then he stopped aghast, stunned by what he saw there, for the features before him were those of the one man whom he least cared to meet: the man who had taken from him all that he held dear!

"Randall! You here?" burst from his lips in anguish.

A gust of emotion shook his whole frame and caused him to cough anew. Limply he lay, face down, panting weakly and gripping the earth with his bare hands.

And while he lay, the rifles cracked continually, and the leaden missiles hummed like angry hornets above his head. Occasionally a bullet struck a rock and ricochetted off at a tangent, in a long mournful whine. His old enemy behind the bush was again taking a hand in the game, for puffs of smoke broke regularly from his place of concealment, and the lead spat dully into the sand around the two figures.

Half stupefied by his discovery, he had almost forgotten his position, when he was brought back to the present by a movement on the part of Randall. Once more he lifted his eyes to his rival's face, and as he looked a terrible temptation seized upon him! Why not go back and leave the injured man to his fate? No one would ever know! Randall would be placed on the list of the killed in action, and he would not be blamed. A long time he wrestled with himself, while his shoulders heaved with the powerful struggle that was going on within. Now and then a sob broke from his lips, wrung from the very depths of his soul. In the end, though, his better nature won, and he resolved to save the man, at all costs. The Boer riflemen were getting their range, and more often than before the ground was torn about them with the flying missiles, giving warning that no time

must be lost. He waited for a lull in the firing; then, gathering all his strength, he leaped to his feet and lifted the inert form in his arms. Staggering under the burden, he made his tortuous way towards that haven of refuge—the rock.

His breath came pantingly, and great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. But he rejoiced to find that the man he carried was not wounded as yet—merely stunned by the fall from his horse. Yard by yard he covered the ground, mechanically putting one foot before the other and repeating to himself in a whisper: "I must save him, for her sake. I must save him."

Once his knees gave way altogether, and he half fell, but his iron will came to his aid and spurred him on to further efforts. That short distance seemed like miles to him. Would he ever get there? Already the grave yawned before him, and his mission not yet accomplished.

Ha! the rock was coming nearer, now. He would soon be there. But what made it shift about so? It floated before his eyes like a phantom thing. Ah! he had it. He was dizzy. That was it. Just a few more steps now, and they would be safe—just a few more. But could he make it? He just had to, that was all. He gritted his teeth and lurched forward. And as he fell he pushed the unconscious man before him into safety.

Then a sharp, stabbing pain seared his very heart, and his tunic became crimson. Raising himself on one elbow, he gazed with fast-dimming eyes towards the distant bush whence had come his death and said weakly:

"Thanks — old chap—we—beat—this cough—anyway."

TENDENCIES IN MODERN POETRY

By Arthur L Phelps

AT a time of too easy tribute to militarism and military stub moustaches and of too hilarious an invocation of the God of Force as a means of making war on war it may be somewhat difficult to gain an interest for those refined and delicate essences of music, of poetry, of things spiritual which after all constitute the world. Yet before the outbreak of war the interest in poetry at least was general and increasing, and the hope may be entertained that that interest is still continuing. Of recent date a real poetic renaissance has occurred. The aggressively practical mind of the twentieth century might suggest that this means the world is falling again into dotage, is becoming inane and feeble, but the movement may not be so interpreted. The awakened interest in poetry signifies the re-stirring of the mood of spiritual and artistical endeavour. Humanity is again becoming blessed with the seeing eye for the earth and with the understanding heart for the universe of mystery.

Poetry may seem to some to be removed, esoteric, even inane and ineffective. But it is not that. It has stimulated and guaranteed more action (if we wish so to justify it) in the world than is commonly set down to its credit. Walt Whitman's "O Captain, My Captain" has kindled more dreams, accomplished more national good purpose than many a labour of ponderous statecraft. Browning's "O, to be in England" has inspired more of that tender and wistful sentiment which is the refinement and the soul of patriotism than many a slow-wrought institution or broadened precedent.

The poetic mood is the mood in which a nation writes its dreams and inscribes its character in the true letters of fire which a world may read.

So much for poetry. Our thought must be limited now to a discussion of modern poetry. We must guard the use of the word modern. With certain folk, and not without basis in reason, it has come to stand for a pseudo progress which is as cheap as it is ubiquitous, for a repudiation of all that possesses the atmosphere of sanctity or the breath of tradition about it. But there is a true modernity, the modernity which is neither easily contented with the past nor shriekingly disgusted at it. The modernity of the poetry which is the rightful and natural development of our to-day is of their sort. It acknowledges the past and looks to the future. It labours at that task which true progress always finds for its

own, the task of making significant advance without breaking a traditional line of continuity. We possess a poetry of to-day despite the fact that by implication our universities teach us that everything stopped with the close of the Victorian era. In the poetic realm work is being done that properly demands the tribute due to careful craftsmanship and deliberate artistic endeavour. When we come to a discussion of the trend of this work, to a delineation of its features as it faces the future or the past we enter upon wide and suggestive interests. With reference to the immediate purpose of this article I am going to cite two men, John Masefield and William Butler Yeats, as embodying two most obvious tendencies of to-day, the one a tendency which at least purports to be toward something new and distinctive and the other a tendency which is toward no new thing at all, but is only a wistful looking over the shoulder to things too long and too sadly forgotten. I refer to realism and symbolism.

Realism is represented in the poetic literature of to-day in the work of many men. It has been called upon to cover a multitude of sins. In certain of its most erotic phases it has been calculated apparently in this direction to exploit and glorify the inclinations of the unregenerate human heart (so saith the moralist) rather than its hardly cherished aspirations. In other words, a certain wing of the realism movement of to-day has *seemed* perverting and lowering. Its moral tone has been bad, we say. Masefield has been contemned by some as paying too much tribute. As one has said, he has not been content with calling a spade a spade. He has called it a "damn dirty shovel". Yet, in the realism movement of modern poetry there may be discovered a very fine sincerity and a passion for something which is indeed reality. As a man said about Masefield's "Everlasting Mercy", it sees through, it knows the beginning and the end. When realism can give us that and can show us the end as beautiful—beautiful in moving tragedy it may be, but beautiful, then it is powerful. The work of Wilfred Gibson, wringing the soul out of iron, out of the clanging machinery and grinding mechanical progress of to-day, is work performed in the attempt at a noble task. The songs of Patrick Magill describing scenes of poverty and degradation have a passion in them which is utter sincerity flaming at white heat. And somehow such sincerity and such passion does in truth see the end from the beginning and gives us something which is indeed very real, snatched glorious from the crucible of life's heat and process. Masefield's "Widow in the Bye Street", "Dauber", "The Daffodil Fields", though Yeats called them "artistic failures", are creations of this sort, full of their unashamed desire to make us to see life as it is, with the hope perhaps, less obvious but just as intensely present, that, so seeing, we may love it as it may be. We must not dismiss the realism movement of modern poetry too casually. For all its materialism and circumstantial degradation there is a soul in it.

And now with reference to the second tendency which has been mentioned, a word or two. It is difficult to deal with symbolism at length. To do that there would be necessary a familiarity with the developments in foreign literature which we get only after meagre fashion through translations. The possible significance of symbolism therefore can only be hinted at as it may be present in the poetic reading that comes to our hand in this our generation.

Realism, I say, is a tendency of to-day which purports to look forward. Symbolism is a tendency which without apology looks backward. It would fill again our poetic pages with apparently abstract figures and pictures, demanding of us the loving toil of leisure hours by the open fire and the pre-

paration of the stored mind of understanding, and then yielding up as reward those precious moods of delicate and passionate ecstacy which hold the secret of the world. Our tendency to-day is to repudiate this sort of thing, to be impatient of its obscurity. Yeats realizes this. He speaks of "The slow lying of men's hearts which men call the progress of the world". He would lead us back to the time when we will delight to ponder the poet's word as precious because of its hidden meaning, when one of our best joys will be to repeat over and over the lingering cadence of a poet's song in order to woo forth its unobtrusive beauty. We do not take kindly to the poet who asks us to do this thing. He subjugates us. He is the sceptered one. We are the slow of heart. He imposes upon us the task of making rich our mind and we resent alike the implication and the labour. He says: "Take my symbol. It contains many deep beauties." Your eyes are blind, the poet says, and your understanding is darkened.

Yeats stands to-day as our most persevering apostle of things mystic and symbolic. He is not the perseverence of the loud propogandist nor of the uncouth prophet. "One imagines as one pleases when the eyes are closed," he says, and then he dreams for us his dream of the returning day of the love of poetic beauty and asks us if we will share the dream.

He talks of the fairies who

". . . dance in a place apart,
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air."

He sings of all a rose upon the rood of time may mean. He is the familiar friend of dark goblins in dim mossy caves and of the folk of fairy-land. Inanity and superstition, child chatter and simplicity all of this, you say? Not at all, says the mystic and symbolist. The fairy folk in the moonlit ring, the goblins in the cave by the eternal sea are but symbols themselves of that realm our dim and wistful intuitions of which make us call moonlight wonderful, star shine a mystery, and the rising of the sun unending miracle. Let us love the symbols, for they would lead us into fairy-land which, with its cloudy glories, is our home.

THE SPIRIT of THE NAVY

By "Taffrail"

AUTHOR OF "CARRY ON", "STAND BY", "PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.", ETC.

WE were just in from forty-eight hours at sea in a strong south-westerly gale and a heavy sea; two days and nights which, to a person with an unseasoned interior, must have been absolute purgatory. It had been wet, fearfully and damnably wet, in addition to which we had plunged, pranced, bucked, and curvetted, as only a destroyer can.

I can almost feel the dizzy motion now. I can hear the thudding of the seas as they expended their energy in delivering a series of trip-hammer blows under the bows, and the crashing of them as they broke on board and raced madly aft along the low deck in masses six feet deep. I can remember the sickening sensation in the pit of one's stomach as the bows poised themselves on the back of a huge comber, then to descend with a horrible downward swoop into the next hollow to bury the forecastle in a wall of whitey-gray water which came surging aft in a solid avalanche and nearly knocked us flat as it erupted against the charthouse underneath the bridge. I can feel the vibration as the plunging ship quivered and trembled to the impact of those mighty thrusts, and can almost hear the mournful whistling of the wind and the perpetual swish and patter of the driving spray.

There was not a dry spot in the ship. The water percolated slowly through the neck of one's oilskins, down the small of one's back, and into one's sea-boots, while a seasick, green-faced quartermaster, shaking the spray out of his eyes like a dog, contorted himself painfully to the heavy rolling as he hung on to his tiny steering wheel and did his level best to keep the ship's head within a point of her proper course. I remember, not without amusement, the sight of a tousle-headed officers' steward staggering aft along the reeling deck with the ward-room lunch, and the wild burst of hilarity which greeted his downfall. He had misjudged the seas, and half way on his dangerous journey to the stern had been overtaken by a regular snorter of a sea, to be drenched through to the skin. It was only by sheer good luck that he was not swept overboard, for the ward-room lunch—I doubt if anyone really wanted it—together with a certain amount of wardroom crockery and half a silver-plated entrée dish, went the way of many other good meals on that particular day—to the fishes.

But on our arrival in harbour the bad time we had had at sea was speedily forgotten, for when the mail and the newspapers came on board, our hearts had been gladdened by the news of the latest big push in Flanders. The men were all full of it, and a Leading Seaman, thinking of what he had read, was gazing ab-

stractedly towards the harbour entrance, through which a hospital ship, full of wounded from France, was slowly gliding to her moorings.

Sunset had come and gone, and the graceful hull of the incoming vessel, rocking uneasily to the swell and blazing with lights, showed as a dull, neutral-tinted silhouette against the grayish-blue of the wind-flecked sky beyond. Aloft she carried the usual white streaming lights, and at her bridge ends the red and green port and starboard bow lights. Below these a row of electric bulbs on the promenade deck showed in a tier of sparkling topaz, while the green band round her side was aglow in a belt of dazzling emerald, with, in its centre, a brilliant, blood-red cross glittering like some enormous ruby pendant. Green, yellow, and crimson . . . emerald, topaz and ruby against the subdued sapphire and amethyst of sky and sea.

"I reckon some o' these poor blokes in that packet could spin us a yarn or two," remarked the Leading Seaman, cramming the tobacco down in his pipe bowl with a grimy forefinger. "Them blokes 'as bin seein' things."

He was not a man who generally gave vent to his feelings, but he spoke with reverence, for, if the truth be known, the sight of the hospital ship with her freight of suffering humanity awoke a chord of memory he was trying hard to forget. Two of his brothers lay somewhere in nameless graves, in the blood-soaked fields of Flanders; brothers whom he had loved, and who, with him, had been the sole support of an ailing widowed mother. He was the only breadwinner left.

"It's a bit 'ard to think o' the numbers of 'em wot's lost the number of their messes," he went on. "For every one of 'em in that ship there's 'undreds more wot won't come 'ome no more. But s'welp me, though," he added admiringly, "them Tommies is full o' guts!"

"I reckon they gotter be to stick wot they does. Us blokes doesn't know wot it's like out there," chimed in another man, waving a hand vaguely towards the eastern horizon. "It's fair 'ell, and no mistake."

They themselves had not been called upon to endure the awful intensity of trench fighting, and constant shell and rifle fire, the bombing, and the ghastly bayonet charges. They had not made attacks upon opposing trenches across "no man's land," swept by hostile rifles and machine guns, torn and riven by shrapnel and high explosive shells, covered with wire entanglements, and dotted with the pathetic remains of men, friend and foe alike, who had perished in previous assaults, and whose numbers were constantly being added to. But yet, with their knowledge of modern weapons, aided by a certain amount of imagination and the meagre accounts they read in the newspapers, they could realize something of the unspeakable horror of modern land fighting, and since they did not stop to think of the work of the Navy from the point of view of the war as a whole, the part they were playing in the titanic struggle seemed from the purely personal point of view rather unsatisfactory in comparison. Their soldier brothers were always fighting, while to them, though they were for ever at sea looking for him, the sight of a Hun was a rarity.

It never occurred to either of these two particular men, nor their shipmates, that, from the point of view of the ordinary layman, their own existence for the past twenty-seven months would have seemed very nearly as bad as that of the soldiers in the trenches. But there was no great contrast between their life in peace and in war, for the old ocean still has the same fogs and squalls, the same gales and calm, and the same periods of fine and bad weather, as it has had for countless generations. The advent of hostilities only meant more time spent at sea in slightly more rigorous conditions, less shore leave, a few ex-

tra dangers in the shape of mines, and prowling submarines, and a very occasional naval engagement, excitements which on the rare occasions when they came were a positive relief to the tedium and monotony of their life.

But they had experienced something of the horror of war. Their ship had been in action, and they had heard the whistle and detonation of the high explosive shell as they drove home to kill and mutilate their shipmates with flying fragments, and then it was that, in the open, they rather envied the soldiers the doubtful shelter of their trenches and dug-outs. They had witnessed great ships blown up and sunk by hostile gunfire, and had seen the pitiful little band of survivors from a fine ship's company of nearly a thousand souls; a thousand men blasted to instant death at a range which to our grandfathers would have been unthinkable.

They had chased marauding enemy submarines, and had seen the white tracks of torpedoes passing under the bottom of their own ship. They had played noughts and crosses with death in minefields, and off and on had been at sea in all weathers ever since August, 1914. If the truth must be told, however, they dreaded bad weather and its consequent discomfort, motion, and wetness, far and away worse than the prospect of bumping a German mine or going into action.

But in their opinion the life since they were so used to it, seemed very humdrum and monotonous at times, and all their hardships and perils were as nothing compared with those of the soldiers "out there".

The British bluejacket is always a wonderful person when it comes to making light of difficulties, ignoring danger, and making the best of a bad job should disaster unhappily occur. He has a wonderful knack for adapting himself to circumstances, and embarks upon the game of war with the same zest and love of excitement as when, in the palmy days of peace, he plays football against some other ship, rows in a racing boat's crew in a regatta, or takes his wife and children to a gory drama at a picture palace.

*

A destroyer which fought in the Battle of Jutland was sunk during the desperate night attacks on the retreating enemy. Many of her ship's company had been killed and wounded, and when the vessel foundered the boats were found to be splintered and useless, so the survivors, putting their faith in life-belts and pieces of floating wreckage, had to fling themselves overboard and trust to luck. The water, in spite of the fact of its being summer, was bitterly cold, and though all around them they could see the wild glare of searchlights, the flashing of guns, and the rushing shapes of passing ships, they had no means of attracting attention. The chances seemed fully a thousand to one against their ever being rescued at all, and as the hours wore on several of the more badly wounded dropped off and were drowned. But the survivors never lost heart, and it was as well they did not, for when dawn came six hours after their ship had disappeared, a British light-cruiser was seen bearing down upon them.

Among the men rescued was a young stoker, who was dragged on board the rescuing boat numb and almost perished with the cold. They assisted him to the ship's sick-bay, removed his sodden garments, rubbed him with hot flannels, and then made obvious preparations for putting him to bed.

"'Ere!" he wanted to know. "Wot's up now?"

"Don't worry, my man," said the Staff Surgeon. "We'll soon have you between the blankets, give you a nice hot breakfast, and then you'll go off to sleep and be all right."

"But I'm all right now, sir," protested the victim, his teeth still chattering.

"Yes, yes, I quite understand. But you really must obey orders, you know."

"I don't mind a bit o' somethin' to eat, sir," grumbled the stoker, "but I don't want no bed. I'm all right, sir."

"You must do what you're told," said the doctor sternly.

"But if we're to 'ave another dust up with the Germans, sir, I don't want to be in bed for it. I didn't 'ave such a bad night considerin'."

Then he wondered why the P.M.O. and sick-berth steward laughed as they rubbed the skin off his chest. But this sort of spirit does not only exist amongst the regular men-of-war's men. It is also present with the thousands of men belonging to our mercantile marine and fishing fleets, who are now serving their country under the White Ensign.

A certain number of our armed patrol vessels, steam trawlers and drifters, were once sent on a rather hazardous undertaking, in the course of which two of them had the bad luck to be sunk by hostile destroyers and their crews either killed or made prisoners. A rumour subsequently got about to the effect that the surviving vessels were unwilling to repeat the performance lest the same fate should befall them, and full of righteous indignation at the undeserved libel a large deputation from the vessels concerned waited upon the senior naval officer.

"It has come to our notice, sir," said the spokesman, "that someone has been saying that we're frightened to go to sea after what happened the other day. Me and my mates have come to tell you it's a lie, sir, and that we'll go to Heligoland or any other perishing place you like to send us."

And they meant it, too.

THE BROOK

From the Painting by
Ernest Lawson

Exhibited by the
Canadian Art Club

THE LAKE-of-the-WOODS

By J. F. B. Livesay

THE Lake of the Woods is at once the most charming and least known of Canadian resorts. It forms a watery triangle between the State of Minnesota on the one hand and the Provinces of Ontario and Manitoba on the other. It is possible to go from Kenora or Keewatin northwards down Winnipeg River into Lake Manitoba, and so by Nelson River to Hudson Bay; to follow the arteries of the lake west into Manitoba; or east along the international boundary into the Rainy Lake district, and thence two hundred miles, by an historic trail of river, minor lake and portage, to the shores of Lake Superior.

So much for physical features. But the charm of the lake, the essence of its scenery, is that its innumerable avenues radiate alike to the wilderness. Summer after summer you may set out on its waters, and, armed with chart and compass, deliberately steer your bark into the unknown. Its main waters, linked by navigable channels, cover several thousand square miles, but behind these lie countless little chains of lakes, concealed save for the Indian, the hunter and the prospector, and often quite unmapped. These are accessible by canoe, but their doors are shut to the scurrying motor-launch.

Some twenty years ago when the present writer first visited these waters, their privacies and hidden mysteries were undesecrated by the scent of gasoline. Absurd though it sound now, he and another just such a green youth from England, pulled about the lake in an open row-boat—most arduous and mechanical of water transit—chipping the rock here and there for the ore samples that were to provide the foundation of their fortunes; callow youths passing through an inevitable stage of their novitiate in Canada. Bred to the brown-sailed smacks of an English fishing village, and to pull a strong oar in rough seas, the canoe, its frailty and instability (to the uninitiated), seemed a perilous and an awkward craft. So, baling and rowing by turns through a lake storm, they came near losing their lives, and did indeed lose their way, abandon the leaking boat, and trudge two days without food and but little hope through the wilderness till at last, and quite by chance, they struck a railway-tie camp.

Thus the cocksure British youth,

"Tall pines and glimmering waters"

with nothing to learn and all to teach. But it is an adaptable breed and in years to come those two might be found numbered among the adventurers into the wild, skilled in paddle and plentiful of resource. The man who goes into the wild under a guide, good fisherman or fine shot though he be, is not a woodsman. Before he graduates of that craft—unless to the manner born—he must have known what it is to have lost not only the trail, but his sense of direction and faith in his compass; to beat around in narrowing circles, despair catching at his heart; to count his diminishing supply of matches; at last to stumble blindly on, and on; a creature lost to reason, incapable of taking stock of his position, driven to mad and madder gyrations. That blind unreasoning terror, when even the rays of God's sunlight fall from an impossible quarter of the horizon, leaves its mark in after days. His fears indeed have gone—he can steer his way over ridge and through heavy underbrush with the best of them—but some indefinable sense of the personality of the woods—now kindly, then malicious—has entered into him, and claimed him for its own. Many men of the plain cherish the secret hope that when their end comes it shall be amid the shadows of tall trees.

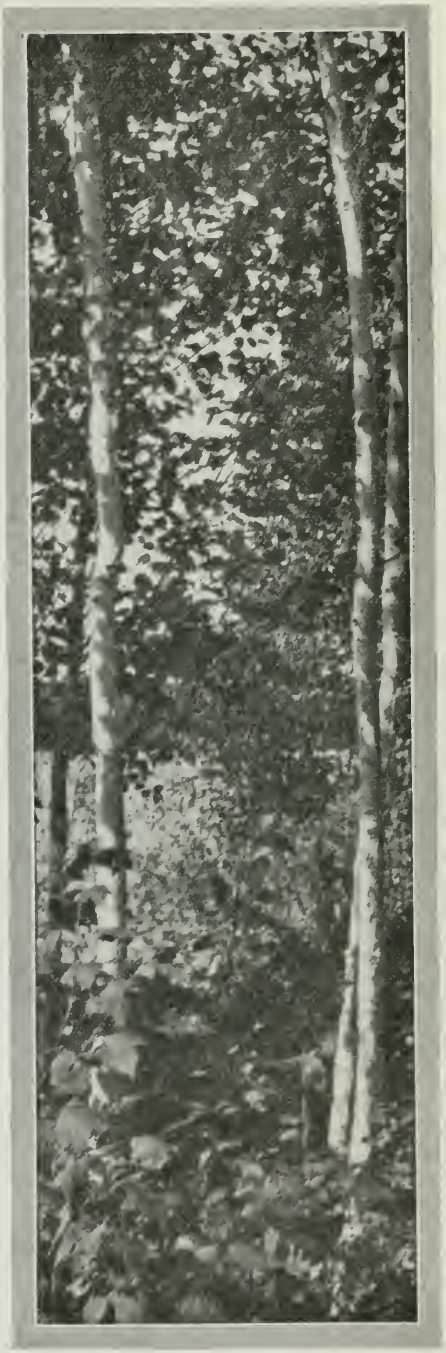
Not indeed does one run much risk of losing one's way in Lake of the Woods, thanks to the admirable large scale maps of the Ontario Government. But, as this little article is essentially a plea for the canoe, consider the effect on the youthful temperament of its supersession by the gasoline launch. These youths of the summer lake-front are as sturdy and sunburnt as ever—they have freely given of their vigour to the distant fields—but they are mere mechanics, skilled dabblers among intricate machinery, connoisseurs of speed, though with a becoming recklessness in "driving her" through dirty weather. Niceties of navigation are not for them, when it is the indicator of the gas tank instead of the sinews of their stout arms that must repair

mistakes of direction and the misreading of maps. As for the scenery—by a tortuous course we approach our goal—for the scenery, they know every prominent landmark for fifty miles, but they flit by at such a pace that it has lost for them its significance, brings no message to their brave worldly young souls.

Time was when very early one June morning two or three of them would slip silently out in a trimly laden canoe—not less than eighteen-foot and fifteen inches deep, lying low and snug in tempestuous waters, safest of craft. There, piled close, are their tent, blankets, cooking utensils and supplies: flour, bacon, beans, hardtack, potatoes, onions, dried fruit, tea, sugar, salt, tobacco, a good trolling line or two and a couple of light axes.

Already the sun is thrusting above the horizon, but mist obscures the vision and the air is chill. Not a ripple nor a sound save the scarce audible dip of the paddles. The brooding silence of night still envelops dark pools and sombre woods. The youth steering dimly identifies headlands and distant isles from the map propped before him. There is a hushed sense of expectancy. Then presently a breeze ruffles the water, the mist lifts, and the sun in his strength sets the lake dancing to his rays, sparkles on the lichen of the hoar old rock and illuminates the depths of the bush. A loon takes alarm, abandons his morning fishing, and flies over them up into the wind, uttering his weird and mocking cry.

The younger generation is abandoning the canoe as sole and definite means of locomotion. It has become a plaything around the garish summer cottages, weighted down each year with a vivid coat of paint, but too light and shallow for serious work in open water. It is but a travesty of the sound and serviceable cedar "Peterboro", carefully scraped, patched and varnished year after year. A few old boys of a fading generation still cling to the canoe, but for practical purposes it is relegated to the prospector, the timber cruiser and the



"Graceful birches in their sunlit glades"

settler. This is the age of gasoline.

Yet even nowadays on Lake of the Woods it is extraordinarily simple to slip out in a canoe past the castellated villas of the eccentric rich, and out of the ken of the chug-chug of the motor-boat fry or the soft purring of brass-and-mahogany "speeders". It is all a matter of keeping off the buoyed routes and stealing through narrow channels. A canoe can navigate shoals, careless of hidden rocks, picking its dainty way across the danger zone, or can venture boldly into open water, where a tug puffing heavily along towing "bags" of logs to the mill is an object of legitimate interest. That and the fish-boats are part and parcel of the lake, and the only link with civilization we are likely to encounter in our sequestered journeyings, save perhaps the birch-bark of an Indian and his squaw.

We camp, then, the first night, a dozen miles out, just beyond the fringe of familiar things, out of sight of the ugly mouths of boat-houses. This first stage is always a short one. Indeed, let us confess at once, that on these excursions of middle-age we seldom make of any day a grand stage —forty-mile paddles between dawn and dark are no longer for us. We like to travel in comfort, with a big and roomy canoe and an abundance of everything, and so plot out a trip free of hard portages; we prefer the open water to creeks and tiny lakes, muskeg and cedar swamp, the happy hunting-ground of the "flies". For the same reason we camp on open exposed points, facing the wind. It is no trick to make up even on the bare rock a luxurious bed of fir branches.

We camp early this day, for we have debouched with all our impedimenta from the train on to the dock, and the trim of the canoe will not be right until we have broken up the packages and distributed the load shipshape. Once that is settled, it is followed the rest of the way, every item finding its place in its appointed niche.

Two is better company than three on these trips—three in the canoe encourage inconsequent chatter; but two, assuming, of course, a common sympathy of appreciation, can paddle miles with hardly a word, save occasional references to the route, or comment on an interesting "bit". They must be of an inventive turn, and firm of nerve for ticklish corners —the sudden twist of a rapid; or the quick onslaught of the southwest gale, that through the long years has bent the tops of the great pine trees all to the same quarter.

A well-assorted couple divide up naturally the common stock of labour. Thus the skipper selects the camping spot, pitches the tent—seven feet by nine, with a three-foot wall—and houses the perishable goods. By this time the crew has lit the fire, made the tea in an open pot, and in the frying-pan is simmering whatever delectable has been voted after anxious debate of the last half hour's paddle.

There is a long evening ahead, when nature flings on her palette the iridescent hues of the setting sun—opal and apple green, turquoise blue and crimson, orange and rose, splashed on to a golden background. Swiftly he is sinking into a bank of cloud, to burst out again in suffused glory before striking fire from the horizon: here a flat line of open water, studded with silhouettes of islands.

The skipper swings the canoe this way and that: he is "arranging" his picture, and perhaps will select for foreground a point jutting out into the west; or, if there is great luminosity and little wind, the stretch of water itself may promise sufficient light and shade, sharp enough contrast for the "picture". Best results under these conditions call for rapid exposure and open lens. A slow exposure flattens the life in the water and blurs the light values of the evening sky.

The picture taken, and the sun down, we turn back to camp. The

"Night encompasses us"

colours fade to a coral gray; stars shine out: night encompasses us.

All day long one searce has seen a living thing, except the feathered tribe, or perhaps a porcupine sunning himself aloft by the water's edge. Later in the season we may come on a black bear swimming leisurely over to a favourite blueberry patch. But in these summer months, with the underbrush a leafy curtain, it is seldom one comes across the big game with which the bush abounds. Indeed, the distinguishing note of the woods is their silence, so that a breeze in the tree-tops, or the fall of a fir-cone, is quite audible.

But at night it is a different affair. The shy denizens have waked to life. Over the tent itself there is the swift patter of a squirrel; jack rabbits chase each other across the glades, the white tufts of their tails flashing in and out among the shadows; all the trees are a-murmuring; a night-hawk emits his plaintive conventional note: there is

A Lake of the Woods Horizon

the soft lapping of water on rock, and the gurgle as it floods through some unexpected fissure; one hears a crashing of branches, maybe a moose making his way to a nearby lily-bed.

These are all accustomed and explained sounds. But there are others, mysterious little noises, vibrations as it were of another world, sounds that as one lies but half awake on one's scented couch take one back to fairy legends of childhood—high, clear, sweet calls, ringing, tinkling through the woods: "as may seeme to have bene whistled of Pans oaten pipe", in the phrasing of old Hakluyt.

Once there is a ruder sound, as of some small beast scraping and delving back of the tent. "Lie still," whispers the crew, putting out a warning hand, "I believe it is a skunk." But, terrible as this little beast can be, the woodsman knows that unmolested he is harmless enough.

On occasion a midnight storm, after certain warning mutterings, swoops down on this peaceful scene, and then indeed the skipper's work is tested. The stiffened canvas strains on the tent-pegs, and the guys hum like fiddle-strings; if one gives, all is buried in a common ruin, or, if the ground be not well drained, there will be no sleep that night. But when all stands firm and taut, let winds shriek as they will, rain pelt down, or lightning dazzle and thunder split the ear—warm and dry are bed and blankets, unflickering burns the candle in its socket of birch-bark, and we may make sport of the fireworks of the heavens.

In the morning there is a run down a smooth incline of rock to plunge into fifty feet of water, tingling cold. The skipper packs the blankets into their waterproof bags, takes down and rolls up the tent, and then turns to breakfast. A cunning cook is our crew. The tiniest of fires suffices for his glowing embers, and he chooses a sheltered spot by the water's edge, setting two flat stones a few inches apart and between them his bundle of dry twigs. With nothing more than a couple of tin pots and a frying-pan, our crew will serve a meal done to the turn, perhaps an onion omelette, baked potatoes, toast and tea.

"Swiftly the sun is sinking into a bank of cloud"

Then the washing up of dishes while the skipper loads the canoe, and we are off again for another long day. Luncheon is cut down to absolute essentials—tea, of course, and perhaps sardines, bread and butter, cheese and jam—and these go into the canoe with the dishes last of all. A good hour's halt in the heat of the day, with another dip, and then an early camp is the rule. That is a fair weather programme, and means a day's paddle of fifteen to twenty-five miles, as it may be a contrary or a favouring wind.

But, especially in June, showers and wet days must be counted on. If the morning opens wet it will clear up by noon, but often a fine forenoon ends in a downpour. We have no false pride then, and should a suitable camping-place present itself we make for it and soon are snug under canvas. Occasionally we are caught a long paddle from camping-ground, and then, though our dunnage is dry enough, it is a melancholy business until a blazing fire is going in front

"Amid the shadows of tall trees'

of the tent, steaming out our clothes.

For wet days one provides a book—a good double-barrelled novel like Tolstoy's "War and Peace"—but it is not until we are on the train again that we really dip into it. There is too much to do in the bush. It must be a soaker indeed to confine one to the tent for long; the fresh-scented dripping woods have a new charm, with the squelching of the greedy moss underfoot and branches passing wet fingers across one's face. Over the lake, there is more "atmosphere" than usual, and though here the camera fails to record it, there is a "picture"—so intent are we on pictorial representation—gray squalls driving over a murky sky to set the rain-drops dancing on the leaden water.

Frankly, the crew is not interested in these fine shades; he squats after the fashion of his immemorial forebears in the door of the tent assiduously stitching at trifles—he who for fifty weeks never has a needle in his hand. Or, if the day be very drear, there is piquet or cribbage, with a score-board improvised by aid of a hot skewer.

But one eye is cocked to the weather, and we are off at the first sign of lifting. The sun shines bravely forth; all nature sparkles; the air is heady and fresh as new cider; soon we are slipping again into the unknown. For the compelling charm of these little excursions lies just in that rare fact that each day we break in on new scenery, each night ground our prow upon a foreign strand, and, as we swing our paddles hour by hour, have ever before us the mystery that lies just exactly round the next point but one. In our little way, we, too, are explorers; seekers. No dangers beset us—indeed, it is a humdrum affair enough—but nothing can rob us of the joy of making our way by map and compass where we have never been before, nor are likely ever to come again.

One has done this sort of thing with rifle and with rod, or with pick and miner's drill, but there is a new zest in this pursuit of the wild armed only with a camera. And it is a zest that we can renew in the long winter months as we lovingly turn over our pictures, and recall the little trivial exciting circumstances that surround each one, and make up for us their story. After all, for others, they can be nothing more than halting representations of nature in her fastness—of tall pines and glimmering waters, of bold rock and shadowed horizons, of the graceful birches in their sunlit glades—but for us they have another value. Each marks a milestone of our journey and tells us of days under open skies and nights under the cool vault of heaven—days redolent of the odours of the bush; nights spent in deeper communings of the spirit whence one returns refreshed to the battles of this old workaday world.

THE FIRST MILLER ON THE HUMBER

BY HERBERT MACDONALD

"HE WAS A VERY FIRM LOYALIST"—EVIDENCE IN LOYALIST CLAIMS, 1787

AS the city of Toronto becomes larger and more populous, with hundreds of swift motor cars passing through her streets, and great railways linking her commerce with that of other cities, there is perhaps a tendency to forget those men of a past generation who by their work and sacrifice made possible the magnificent developments of to-day. The career of the earliest miller on the Humber river, as sketched in the following article, is probably typical of the lives of many of those Loyalist pioneers who settled in the wilds of Canada after the close of the American War of Independence in 1783.

Many readers will have pleasant memories of the Humber river valley, situated so conveniently near the western boundary of Toronto. The slow, winding river, with wooded hills on either side, is an ideal resort for canoeists, and the whole valley, with its shady groves and grassy slopes, provides a most welcome refuge from the heat and noise of the great city.

At a distance of about a mile and a half from the lake, the stream becomes too shallow and too rapid even for a canoe, but those who proceed thus far up the river are always well content to pause and rest, for their interest is aroused by the ruins of the "Old Mill", which, with its shattered and storm-broken walls, adds a delightful touch of romance to the scene.

This building, of which the stone walls now alone remain, is about eighty years old, having been erected by William Gamble in 1837 as a substitute for a wooden mill built about 1833 by Thomas Fisher. However, for forty years previous to 1833, there had been a mill upon the same site.

Investigation of old records brings to light the fact that the first mill on the Humber was built as the result of a suggestion by Governor Simcoe. In a letter written by him in 1792, in reference to his plans regarding the town of York, these sentences occur:

"I have lately examined the harbour, and found it to be without comparison the most proper situation for an arsenal, in every extent of the word, that can be met with in this Province. . . . At the bottom of the harbour there is a situation admirably adapted for an arsenal and dock-yards, and there flows into the harbour a river, the banks of which are covered with timber. Upon this river I propose to construct a mill, principally for the benefit of the settlement, but which,

I have no doubt, will, at the cheapest rate, supply every material that may be wanted for his Majesty's service in the various ports of Lake Ontario."

The mill was in operation as early as 1793 and was on the site now occupied by the "Old Mill".

In 1794 was published a report of the income received from the "King's Mill on the Humber". In those days the miller leased the property from the government, paying as rental a percentage of the amounts received for flour and lumber, there being both grist and saw-mill on the property. In the year mentioned, the Crown received £77 from the mill.

There is an old letter preserved in the Archives Department at Ottawa, addressed to the Honourable John McGill, and endorsed "9th November, 1797, from Mr. John Willson, proffering to purchase the government mill, if same is to be disposed of".

After stating that the mills are much out of repair, and that such has been the case ever since his occupation, Mr. Willson continues:

"Although my obligation in lease obliges me to keep them in the same repair I received them in, but finding that with much more expense there might be improvements made, so that they might make more speedy performance, I therefore wish to observe to your honour, that if it would be the wish of Government to dispose of them on reasonable terms, it would be my wish to purchase them."

No doubt there was in those days very little "speedy performance," as compared with the work of modern mills, yet it is a fact that, in 1794, there was cut at this mill all the lumber used in the construction of the first legislative buildings of Upper Canada. These early parliament buildings were situated at the south end of what is now "Parliament Street" Toronto. They were burned by the Americans in 1813. The timber for the Old Fort at York, built in 1793, under the direction of General John Graves Simcoe, was also cut at the King's Mill on the Humber.

In the Archives Department at Ottawa, and also in the Public Reference Library in Toronto, there are some tattered copies of newspapers of long ago. In one of these, *The Upper Canada Gazette* or *American Ovade*, printed at York, November 24th, 1798, there is an advertisement regarding the Humber Mill. Side by side with the advertisement, there is quoted a letter dated "Hamburgh, August 21st, 1798," referring to "a very bloody engagement which is said to have happened between Admiral Nelson and Bonaparte, near Alexandria".

The letter and the old advertisement prove that John Willson was the lessee of the mill for sometime previous to 1798, and in fact all the evidence indicates that he was the first miller to take charge of the King's Mill. It is interesting to picture to ourselves this miller of long ago. Probably on some evening late in November, 1798, he sat by his fireside and read, in this same *Upper Canada Gazette*, the news of the Napoleonic wars, quoted from letters which had been mailed in Europe more than three months before.

John Willson's offer to buy the mill was not accepted. In 1799 he left the mill, and moved to Yonge Street, where he and his sons settled on land which had been granted to them as United Empire Loyalists. The miller himself received grants of land totalling 1,200 acres. Of this, 200 acres was on the Humber, just north of the mill, but on the opposite side of the river. This property was bought by the Howlands about 1849.

The government reports regarding Loyalist grants reveal a great deal which is of interest regarding this first miller on the Humber. In the list of Loyalists at the Ontario Parliament buildings, his name appears, with the note that he "came in, in 1793, with three sons". In the report of the Ontario Bureau of Archives for 1904, there is a synopsis of evidence submitted by him in 1787, to the commissioners appointed to inquire into

THE LAST OLD MILL ON THE HUMBER

the claims of Loyalists. From the evidence, the following facts appear. The claimant was a native of America, and previous to the revolution, lived in Piscataway township, Middlesex county, New Jersey, on a farm which he had inherited from his father. The claimant produced the will, and also five deeds, (one of them dated 1728), proving his father's title to the land.

so that he must have kept these documents carefully all through the seven years of the war. He states that "when the Troubles broke out." he "joined the British Lines at Woodbridge, when the Army came from the White Plains," and that he fought on the British side "all the war". His property was confiscated and sold "by the rebels". A very human touch is added to the evidence, when the claimant states in regard to some valuable cattle which were on his property, that he "heard that one Dunn, a rebel, took them".

A witness is called, and gives evidence before the commission that he "knew the claimant: came off with him to the lines in December, 1776, to Woodbridge, and joined the British troops there. "The witness testifies that the claimant was a "a very firm Loyalist; knew the claimant's father and two elder brothers. The father had portioned them out with other lands. The homestead was intended for the claimant. There was a good dwelling house, and a large orchard".

It is interesting to find confirmation of this evidence in the Archives Department of the State of New Jersey, in which there are still preserved some of the newspapers of revolutionary days. In *The New Jersey Gazette* of February 24th. 1779, the curious reader may see the following quaint announcement:

"Whereas inquisition has been found, and final judgment entered, against the following fugitives and offenders, who have either joined the army of the King of Great Britain, or otherwise offended against the form of their allegiance to this State, viz.:

"David Ogden, Joseph Thorn, Elisha Lawrence, Richard Merrill, John Willson, Thos. Crowell, John Ryckman, John Ford, Benjamin Dunn, ...

"Notice is hereby given that the lands, tenements, hereditaments and all estates real, belonging to the above named fugitives and offenders, and situate lying and being in Woodbridge, Amboy and Piscataway, in the county of Middlesex, will be exposed for sale on public vendue, to begin on Monday, the 22nd of March next, at the house of John Conger, inn-keeper, at Bonemtown, at ten o'clock of the said day, and continue by adjournments from day to day, until the whole be sold. There are some elegant buildings, and many agreeable situations. The land in general is excellent good. Attendance will be given and deeds made to the purchasers, agreeable to act of Assembly.

Wm. Manning,
Ebenezer Ford,
Commissioners.

Feb. 12th, 1779.

Returning to the evidence in the Canadian Archives, we find that when peace was declared, in 1783, John Willson and his family including a baby grandson, came to St. John, N.B., in the "May Fleet". This was the fleet which brought the first party of Loyalists to Canada. They were brought to their destination in twenty transport ships, under convoy of British frigates. The date of the arrival of this fleet, the 18th of May, has since been observed as the anniversary of the landing of the Loyalists.

John Willson remained in New Brunswick for ten years, and while there was a justice of the peace, and registrar of deeds and wills for Northumberland county. However, all the land grants which he received were in what is now Ontario, and probably it was for this reason that, in the spring of 1793, he came to Upper Canada.

In the diary of ~~Lady~~ Simcoe, the Humber Mill is referred to, in the following entry, which is interesting in view of the fact that the miller and his family were Loyalists.

Tuesday, August 6th, 1793.

Having been wet through these last two days, I declined to go with the Governor to see the mill on St. John's Creek. The Governor brought me some very good cakes. The miller's wife is from the United States, where the women excel in making cakes and bread.

In very old maps, the Humber River is named St. John's Creek. It was no doubt in the State of New Jersey that the miller's wife had learned to "excel in making cakes and bread".

A TYPICAL SCENE ON THE HUMBER

From statistics of 1797, it appears that the miller was in that year an assessor, and responsible for the collection of part of the taxes of the district. One enlightening entry shows that, there being a bounty on wolves, "a wolf's scalp" was accepted in part payment of a farmer's taxes.

An old document shows that in 1810, the miller made a plunge in real estate by buying for £100, five and a half acres at what is now the south-east corner of Bay and Queen Streets, in the very heart of Toronto's business district. It was all sold at a profit, within a year or two, part being bought by Jesse Ketchum, who gave his portion to Knox Church. To-day the five and a half acres is worth millions. It must be remembered that the purchase for £100 was made five years before Waterloo, when the population of York was 600, and that of the township no greater.

The miller and his eldest son (of the same name,) had fought on the British side all through the American War of Independence, and it is easy to imagine what their feelings were, when, in 1812, Canada was invaded by the Americans—those "rebels" who had deprived them of their New Jersey home in 1776. The father (who was only twenty-two years older than the son,) lived to the age of ninety, and in the year 1812, although seventy-three years of age, he was still a hardy and active man, experienced as a soldier and pioneer. The reader will perhaps find it almost incredible that this man was on active service, as captain of a company of infantry, during the War of 1812-13, yet the old militia lists, and documents in the Dominion Archives, afford proof that such is the case.

The story of the capture of York by the Americans in 1813 is well known. The volunteers strove to defend the town, but after a fight which lasted more than eight hours, and in which there were more than two hundred casualties among the Americans alone, the militia were forced to sur-

render. The minimum estimate of the attacking force was 1,600, while the defenders were made up of but 600 men. General Sheaffe retired with the British regulars, marching towards Kingston, and leaving the militia to make the best terms they could. In the official list of officers taken prisoner at the capture of York the name "Captain John Willson" appears. The identity of the Captain with the old miller of the Humber is proved by reference to an old land petition now in the Dominion Archives which reads as follows:

To his Excellency Sir Peregrin Maitland, K.C.B., Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Upper Canada, Major-General commanding his Majesty's forces therein, etc., etc., etc.

In Council,

The petition of John Willson, the Elder, Esq., of Markham,

Humbly sheweth:

That your petitioner, an American loyalist, and in the royal service during the American Rebellion, was among the first settlers of this Province, wherein he has ever since remained, and was again on service, as captain commanding a company of the 1st Regiment of York Militia during the late war, and was on duty till the capture of York.

Your petitioner has received from Colonel Allan, who commanded the militia at York whilst your petitioner was an duty, the accompanying certificate of his services, but as your petitioner did not command a flank company, he is informed by the Adjutant-General of Militia he cannot obtain his (the Adjutant-General's) certificate for land. Your petitioner, however, prays leave to lay his case before your Excellency, humbly praying your Excellency's consideration of the premises.

And your petitioner shall ever pray.

John Willson.

The possibility of this petition being from the son is excluded by the phrase "the elder". Moreover, comparison with the signatures of the two men, on an old deed of Humber land, has placed it beyond doubt that the signature on this petition is that of the man who was born in 1739, and who signed the document when he was eighty years of age. The certificate from Colonel Allan, accompanying the petition, reads as follows:

I certify that Capt. John Willson, of the 1st Regt., York Militia, was on duty in the garrison of York during the winter of 1812, and the spring of 1813, under my command, as well as subsequently. He at all times did his duty faithfully and punctually, and with great zeal.

W. Allan, Colonel,
Late Major Commanding Militia
and Garrison of York.

York, 15th June, 1820.

In the same official list occur the names of "Capt. John Arnold", the old miller's nephew, and "Lieut. John Willson", who was the eldest of his three sons. This son was twenty-two years of age at the close of the revolutionary war in 1783. Reference to the Upper Canada Land Petitions shows that he "joined the British Army in 1776, and was employed in the quartermaster's department". This would be when he was a boy of fifteen. Later he "served as a volunteer guide, and in many hazardous enterprizes in the Jerseys, where your petitioner received several bad wounds". He "came to this country with his father together with settlers to the number of sixty souls, 1793". (On the back of this old petition is a brief note signed by Peter Russell, stating that a grant of 600 acres was given).

We have here the unique case of two men, father and son, who fought for Britain not only in the American War of Independence, but also in the War of 1812. The case of the elder man, the old miller of the Humber, is especially interesting. Surely a man of seventy-three years might very gracefully have stood aside from the hardships of war. He was indeed "a very firm Loyalist," and a man of great courage, to march forth with his men, and join battle with his old enemies during the War of 1812.

Work at the Old Mill was no doubt interrupted during the war, but was probably resumed soon afterwards. Apart from this interruption the mill site must have been a busy place for nearly sixty years. Mr. Ross Robertson states, in reference to the mill of

Mr. Gamble's time, that "a roaring trade was done there till 1851, and it was not till 1858 that the mills were finally closed". Confirming the statement that this place was the scene of much business activity for many years, we have the fact that frequently old coins have been found on the property, bearing dates from the last decade of the eighteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth.

Strange to say, the gravestones of the old miller and his wife, who were born so long ago in New Jersey, are still standing, both near Yonge Street, not far from the city of Toronto.

On a farm which is now the property of Dr. Andrew Gordon, situated on Yonge Street, and on the town-line between York and Markham townships, there is a slab of stone, weatherbeaten, but still erect and firm, which bears the following inscription:

In Mind
Rebecca Willson,
wife of
John Willson, Esq.,
Departed June 6th,
1804,
Aged 61 years.

The farm was originally a Loyalist grant to one of the sons, who lived on it for thirty years. In the light of all the facts given, what a story of heroism and sacrifice does this stone suggest, to anyone blessed with an historical imagination.

The hardy old pioneer survived his wife by a full quarter of a century. His gravestone stands in a cemetery farther north on Yonge Street, where he is buried beside his second wife. The records show that the service was conducted by Bishop Strachan. The inscription reads:

John Willson, Esq.,
Died, July 8th, 1829,
Aged,
90 years and 14 days.

If the miller of the Humber could return to-day, to visit the scenes of his first labours in Upper Canada, what would be his impressions, in this age of express-trains, steamships, telephones and wireless telegraphy, with all the attendant restlessness and excitement? What would he think of this great world-war, with its strange and terrible weapons? What words of praise would he have for the thousands of Canadians, including not a few of his own descendants, who "joined the British Lines when the Troubles broke out"? The reader is invited to visit the beautiful valley of the Humber, some summer afternoon, to sit in the shade of trees, and muse on these interesting questions. He will see numerous automobiles rushing along the road past the Old Mill, and if he look toward the western sky, he may perchance see aeroplanes, so high in the air as to be mere specks against the blue. But the beauty of the valley is the same as it was more than a century ago, and the shallow stream near the mill, flowing along its bed of ancient shale, seems to say:

"I chatter, chatter as I go
To join the brimming river.
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

THE BLUEBIRD

By CHARLES BARLTROP

FLEET wings, an azure coat,
Bosom of wine;
Blithe bird, what April-note
Music is thine?
Shyly from fence to tree
Faring along,
Dropping your silvery
Morsels of song.

Calling thee dryad would
Be a caprice,
Seeing that dryads could
Never leave Greece.
Dryads were myths at best:
But we approve
Thee as the winsomest
Bird of the grove.

"Puritan, puritan!"
Gentle your hymn,
Over a nest in the
Apple-tree limb.
Honeycomb cells may be
Sweet to the bee,
Sweeter thy melody,
Bluebird, to me.

Beauty ærial
Glosses thy vanes;
Sweetness ethereal
Gladdens thy strains:
Wingèd evangelist,
Bringing good news,
On thee the angels kissed
Exquisite hues.

Stealing by cove or lea,
Seemingly coy,
Freighting our sympathy
With some new joy:
Whether by fountain cool,
Upland or dell,
Life is more beautiful
Under thy spell.

Emblem of purity,
Beauty and love,
Oft as I follow thee
Far in the grove:
Joy in my heart steals, hid
Deeper than worls,
Such as a boy feels 'mid
Sunshine and birds.

From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

THE "REAL THING"

"How often in the midst of a charge in peace I have caught the yearning cry of a comrade, 'donnerwetter'! If only it were the real thing."—*The Crown Prince*

From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

GERMANY'S PEACE PROPOSALS

GERMANY: "If you will let me keep what I have I will let you go"

THE FIRST CANADIANS IN FRANCE

By F. McKelvey Bell

CHAPTER X.

REGGY might have been a success as mess secretary if it hadn't been for the Camembert cheese. No one could have remained popular long under such a handicap. He had discovered it in some outlandish shop in Paris-Plage. The shopkeeper had been ostracized and the health authorities called in.

Someone has said that cheese improves with age. I do not propose to indulge in futile argument with connoisseurs, but Reggy's cheese had passed maturity and died an unnatural death. When he produced its green moss-covered remains upon the table the officers were forthwith divided into two factions—those who liked cheese and those who did not; and the latter class stated their objections with an emphasis and strength which rivalled the Camembert.

Corporal Granger had charge of the mess. He was a quiet, gentlemanly little chap who said little, thought much, and smoked when he had a chance. He opened the box before dinner, took a whiff which distorted his face, and silently passed the box to his assistants.

Wilson and René—a French Canadian lad—wrinkled their noses in unison over it; then Wilson drawled:

"Smells—like a—disease—we uster have—in the ward upstairs."

But René's atavistic sense approved the cheese. "Dat's *bon fromage*," he declaimed emphatically. "Cheese ain't good until it smells like dat."

"Then folks to home eats a lot what's bad fer them—don't they?" Wilson retorted with mild satire; "an' them so healthy, too!"

René disdained controversy, and with unruffled dignity continued laying the table. During the first few months of our labours he had been orderly to no less a person than the senior major—hence his feeling of superiority. But he and the second-in-command hadn't always agreed; the senior major had a *penchant* for collecting excess baggage, and it behooved his unfortunate batman to pack, unpack and handle his ever-increasing number of boxes and bags. By the time we reached Boulogne these had become a great burden. René looked ruefully down upon it before he started to lift it, piece by piece, into the lorrie.

"Ba gosh!" he exclaimed in perspiring remonstrance, "I hope de war don' last too long—er it'll take one whole train to move de major's baggage!"

René was impressionable and had all the romantic instinct of the true Frenchman. As I watched him decorating the table with flowers (we were to have company that night, and it was to be an event of unusual importance to us) my recollection carried me back to a bleak October night on Salisbury Plain. It was scarcely nine p.m., but I had turned in and lay wrapped in my sleeping-bag, reading by the light of a candle propped on a cocoa tin. René had just returned from "three days' leave", having travelled over fifty miles to see a little girl whose face had haunted him for weeks. He was flushed with excitement and had to unburden his heart to someone. He stepped into my tent for a moment, the rain running off his cap and coat in little rivulets.

"I'm afraid you're in love, René." I teased, after he had given me a glowing account of his trip.

"I tink dat's right." he exclaimed with sparkling eyes, "Why, dat's de purtiest gal what I ever see. Dose arms of hers! Gee, dere ain't lilies so white like dat, an' de roses of her cheeks!—every time I meet her, I see her like more kinds of flowers!"

"But you'll see another bud next week, René," I interjected, "and forget all about this dainty little flower."

"Me forget? *Non!*" he exclaimed with conviction—and then a wistful look crept into his big brown eyes. He sat upon the edge of Reggy's cot opposite and reminiscently smoothed the hair off his brow before he continued:

"Sometime wen you're up de Gatineau at home, an' de lumbermen free de logs in de reever, you see dem float so peaceful down de stream. De water is run so slow an' quiet you don' see no movement dere; but bimeby de reever go lil' faster, de ripples wash de banks, de logs move swifter an' more swift until dey come above de falls—dey fall, crash, boom! One gets stuck, annuder, an' annuder; dey jam—dey pile up higher an' more high—more hun-reds of logs come down, an' jam, an' jam. De water can't pass—it overflow de bank an' spread out in a great lake over de fields."

René had risen in the excitement of his description. The candle-light shone faintly upon his broad shoulders and handsome inspired face. His right arm was extended in harmony with the vehemence of his description. He continued more softly:

"Dat reever is me; de falls is my lil' gal at de turnin' point of my life, an' de great lake is my love which has burst over de fields of my fancy an' freshes all de dry places. I can't tell you how I love dat gal—sometimes I tink—maybe—I marry her some day."

At this juncture the senior major had thrust his head inside the tent.

"René," he called sternly, "get back to your work! Wash my rubber boots and keep an eye on the tent 'til I return."

And poor René, thus rudely brought to earth, crept silently away.

At seven-thirty p.m., the shrill call of the bugle sounded "officers' mess".

The officers' wives get pudding and pies,
The soldiers' wives get skilly . . .

It is the one call which every officer, senior or junior, knows by heart, and answers promptly.

A mess dinner is a parade, and is conducted with all the pomp and dignity peculiar to a Chinese wedding. Woe betide the untrained "sub" who dares seat himself before the commanding officer has taken his place at the centre of the table!

For the first time since our arrival in France, we were to be honoured with the presence of several ladies, and the whole mess was in a state of excitement compatible with the seriousness of such an occasion. It was so long since any of us had dined under the charming, but restraining, in-

fluence of the fair sex that, as Reggy afterwards remarked, he was in a condition bordering on nervous prostration lest he forget to eat the ice-cream with his fork, or, worse still, "butter" his bread with *pate de fois gras.*

Reggy had other worries on his mind as well. He had been taken aside early and solemnly warned that if he, his heirs, executors or assigns, dared to bring forth upon the table so much as a smell of his ill-favoured cheese, he would be led out upon the sand dunes at early dawn and shot. This precaution having been duly taken, he was permitted to retire to the pantry with Fraser and Corporal Granger and amuse himself making thirty Bronx cocktails for our express delectation. Promptly, as the last note of the bugle died away, the colonel and matron ushered our fair guests into the mess-room.

Had our long separation from the beautiful women of Canada whetted our sense of appreciation? Or was it some dim recollection of an almost-forgotten social world which stimulated our imagination? Certainly no more exquisite representatives of the, to us, long-lost tribe of lovely women ever graced a mess-room in France!

After the customary introductions had taken place, the twenty-five officers who now comprised our mess, distributed themselves in various awkward positions about the chairs of the five ladies (all the rest of our chairs were at the table) each trying vainly to give himself that appearance of graceful ease which indicates that the entertainment of *grandes dames* is our chief sport in Canada.

What a dreadful encumbrance one's hands are on such an occasion! A military uniform does not take kindly to having its wearer's hands thrust deeply into his breeches pockets, and, as everyone knows, this is the only way to feel at ease when addressing a lady in her evening gown—if you fold your hands unostentatiously behind your back, it hampers your powers of repartee.

Lady Danby, who conducted a Red Cross hospital in a nearby town, appreciated our embarrassment, and did her best to make us feel at home.

"What a delightful mess-room!" she exclaimed, as her tall lithesome figure sank into an arm-chair. "It must be so restful and refreshing after those dreadful operations."

"Captain Reggy finds it very restful indeed." Burnham volunteered mischievously, "he spends a great deal of his time here—mixing drinks."

"Ah! And he does them so very well, too!" exclaimed Madame Cuillard, with a flash of her beautiful dark eyes toward the hero of the moment, and, lifting her glass to him in gracious compliment, continued: "He is a man after my own heart."

"Madam, you flatter me," Reggy murmured with a low bow, "and yet I fear I am not the first who has been 'after' such a kindly heart?"

"Nor you shall not be the last, I hope," the little widow returned with a rippling laugh. "Still, weak heart never won—ah, *non*—I am forgetting my English—let it pass. A heart is so easy to be lost in France—you must be careful."

Fraser's Gibsonian figure towered above the others as he and Father Bonsécour and the senior major stood chatting with two Canadian guests. The girls made a pretty contrast, petite, dainty and vivacious; the one with blue-black hair and large soft brown eyes, the other fair as an angel with hair of finely-spun gold and eyes as blue as the sea over the dunes.

"May I take your glasses?" Fraser asked.

"Thank you, by all means," said the little brunette smilingly. "There's nothing I regret more than an empty glass or a flower that is dead."

"The former leaves little to hope, and the latter hopes little to leaf," asserted the senior major sententiously, animated by the beauty of our guests.

"What a dreadful pun, Major Baldwin!" cried the pretty blonde.

"Thank heaven," laughed the major. "we don't always get our deserts! We incorrigibles may still, for a moment

Take the cash and let the credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of the distant drum!

But the colonel interrupted these delightful inanities by offering his arm to Lady Danby and showing her to the seat of honour on his right. The other ladies were distributed as impartially as was possible amongst the remaining twenty-four of us. We stood for a moment with bowed heads while our chaplain repeated that concise but effective military grace—

For what we are about to receive, thank God!—

and then we took our seats.

The dinner was progressing splendidly. Wilson hadn't spilled the soup, René hadn't tripped over the rug, course after course had proceeded under Granger's worried eye with daintiness and despatch. The *sole meunière* was done to a turn, the roast pheasant and asparagus had been voted superb, and the ice-cold salad a refreshing interlude. Even the plum pudding, with its flaming sauce, had been transported without accident to the guests, when Reggy beckoned with a motion of the head to Granger, and whispered something in his ear.

Granger was the best lad in the world when he wasn't disturbed, but if he became excited anything might happen. The order was transmitted to René, and in a moment the murder was out. Whether through misunderstanding, or René's secret pride in its possession, Reggy's cheese had been excavated, and before it was possible to interfere, its carcase was upon the table!

The scent of hyacinth and lilies-of-the-valley faded on the instant; the delicate charm of *poudre de riz* was obliterated and all the delicious odours of the meal were at once submerged in one wonderful, pungent, all-embracing emanation.

The colonel turned first red, then pale. He cast an appealing glance at Reggy—it was too late. The rest of us glared surreptitiously and silently at the culprit. An inspiration seized him. Unobserved he signalled the mess president, who rose to his feet on the instant.

"Mr. Vice, the King!" he commanded.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the King!" came the formal but inspiring reply.

The cheese was forgotten. We were upon our feet, and lifting our glasses we drank to our noble monarch. Cigars and cigarettes were passed round, and we waited patiently until the colonel lighted his cigar, for no one smokes at mess until the O. C. has set the example or given his permission. The offending element had been quickly but quietly removed from the table, and once more peace and happiness prevailed.

But Reggy's fate as mess secretary was sealed.

CHAPTER XI.

The first line of a certain popular song emphasizes a bold and truthful platitude, namely, "The world's growing older each day". The incontrovertible fact is plumped unexpectedly before us, and blocks our only exit down the passage of argument. If it had read, "The world's growing *smaller* each day", we might have run to our text-book of Elementary Physics, and, placing a stubby but argumentative forefinger on the Law of the Indestructibility of Matter, have proved it a falsehood of the Nth degree. But, of course, this must all have happened before the war. Everyone knows now—every Tommy can tell you—that the world is really and truly smaller; for if not, how is it he meets Bill or Jake or Harry on the streets of Poperinghe or Dickibusch? He knows instinctively that the world is shrinking, and Halifax and Vancouver may be found any time jumbled together in a little Bel-

gian village on the wrong side of the Atlantic.

I hadn't seen Jack Welleombe for twenty-five years—we had been school chums together—and his name had almost faded from the pages of my mind; so that on entering the hospital the morning after Reggy's last dinner, I received a slight shoek as I lifted a new ehart from the table and saw this name staring up at me:

"Captain J. Welleombe, Royal Army Medical Corps."

Had the world really become so small? Could a quarter-eentury be bridged in an instant? I seemed to see the little old stone schoolhouse once again; its low-ceilinged room, the big box-stove, the well-haeked seats and the rows of little boys and girls bowed over their greasy slates. The seent of mid-day lunches stowed away floated back to me in memory's dream, and the haw-tree brushed its leaves against the window-pane. I saw Jack as he was then, with frank blue eyes and waving golden hair—courteous, genial and big-hearted, beloved by all; and I wondered as I stood there if by any ehance this might be he.

The nursing sister awoke me from this reverie.

"He arrived in the early morning," she volunteered, "but as he was not seriously hurt I didn't eall you, but dressed the wound myself."

It was with a feeling of nervous tension and expectaney that I followed her down the hall to his room and entered. Alas, the world is full of disappointments. It was not Jack. This dignified man with the touch of gray about the temples. Still, the resemblance grew stronger—the kindly blue eyes, the same winsome smile.

We passed the customary greetings and chatted common-places for a few moments, and all the time his faee wore an expression of puzzled inquiry, as if he, too, were trying to recall some faint memory from the past. At last I blurted out:

"Are you by any ehance related to Jack Wellcombe, of K—?"

"A very close relation," he returned laughingly. "I am his dearest friend, in faet, himself. And you—you are Mac—dear old Mac!" he cried stretching out both hands to me in his impetuous, warm-hearted way. I could have hugged him, I was so glad to see him!

"What a queer game is life!" he exclaimed a moment later. "For years you and I have been shaken about, with many a jolt, in the dice-box of the world, and now, like two Jacks, we are once more tossed together upon the table."

The nurse had unwound his bandages while we were talking.

"I hope it doesn't hurt too mueh," I asked him as I examined his wound, preparatory to dressing it.

"It's a mere seratch," he returned lightly; "a piece of shrapnel through the flesh of the thigh, but the surgeon at the field ambulanee thought I should eame back to hospital for a week or two. Things are rather noisy around Ypres."

"But what possessed you to join the R.A.M.C.?" I inquired, "you should be with the Canadians."

He laughed.

"Oh, you ehaps were too long in coming over. I'd have lost three whole months of the war. I was in England when it broke out, and came over with the First Expeditionary Force."

"You were in the retreat from Mons then!" I exclaimed in envious admiration.

"Every foot of it," he replied. "That *was* a fight, you may well believe. But the Huns didn't have it all their own way. I saw a strange scrap one day between a French and a German battalion. The Huns sprang suddenly out of an ambush and were upon the French with the bayonet before you could catch your breath. Taken by surprise, the *poilus* ran for all they were worth for about a quarter-mile —and they are some sprinters, too. The Huns followed, shouting like demons. Suddenly the French stopped (they must have been running

to get their second wind), wheeled about, and with fixed bayonets charged back like a streak of forked lightning through the Germans. You never saw such a surprised and rattled bunch of Huns since you were born. If it hadn't been so awful, I could have shrieked with laughter. But the French weren't satisfied with going through them once; they turned about and came back at them again, like a regiment of cavalry. The Huns seemed stupefied with amazement and terror; they fought like men in a daze, and very few ever got back to tell the story of the "cowardly French who ran away"!

"We, too, have underestimated the French, I'm afraid," I said. "We are just beginning to realize their possibilities as a fighting force, and the Germans aren't yet awake to their strength and determination."

"They fought well at the battle of the Marne," Jack remarked. "It makes me smile still as I picture a fat little French officer with drawn sword—God only knows what he intended doing with it—who stood behind a hay-stack waving to his men to come on. He was absolutely fearless. Again and again he charged up that steep hill with the men, and when they couldn't make it, back he would come to hide behind his hay-stack and wait until he could induce them to try it again. About the fifth attack they succeeded and went on over the hill."

I questioned him about the battle of Ypres. (This, of course, was the first battle of Ypres—not that in which the Canadians distinguished themselves.)

"It was fast work at 'Wipers'," he said, "with shells falling into the town like a thousand roaring devils. They dropped one into the signallers' billet. It tore a hole in the side of the building large enough to march an elephant through, and killed every mother's son of them. A 'Jack Johnson' came through the roof of our hospital and dropped into the ward—exit ward! There wasn't a bed left standing. Luckily we had removed most of the patients into the cellar, but those who were left are still there, buried in the ruins."

"The usual German respect for the Red Cross!" I commented bitterly.

"The flag makes a good mark for their artillery," he returned with a smile, "they always look for us."

"You've had many narrow squeaks, I presume?" I asked him.

He laughed merrily.

"So narrow that if I had had a big stomach it might have been whittled down to sylph-like proportions. I was standing one day close to a dug-out, talking to two brother officers. The 'whizz-bangs' and 'coal-boxes' were sizzling over from time to time, but not especially close. An old friend of mine (Jack always had an 'old friend' everywhere!) stuck his head out of the dug-out and shouted up to me:

"'Drop in and have a drink, Jack—the water's fine!'"

"I told him I was never thirsty in the mornings. He looked surprised, but called back again:

"'If you'll do me the honour to descend, I'll make you a fine long John Collins!'"

"'Well, well,' I said, 'as you're so kind and such a persistent beggar, I'll humour you.' The other two officers said they wouldn't go in, and so I climbed down into his dug-out and sat down."

"Just as I did so a big shell came—bang!—right where I had been standing. We sprang to our feet and looked out. The poor chaps I had just left had been literally blown to pieces."

He lay pensively silent for a moment or two, and there was a suspicious glint of moisture in his eye as he turned his face toward the wall. Then he turned on his side once more and, smiling brightly up at me, murmured:

"It's been a great lesson to me!"

"In what way?" I queried.

"Never to refuse a drink!"

It will take more than a world's war to depress Jack. His cork-like spirit will always make him pop up serenely to the surface of the whirlpool of life.

"You know the Guild Hall at 'Wipers'?" he exclaimed a moment later.

"No, I haven't been to the actual firing line yet," I returned. "The only time we realize there is a war back here is when the trains of wounded come in; or, on a stormy night, when the wind blows fiercely from the trenches, and the boom of the great guns is driven here intermittently with the gusts."

"As soon as I can stand upon this peg of mine, you and the Colonel and I will motor up and see it all," he declared with assurance.

"Agreed!" I cried. "You may now feel confident of a speedy recovery. But tell me more about 'Wipers.'"

He raised himself on one elbow, and commenced reminiscently:

"Our dear old colonel was billeted in the tenement row which used to be in the square of Ypres, close to the Guild Hall. We had been shelled out of place after place, but for several days lately Fritzie had left us in peace. It was too good to last long. One night they started chucking big shells into the cathedral and what was left of the square. I counted fifty-seven falling over and around the colonel's billet. I began to suspect the place. Taken as an exhibition of fireworks, it was a success, but as a health resort it had defects."

"It was about eleven o'clock, and some of the houses in the row had already been hit. Ye gods! Vesuvius in its worst days was like a Chinese lantern to this. For a second, in a lull, you would hear the whine of a big shell; then, crash! It would go into a building and shell and house would go up together in one frightful smash-up.

"I went over to wake the old boy, as he showed no symptoms of having been disturbed. It was useless to rap—there was such an infernal racket with shells bursting, roofs toppling in and walls falling out. I stumbled up the dark stairs to his room. He was sound asleep—think of it! I spoke to him, but he didn't wake; so I shook him gently by the shoulder, and he opened his eyes."

"'Hello, Wellcombe!' he growled, in his rough but genial way. 'What the devil brings you prowling around at this time of night?'"

"I told him that I thought the billet was becoming a trifle unsafe, as some of the other houses in the row had already been hit."

"'Is that all you came to tell me?' he asked, with indifference."

"I said it seemed sufficient to me, and told him we had no wish to lose him."

"'Well, well,' he came back at me, but not unkindly, 'and you woke me out of a sound sleep to tell me this! Go and get me a glass of water and then run along like a good fellow and go to bed.'"

"And after the old chap had his drink, he thanked me, turned over in bed, and I believe was sound asleep again before I got out of the house, while a continual hell of fire and shells tore the internals out of the town about him! When I went back in the morning, there was only one house left standing in that row—the colonel's. The others were a crumpled mass of bricks and mortar!"

I chatted with him as long as I could, and then, telling him I would drop in later in the day, continued my rounds on the wards.

As we entered one of the smaller rooms, I noticed a bright-eyed, red-cheeked Scottish lad, not more than seventeen years of age, seated upon his cot. He was chatting animatedly with several others, but sprang to attention as we approached. The nurse unwound the bandages and showed me his wound; a bayonet cut across the palm. We had already heard from his comrades that this slip of a boy, with the smiling eyes and ringing laugh, was one of the finest bayonet

fighters in his battalion, and had to his credit a string of German scalps that would make a Pawnee Chief green with envy. His wound was the result of grasping his opponent's bayonet during one of these fights.

The nurse looked up at the boyish face—the big blue eyes and laughing mouth—and he did seem such a child!

"How *can* you?" she cried involuntarily: how *can* a little lad like you bear to kill men with a bayonet?"

His lips parted over his even white teeth in a broader smile than ever, but he flushed deeply as he exclaimed: "Oh, ma'm, when yer in a charge an' ye see them steekin' yer best chums—ye go fair mad; everything turns red before ye, an' ye could kill the whole bleedin' lot!"

"Bravo!" cried the little nurse enthusiastically, clapping her hands. She had been carried away, as I admit I too was, by the sincerity and vehemence of this little lad. May he live long and grow to be a great man, as he deserves!

After dressing his hand and the wounds of the others, we passed on into the next room where a poor fellow, shot through the hip, lay suffering in heroic silence.

It required three of us to do his dressing, because, on account of the peculiar position of the wound, he had to be turned upon his side each time, and with a fractured hip this was a process of great difficulty. This wonderful war has produced its many heroes, but when the great Recorder above opens his book at doomsday, he will find the name of William Hoare written large on the pages of valour.

Throughout the painful dressing, Nursing Sister Dolly stood at his head, and placing her strong little arms about his great shoulders would tell him to lift himself by her: and Hoare would gratefully lock his hands behind her neck and help to raise himself. What he suffered, God only knows! He made no sign of complaint, but gritted his teeth together like a vise and never spoke until the operation was over. Beads of sweat stood upon his brow, and his face was pale, but no groan had escaped.

"Have a little brandy, Hoare," Sister Dolly coaxed: "it'll do you good—you look so white." Tears of sympathy stood in her eyes, but Hoare smiled bravely up at her and said simply:

"Thank you—it would be welcome."

"You are a splendid soldier, Hoare," I remarked, as Sister Dolly hurried away for the stimulant.

"I'm not really a soldier, sir. I've only been a few months in the ranks," he answered, "I'm a 'bus driver in London."

"I thought to myself: "A 'bus driver in London—but a hero of heroes in France!"

He raised his head as Sister Dolly held the glass gently to his lips. "You are very kind," he murmured gratefully. "I'm a deal of trouble to you."

The little sister smiled sadly and shook her head, then without a word dashed from the room.

"I'd have burst out crying—if I'd stayed another minute," she exclaimed impetuously when I met her a moment later in the hall. "I'm a fool, I know—I'm too chicken-hearted to be a nurse."

"You're a real woman," I ejaculated in genuine admiration, "the world is the better because you were born!"

We then visited the large ward. There were forty patients in it, most of them looking as jolly as if hospital life were one of the most amusing experiences in the world. Some were reading, some playing cribbage, some of those with minor wounds were helping about the ward, and all were smoking.

But one, who had just arrived, looked dangerously ill. We approached his bed, his greenish pallor was alarming. I felt for his pulse—it had disappeared. We gave him a hypodermic at once to stimulate him, but we knew all too well he was far beyond human aid. He smiled slightly as I spoke to him. His mind was clear,

with that preternatural clearness which heralds death. I sat down beside his bed—it was screened off from the others—and took his hand.

"Have you any friends to whom you wish to send a message?" I asked him gently.

"Why, doctor," he inquired, with a keenness of perception that was embarrassing, and looking up at me with a glance of slight surprise, "Do you think I am going to die?"

"You are very ill indeed," I replied hesitatingly, "and I think it would be well, if there is someone in whom you are specially interested, that you should write at once."

He smiled faintly again as he looked me in the eye and answered: "There is only one person in the world who concerns me deeply—my mother;" he turned his head away an instant, "I have already written her. How long do you think I have to live?"

Even when one can answer, this is always the most awkward question in the world. No one ever gets accustomed to pronouncing a death sentence. I shook my head sadly and replied: "I cannot tell you positively—but I fear you have only a few hours more."

"Well, well," he said somewhat indifferently, and then his voice became more interested. He turned back and asked suddenly: "By the way, will you grant me a favour?"

I assured him I would do anything in my power; but I was totally unprepared for his request. He spoke eagerly:

"Then, may I have a bowl of rice pudding?"

His *sang froid* startled me beyond speech. Death to him was a matter of small moment—but hunger was serious. We got him his pudding. He ate it with relish and two hours later, with a cigarette between his lips, his brave eyes closed forever.

There was a bustle in the hospital that afternoon. We had orders to send two hundred patients to England. The boys were in a state of happy excitement; those who could walk hurrying down to the pack stores and returning with all sorts of wrinkled tunics and breeches, and with old boots and caps. Sometimes an Irishman secured a kilt, and a "kiltie", much to his annoyance, was obliged to wear breeches. For when men from hospital were returning to England, although all their clothes were sterilized, no special effort was made in those days to return them their own. New clothes were issued at home. Those patients who were unable to get up were dressed in bed, their heads were encased in woollen toques, big thick bed socks were drawn over their feet to keep them warm, and they were rolled in blankets and placed in the hall on stretchers ready to depart.

The nurses had slaved for hours. Every patient had been carefully bathed, his hands and face were spotlessly clean, his wounds were freshly dressed and he was wrapped up so snugly that the loving eye of a mother could have found no fault.

The ambulances were at the door once more—but on a different mission this time—and the boys all smiles and chatter, were carried out upon their stretchers or clambered gleefully down the stairs. Nurses, officers and men were at the door saying good-bye to their patients. Murmured words of thanks or gratitude on the one hand, and warmest well wishes on the other were exchanged, and at last, with much waving of caps and handkerchiefs, the convoy of ambulances started for the steamer at Boulogne, carrying the happy, care-free loads of boys another stage toward home, or, in Tommy's own vernacular—toward 'Blighty'.

OF COURSE, BOBBY

By Judith Kingdon

MARY ANN stood at the door of the little log house in the clearing. She was rapt in the wonder of the evening, where the black spruce and balsams, the feathery tops of the white woods and birches were outlined against the glowing western sky. A breath of sweetness came from the small new leaves on the shoots around the big balm of gilead stumps. A white-throat sang from a nearby brush heap.

Mary Ann clasped her hands behind her head and drew a deep breath.

"I feel," she said aloud, "as if it all belonged to me, and I to it. I am a part of the bush. I want to go out into it, and walk and walk and walk, till I come to somewhere—I don't know where. Just some place that seems to be waiting for me."

John Reed came in from his chopping.

"What're you mooning here for, Mary Ann? Ain't you got my supper ready yet?"

"It's all ready, dad, but steeping the tea, and the kettle's boiling."

They had pancakes and balls made from salt cod-fish. When it came to the apple-sauce, John Reed gave a sharp exclamation and drew a tack out of his mouth.

"You're house-keepin' seems to be improvin', Mary Ann. Tacks in the apple-sauce! Suppose there's any more in here?"

Mary Ann explained that she had upset a box of tacks in the dried apples, and that she had thought she picked them all out.

"I guess you'd better see if one of these young bachelors up here don't want to let you experiment on him. I'm gettin' tired o' this sort o' thing. My digestion's a little too delicate to eat tacks.

"Seems to me if you'd pay more attention to what you're doin', and put in less time tryin' to write po'try and bein' so blamed artistic,"—he flung the 'artistic' at her—"we'd get on a lot better here."

"Say, I've been in most of the places around here, an' I'll bet you're the poorest house-keeper in the township. An' that's sayin' a lot, *believe me.* Why, there ain't a bachelor around here but what's tidier than you are."

Unfortunately Mary Ann here glanced guiltily towards the clock. He noticed a piece of paper showing slightly from underneath it. Drawing it out, he unfolded it.

"Po'try. I knew it. Then he read aloud:

Last night to me the white-throat sang,
Across the dusk his clear voice rang,
His words were sweet, his notes were true,
For, dearest maid, he sang to you.

"Ha!" he laughed. "Why didn't you say: 'For dearest Bob, he sang of you?'"

"That isn't true," she cried. "I can't bear Bob. I don't want anyone."

"That's a pity," said he, rather

softly, as if he did not really wish to hurt her, "for in a month or so I'm going to marry Mrs. Jamieson. I'm afraid you and she won't hit it off very well."

"Oh, dad!" There was pain in the exclamation.

"It's really a very sensible thing to do," he said, "when her lot lies 'longside o' mine. An' that young boy o' hers can do a lot o' work around a place, too. She's all right, too. She'll suit me right down to the ground."

In the days that followed, Mary Ann felt too dismal to write any more poetry.

She worked at the little house, making it look bright and trim for its new mistress.

In August, one day, John Reed and Mrs. Jamieson borrowed a speeder from the man who kept a store where the Government road crossed the Transcontinental Railway, and went into Cochrane to be married.

Mary Ann was to have plenty of bread baked, ample preparations made for supper, and then go to pay a visit to the Johnsons, who lived south of the track—and incidentally to smile upon Bob Johnson.

The bread was baked, and all that was possible for her to do was done well before noon.

She stood in the doorway, leaning against the casing. Exquisite odours came to her from the slash where spruce and balsam lay steeping in the sun. Across the clearing the green darkness of the bush was inviting. The whole outdoors seemed to be calling to her.

"I dislike Mrs. Jamieson," she said aloud, "and I particularly dislike Bob Johnson. My father doesn't seem to want me. I'm going out into the bush —somewhere. I belong to the bush, and the bush will take care of its own."

She ate some bread and cheese, then carefully hid the packsack in which she had already placed a few clothes, and left the house.

She was dressed in a short, stout skirt, a white blouse, knee boots, and a broad brimmed hat, trimmed only with a fly net. She was at once attractive and business-like.

She crossed the clearing and entered the bush, going northward. It was an easy bush in which to get lost, but she had the sun for guide, and far away ahead some voice seemed to be calling her onward.

After a time she came to a skidding trail, which she followed till she came to the Buskegon. The water was very low, and she was able to cross dry-footed on the stones.

After another hour's walk she reached the burnt country. The green bush gave place to tall, gaunt, gray trunks, through which the wind whistled shrilly. The ground was hilly and covered with an undergrowth of young white-woods. The walking was difficult on account of the number of windfalls, so many of the old dead trees having blown over, pulling their stumps with them.

Here, too, were thousands of raspberry bushes, covered with fat, red berries. Mary Ann picked and ate them till she could eat no more.

She was just starting on when she came to an old trail, running northeastward—the old Hudson's Bay tote trail—so she followed it. The going was very good, though there were a few windfalls here, too, but it seemed to have been cleared out within the year. After a mile she entered the green bush again, still following the trail.

Towards sundown she came to a log cabin which had been used as a rest on the trail. It was in great disrepair, but was still a much better place in which to spend the night than the bush.

Far down at her feet ran a clay-coloured river which she recognized to be the Frederickhouse by its muddy water.

After making herself a bed of balsam boughs, she had for her supper a drink out of a little cold pool in the moss. She pulled her fly net down

over her face and went to sleep with the mosquitoes buzzing about her. She was hungry but happy, feeling she was going somewhere, definitely somewhere; and there was no Mrs. Jamieson anywhere near.

The morning came clear and cool. The sun had risen, though its rays could scarcely penetrate the bush as yet.

Down the old tote trail a man came whistling softly. He wore a small slouch hat, a soft tan shirt, and khaki-coloured canvas overalls tucked into long-legged shoe-packs. He stopped at the old shack and looked in.

Mary Ann was wakened by a sharp exclamation. She sat up, pulling up her fly veil, and found herself looking into a very astonished pair of brown eyes.

"Bob Johnson!" Mary Ann stared at him in open-eyed amazement, and Bob returned her stare.

"Just how did you get here, and *where* are you going?" he questioned her, then added, "I thought you were going down to our place."

"I dislike my new stepmother, and I didn't want to go down to your place. And, since you must know, I've run away."

"Run away! But where are you going?"

"I haven't any idea," she explained patiently; "I'm just going."

Bob stood in the doorway, gazing down at the river with a thoughtful frown.

"Just why would you rather take a chance on getting lost in the bush than come to us?"

"I didn't want to be where you were," she said calmly.

Bob's expression grew more thoughtful. Then her heart smote her, for he looked so nice and he had always been so kind to her.

"But why are *you* here, and where are *you* going?" she asked.

"Why, I have a lot just up here, you now, and—I'm here for the same reason you are. I was removing myself from your sphere of influence!" He smiled at her genially. "But it does rather look as if we were predestined, doesn't it?"

"You were running away from me!" Mary Ann gasped. She couldn't conceive such a thing. Why, everyone knew Bob adored her. Yet here he was.

Bob audaciously replied with a grin. Strangely enough, he seemed to be growing steadily more attractive.

"You'd better come with me and have some breakfast," he invited her hospitably.

"I am hungry," she somewhat unwillingly agreed.

His shack was not far distant, but back far enough from the river to avoid the road allowance.

"It won't be much of a breakfast," he apologized, "but still it's better than nothing."

There was dry bread, corn syrup and clear tea with sugar, and it did taste good after no supper the night before.

When her breakfast was finished, Mary Ann politely offered to wash the few dishes, and Bob agreeably consented. After that she sat down in the doorway and Bob came and sat beside her.

"See here, Mary Ann, are you going to follow this trail to New Post?"

"I suppose so." There was a distinct note of doubt in her voice.

"It's something like seventy miles. Rather long walk—eh?"

"Ye—es," she agreed.

"I'm the last settler north. You won't find any more breakfasts along the trail. What are you going to live on?"

Then he asked persuasively, "Won't you come back home, Mary Ann?"

"No, I won't," she exclaimed passionately. "Nobody wants me."

"You know that isn't true, dear. I have always wanted you—I think ever since the world began."

He spoke softly.

"But you said you ran away from me."

There were tears in her eyes.

"So I did run away from you. But not for the reason you think. I felt *you* didn't want *me*, and I just couldn't stay in the same house with you.

"Dear heart," he put his hand over hers. "I do love you so. Won't you marry me?"

He breathed hard and she felt the tight, nervous clasp of his fingers.

"You *must* marry me. Why, you've come all this way straight to me. Don't you see? It's fate!"

"What would you do if you found tacks in the apple-sauce?"

"I haven't any idea," he said, a glimmer of amusement in his eyes.

"Sometimes I write poetry. Maybe you wouldn't like one who does that sort of foolishness."

"You'll probably get over it as you grow older," he smiled outright.

"I suppose the folks will think we've eloped. And so we have. See," he urged, "we'll go in my canoe up the Frederickhouse till we come to the concession road to Cochrane, and we'll walk in and get married there."

Suddenly he put his arms round her, and held her tight to him.

"Sweetheart," he coaxed, "will you?"

She looked into his eyes with a wonderful smile.

"Why, of course, Bobby, dear."

INSTINCT & INFLUX

By T. M. Martin

AMONG the more important subjects which are pressing for a hearing, and a more rational comprehension, is the difference between men and animals; and the particular problem needing solution at the present time, when the very latest and most important discoveries of science and the mastery over the secret forces of nature have been utilized chiefly for the wholesale slaughtering of men by each other, is, where does the responsibility lie for this wholesale slaughter? Shall we say man has an instinct for killing his fellowman, and for using the most cruel methods he can devise, things not provided for him by natural birth, like teeth and claws are for the animals, but poisonous and suffocating gases, liquid fire and explosive gases of many kinds; and at the same time obliterating and annulling all rules of fair play, of honourable conduct, of warning, and of equal opportunity; rules which themselves must have come from somewhere, and two opposites could not both have been instinctive with man any more than with any other animal.

For man as to his corporeal part is animal in his need of food, of sleep, of protection from the cold of winter, of the prolification of his species. He is also gregarious and more intimate in his collaboration, not only in labour for some common purpose, but in the diffusion of knowledge and ideas than any other animal; for he can put his ideas on record outside of himself, into books for the use of posterity; by which means knowledge can increase with the race, and the later generations can profit immensely by the discoveries of the former, which is not, and never has been, the case with any other animal.

In a paper on instinct, printed in the July number of this magazine, and written by Professor H. L. Stewart, these distinctions are ignored, and the statement is made that "Man has all the instincts of the animal world; possibly he has some instincts of his own as well." but an investigation shows that this conclusion has been arrived at by confusing instinct with habit, with heredity, with adaptation to environment, and the development of construction into use. None of these is instinct, but the last mentioned is what all instinct exists for.

The reason of the confusion is the want of knowledge of discrete degrees of life, such as are found in the human, the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral kingdoms, of the multitudinous earths of the universe; and it is still more intensified by ignorance of the fact that man's body, as the animal part of him, lives and is operated and sustained by the same general influx from the world of

cause, as the three kingdoms of nature which are below man; which influx of life differs only according to the form of the receptacle into which it inflows, but gives no individual of any species the same freedom to diverge from the order and sphere of its kind, that man has; as, for instance, no fœtus of one kind of herbivorous animal ever develops into another, as a horse into a bull, or an elephant into a rhinoceros, while although the human fœtus always develops into the body and limbs of a man, the man who dwells in it, when he comes into his adult form, can develop himself into a benefactor of his species, or adopt the monstrous belief that he is destined by his Maker to be the ruler of his whole race; and may kill many thousands of his fellows endeavouring to prove it.

Instinct in animals cannot vary to this extent, for the animal soul is not individual as with man, but communal; so the animal has not introspection and reflection as to his own individuality, and so cannot form any such purpose; but each animal and vegetable exists solely to fulfil some definite purpose of use to man, under the normal circumstances that existed when man was created from one of the then existing animal forms by the addition of a human mind; which is a spiritual form that only appears in this world as the inhabitant of a human body for the sake of its growth and preparation of its real life, which is induced through the rationality and freedom that no animal possesses.

Instinct into animals has usually four preliminary methods of subserving the end in view of its existence, namely, by inspiring knowledge of food and where to find it, of shelter from the elements, hibernation, etc., of danger, and of prolification.

Man has not one of these except as he learns it from other men, and all originally from experience, since they lost their instinct, which was by the same love of self and domination over others that is devastating Europe today. For an instance, take food; no man can tell his own food by sight, smell, or taste; give a man an unknown berry or fruit or a strange fungus, he dare not eat it without asking others whether it is wholesome or poisonous, while any wild animal in its native condition eats or rejects at once without hesitation; and as food alone makes life possible to both men and animals, the absolute ignorance of man on this subject is conclusive as to his want of instinct, and it can be shown that the other three forms of animal instinct are with him matters of instruction and experience, the latter being the dearer school to learn in, while a young mother with her first child is, without instruction, from others, the most helpless animal on earth.

In the paper alluded to sneezing is spoken of as if it were instinctive, but it is not; it is a part of the construction of the nervous system to react, and it is not any form of knowledge as instinct is. Hunger, thirst, digestion and elimination of waste matters are all part of the construction and operation of the machine we call the body; they are only brought to our notice by the necessity of supply and demand, but we do not control them or manage the working of the viscera in any way. All this is done, as above stated, by a general influx which sustains all animal life so long as food is provided for the body, until the end in view of its existence is accomplished, when it returns to its elements and becomes dust of the earth.

As to the other movements spoken of in the paper, as simple, like moving the arms; reflex, like throwing out the hands when one stumbles; or automatic, such as those that become habitual from practice, like moving the legs and feet when on a long walk, requiring no active thought and reflection for each step; they are not instinctive in the real sense, but become habitual; and because the attention given is as it were latent or quiescent, it is said that habit is sec-

ond nature. Respecting the purposed movement spoken of as the fourth class, this is the direct opposite of instinctive, for it is the will in action by means of the rationality. A young horse, shying at a moving sheet of paper blown towards the horse by the wind, does not come, we are told, under any of these actions. But it is an excellent example of instinct, for it is without any reason, and means escape from an unknown danger; for the white flying thing is to the horse alive, and he wants to get away from it at once.

Because a kitten objects to the presence of an unknown dog, we are asked by the professor to believe that pugnacity is one of the primary instincts; whereas, just as with the horse, danger is scented, and being a predatory, and therefore armed, animal, it prepares for war if escape is impossible.

But pugnacity with man is not an instinct,. it is either legitimate defence, or, if unprovoked, is the infernal desire to dominate others that used to be called glorious war, although the professor tries to say a good word for it as leading to emulation in sport and business.

Even acquisitiveness, or the impulse toward money-making, is brought forward as an instinct in man, whereas under its proper name of greed or covetousness it is our old antagonist, the love of self above the neighbour; and whether a man wants to acquire more than he can rightly use by seizing the kingly power as his by Divine right, or the land his neighbour lives on, or his neighbour himself to be his chattel and slave, it is not instinct, but hereditary tendency, that we are put here in the world to fight against and overcome, and not to make excuses for as something that we cannot help.

In fact, the resemblance between man and animal is external only and is contingent on the fact that both have bodies to sustain, to protect and to propagate; while internally, or as to the mind, there is no similarity but opposition of state and of motive; for the instinct which moves animals is simply impulse or desire to act, consciously indeed, but without any rational idea of the end to be attained or any foresight of the result of failure. That which in man is will, acting in freedom according to his rationality, the two together constituting his genius and disposition, in animals is cupidity, or a blind impulse and desire to act towards the end or use for which they were created.

Influx, of course, sustains both men and animals, but man has the freedom to divert it to his own purposes, and animals must perforce fulfil their destined end, and neither improve nor deteriorate from age to age, except as the external conditions around them change; as an example of this, the fossilized crocodile of fifty thousand years ago is identical with the crocodile of to-day where his conditions of crocodile life remain the same. Man, therefore, is the only created form of life that has the power given to disturb the order of creation, and he has done so, the history of the race being a succession of upheavals of human ambition to conquer and possess the world, each culminating in a downfall and followed by a new beginning. That they have only increased in severity, savagery and devastation, the present culmination of that evil lust of power over others proves, and the permission for such a catastrophe can only be reconciled with belief in the eternal goodness of the Creator of man, by acknowledging that the costly lesson was needed, and the only way to bring mankind to see the evil of the unchecked will of a man, or a race of men, inflated with the idea of innate or instinctive superiority over their fellows is to teach them that co-operation is better than competition, and that only by combining for the sake of the common good can the destruction of the civilized world be averted in future.

A SYMPHONY

From the Painting by
Archibald Browne

Exhibited by the
Canadian Art Club

THE PSYCHOLOGY of KHAKI

By J. D. Logan

A NEW PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES

THE very hackneyed dictum that the clothes do not make the man, needs revision. When a man, sincerely actuated by patriotic motives, dons, for the first time, the King's uniform in khaki, he experiences certain radical changes in intellect, heart, moral imagination, and will. So radical are these changes that they are really spiritual metamorphoses, and, taken all in all, constitute a unique somersault of the newly enlisted soldier's total inner being. Moreover, so pervasive are they that they affect his most fixed attitudes to God, man and nature, his most stubborn habits of thought. For him the face of reality assumes an altogether new aspect and spiritual meaning; and, since self-expression and the ideal enhancement of life are the end and the justification of human existence, the relations of himself to God and society are conceived by him in a more positive, universal, and constructive way than formerly, and the will in him to live significantly is first re-inforced and then re-adjusted to his new conceptions of the meaning of the universe and of his place and work in the scheme of things. In short, the raw recruit, whether he has been hitherto a labourer, an artisan, a business man, or a member of one of the learned professions, the moment he dons the King's khaki he makes a moral "right-about face"—becomes an altogether *new man.*

So unique metamorphoses of a man's perspectives, affections, moral and religious imagination, volitional attitudes and reactions, constituting, as they do, a psychological phenomenon by itself, form material for a novel, interesting, and instructive essay in popular philosophy. It is not, however, possible to bring the matter under the regimen and precise methods of experimental psychology. Accordingly, I shall confine the matter to the field of introspective psychology, and base my analyses, and my orientation of the subject, on my own personal experiences as I observed them reflectively after enlisting in the King's service and donning the King's khaki as a Private in the 85th Overseas Battalion, C. E. F., Nova Scotia Highlanders. I have not, however, based my analyses solely on them, but have interrogated other newly enlisted soldiers as to their experiences on donning the King's khaki, and find that my own are typical, though, in a special case, not quite universal. That is to say, on becoming a uniformed recruit to the cause of right, justice, liberty, and peace in the world, the man of conventional education or culture, of ordinary socialized ideals and class attitudes to the respectable satisfactions of life, would experience

the same changes in mind, heart, imagination, and will as I myself had. But it would depend on the nature of his cosmology, metaphysics, or theology what modifications, if any, would occur in his philosophical habits of thought and in his religious beliefs and attitudes.

The most typical and universal of the inner changes one experiences on donning the King's khaki is the perception of the natural inclusiveness of each and every nation in the "family of nations", and a corresponding increase in one's sense of *world citizenship*. This is altogether different from a reasoned or philosophical belief in the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man—the unity of human kind. It is a felt or intuitive perception, not a deduction. It is an original perception or feeling that rises out of the deepest wells of consciousness, and the introspective psychologist readily remarks certain well-defined stages in its development. It begins rather negatively; that is to say, with, as it were, a shedding of one's traditional prejudices or attitudes—racial, territorial, political, and religious—towards the homelands and the peoples which compose the units of the British Empire. Suddenly the intense subjective feeling of heterogeneity of place, time, racial genius, and achievement in civilization, by some occult psychological alchemy, is transmuted into a humanizing objective feeling of homogeneity. That rather Spencerian way of formulating the change may be familiarly oriented. In Canada, or in English-speaking Canada, the basis of whose population and civilization is essentially Scots-Irish, or Anglo-Keltic, rather than Anglo-Saxon, there has always been, until the current war, a racial prejudice against Englishmen from, and in, the United Kingdom. A Scotsman, lowlander or highlander, or an Irishman arriving in Canada, would be welcomed and made to feel at home, whereas an Englishman, Lancashire and Yorkshire men excepted, would be merely tolerated. Moreover, if a Scotsman were nicknamed an "Oatmealer" or an Irishman nicknamed a "Harp" or a "Dogan", the sobriquet would be meant as an appreciation of racial affinity; but when an Englishman were nicknamed a "Sparrow" or a "Broncho", the sobriquet would be meant to be a term of derision and racial dislike. For this unfortunate state of antipathy visiting or resident Englishmen were most at fault, Canadians, intensely conscious of their democratic civilization and autonomous government, deeply resenting the English air of superiority and ownership, best expressed in the Cockney vulgarism "Canay-dians, Gawd blime me, we owns 'em". But both sides were at fault. However, with the Empire at stake by the current war and with the donning of the King's khaki by all branches of the sons of the Empire, that old antipathy has suddenly changed to one of mutual respect and sympathy. What has happened in Canada, and, I suppose, also in the other Overseas Dominions, has taken place in the United Kingdom. The attitude of antipathy on the part of Protestant Irishmen to Catholic Irishmen, and of Irishmen to Englishmen has given away to a feeling of respect and solidarity. In the Empire now there is no distinctly unique, detached, and superior person as an Englishman, Welshman, Scotsman, Irishman, Canadian, Australian, New Zealander, or South African. The spirit of all the peoples of the component parts of the Empire is one and identical: that spirit is definitively and wholly British. What was racial, insular, colonial, provincial, sectional has, under the transmuting influence of the King's khaki, become Imperial.

In the next stage, the sense of citizenship in the Empire evolves into the sense of world-citizenship. When a man dons the King's khaki, inevitably he must interrogate his conscience for answers to these two questions: Who am I? and Why am

I in khaki? He discovers that as he is an individual member of a particular family and a citizen of a particular nation, so his nation belongs to the great family of nations, each striving to work on their own destiny *with the least hindrance to the others' achievement of their ideals.* Now, the civilized nations of the world have a comity of ideals. They all want freedom, justice, righteousness, and peace in order to realize the best that is in them according to their ethnic or national genius. If any one nation could possess all ethnic virtues, then it is at least conceivable that one nation would have the spiritual right to be warder of all the other nations, and to bring them into conformity with the culture and civilization created by its own all-inclusive genius and energy. But that attitude, on the part of any particular nation, which in truth is the attitude of Germany, is contrary to nature. Nations are as individual and as limited in individual virtues as are particular persons. It takes all kinds of people—nations as well as persons—to make a world in which there is a rounded unity of excellences in a variety of virtues. But that rounded, inclusive total of virtues, thoroughly diverse and yet thoroughly unified, is the ideal of moral organization in the world.

As soon, then, as a man dons the King's khaki he realizes vividly, or at least more vividly than before, that he is not merely a Canadian, or an Englishman, or a Frenchman, or a Belgian, and so on, but, is this, then also and as much, a member of the family of nations, and that, as he has the natural and inviolable right to realize his own individual personality according to his own genius and sphere, provided he respects the rights of other persons, so particular nations have the right to have their individuality respected and to be allowed to achieve their destinies according to their genius and institutions. In short, the recruit in khaki finds himself broadening, internationalizing, the Golden Rule. He would do to other individuals or persons what he would wish them to do to him, and he would take his part in seeing that every individual did not suffer injustice from others. So now, once he has assumed the King's uniform, he would fight to see that every nation is treated by every other nation as he wants his own treated, and he would fight to prevent injustice being done one nation by any other. Imperial patriotism has developed into world-patriotism. He realizes, with an absolute intensity of conviction, that the Canadians who fell with the British at Ypres and Langemarck, for instance, did not sacrifice themselves solely for the integrity and honour of Canada and the Empire; they died that all men might be free, and that justice and peace might reign in the world. The men who fell in defence of Verdun, did not sacrifice themselves solely for the integrity and honour of France; they died that the honour and brotherhood of mankind might be conserved. The man who sincerely and patriotically dons the King's khaki thus becomes an altogether new man—a spiritually bigger and better man, the devoted servant and protector of humanity. He feels this profoundly, and gladly goes forth to fight, and, if so be, gladly to die, more, if possible, for humanity than for his homeland and his kith and kin.

By suggestion, I should, at this juncture, naturally turn to disclose the newly enlisted soldier's change of attitude to death. It happens, however, to be better suited to my plan to treat it under metaphysics. In the meantime I observe that another radical change that occurs in a man's inner being when he dons the khaki is an extraordinary increase in his sense of honour, responsibility and loyalty. It should be remembered that the army is one of the two human organizations that are constituted and managed with the rigorous precision of a machine. Notwithstanding that its units form a hierarchy of ranks, gov-

erned by rigid military discipline and etiquette, the army is thoroughly democratic. That is to say, each man in khaki, from private to highest officer, feels deeply that he is, in his way and degree, an indispensable factor in the human machine called the army, and each and all feel mutual respect and loyalty, first and pre-eminently to the army, and then to one another. There would be nothing specially noteworthy in this fact, were it not that the new recruit in khaki is suddenly transferred from a realm of more or less completely democratic freedom to a realm of forms and discipline about which he at first understands nothing and, let this be noted, which is totally opposed to his past training. In ordinary society a civilian may commit peccadillos of all sorts, and not feel any sense of significant disloyalty to what is truly honourable and right. In the society called the army, a civilian on becoming a soldier immediately realizes that the slightest deviation from discipline and honourable conduct seriously affects all his equals and superiors. He therefore resolves that he will do nothing to discredit the battalion or regiment to which he belongs in the army. His uppermost solicitude is to be loyal to the *morale* and traditions of his battalion or regiment. For he realizes, more than do other men, that a soldier must above all else be a soldier and soldierly in every phase of his conduct, and thus show to the world that the army evokes in right-minded men the highest expression of genuine manhood. Again, the donning of the King's khaki makes of the civilian an altogether new man.

So far I have oriented some of the chief psychological changes that a man, on donning the King's khaki, experiences—the increase in his sense of world-citizenship and relations to humanity, his enlarged perception of the meaning of patriotism and duty, and his development of deep-rooted and inviolable loyalty to that special organization of which he is an integral part. I turn to consider a change of attitude which is unique, but which is largely a modification of a special metaphysic, namely, the change of attitude, on the part of the recruit in khaki, towards death. The sincere patriot knows that the moment he has enlisted and has donned the King's uniform, he is, at least in possibility, self-elected unto death—that he will become a living sacrifice for the salvation of humanity. How he faces that ordinarily dread possibility, whether with nonchalance, stoicism, or gladness, will depend on temperament or on his cosmology, metaphysics, or theology. Temperamental attitudes, nonchalant or stoic, towards death, on the part of a soldier, need not be further remarked. The fact is that men do not fear death, or stoically meet it without regret, because that attitude is born in them. On the other hand, a soldier, if he is a man of fine culture and has his attitudes to God, man, and nature—or to life—influenced by his philosophy, may have his metaphysics considerably modified, and his attitude to life and death changed and nobly sublimated. To show this, I can best do so by analyzing how I myself had my own metaphysics modified and my imaginative and volitional attitudes to life and death re-adjusted significantly and strenuously.

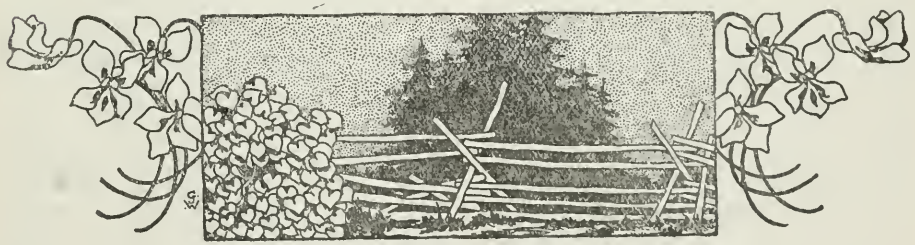
In metaphysics, I am an Aristotelian, somewhat modernized by the idealism of Bradley in England and of Royce in America. That is to say, I believe that my own individual self and life are, as the total spiritual universe may require or demand, a relatively significant, or an insignificant part and function of Reality, of the Absolute Life. From the point of view of eternity—*sub specie aeternitatis*—or, to put it concretely, in a million-million years, it does not make a real bit of difference whether I, or any other human individual, live strenuously, or vegetate, or stagnate, or merely fill space and time. It happens that I do actually live strenu-

ously; but I do so from temperament and instinct.

Now, such was my metaphysics and such was my inborn will to live. I went on living, in obedience to temperament and instinct, as if all I thought and wrote were believed by me really to be absolutely significant for all time and eternity, whereas, in my inmost soul, I held that myself and my work had no genuine place and function in the life of the total spiritual universe, but were only temporarily, humanly, and mundanely significant. I did contribute my "bit" to the general happiness—pain and agony as well—of society and the mundane world; but as for myself and work having any value in the life of the Absolute—in my moments of philosophical reflection I argued that they had none.

On the whole, then, up to the time of my donning the King's khaki, I lived a life of conventional interests and of pleasure in the respectable satisfactions of existence. But when I enlisted, I discovered that I had, as the revivalists say, experienced a change of heart. Hitherto I had regarded, as many other scientists and metaphysicians have also regarded, death as no more significant than any other cosmological process. Out of the womb of the universe I came into mundane being, I should live inevitably in my own way, and then die, like any other animate creature, brute, vegetable, or human—and at length pass into utter oblivion. I did not fear death; it was inevitable, an incident of existence. But the moment I stood forth enlisted and garbed in the King's khaki, I became avid of life and I feared death. I wanted to live to fight for the liberties and humanities of the world, and there also at the same time obsessed my consciousness a fear of death. But it was the dread that I might pass before I had a chance to do my "bit" for the great cause on the battlefields of Europe. It would be genuine-tragic for myself to pass away here at home, in peace, inactive and untried in a noble cause, when, with life and vital strength vouchsafed, I have the prospect of at last doing something really significant for the good of humanity, for the salvation of the world, and for the great life of the total spiritual universe. But though I thus fear death, I will gladly die—if I can make the immortal sacrifice on the battlefield.

And so has the current war modified my own metaphysics. Universalizing my own experience and change in conception and attitude, I put the sum and substance of the philosophy of khaki into this formula: One, after all, *can,* if one wills it, be significant in the life of eternal reality. Though the world have war and other malign evils in it, one can see to it that, in Satan's despite, human existence and civilization shall be spiritual.



In a French Chateau

BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS

"THE key of yonder cabinet!"

This command, uttered not only in a tone of military authority but of unconcealed insolence, was far from cowering the old French butler, rather house-steward. Straight and composed he stood, a striking comparison to his gaoler, a puffy, red-faced, red-eyed, middle-aged Bavarian, pistol in hand, ready to pull the trigger at a sign from his Hauptmann. Like his underling, this young man, a Von of the Von-est, indeed something above a mere aristocrat, had evidently been drinking heavily, but without the copious meals that had stupefied the other. Tall, sharp-featured, and scion of a small princely house, excited to fever pitch by the fortune of the day, a magnificent old chateau to pillage, he repeated his order.

"Fellow, do you hear me? The key of yonder cabinet!"

"Monsieur," slowly replied the white-haired house-steward, without the slightest trace of emotion, with indeed a quiet scorn that must have humiliated anyone but a Prussian to the dust. "What you ask I cannot give. Every object contained therein is an heirloom especially committed to my trust."

The princeling's glaring eyes made the Bavarian put his hand to his trigger, but no order came. Evidently the fall of a murdered man might be awkward—and certainly awkward for the work in hand, delicate women's garments lay about, rich laces and finest white silks—a bleeding corpse would spoil these.

With an affronting oath came the order:

"Hack away at the blasted thing. Split it from top to bottom!"

The piece of furniture thus condemned was a very rare and beautiful sixteenth century ebony cabinet inlaid with silver, precious stones and even jewels, itself worth several hundred thousand francs, its contents—wherever such a cabinet is found—sure to be worth double and treble more.

Hack away they did, the minions of their prince and captain, and evidently with keenest gusto, muttering coarse objurgations as the subtly intricate lock resisted their efforts.

At last the panels flew open, displaying four shelves, each containing priceless objects, below these being six small drawers with silver handles and without locks.

"*Gott in Himmel!* we're in luck's way to-day and no mistake!" cried the captain to his second self, a typical martinet and of feature and physique so similar as to suggest cousinship. "The coffers, boys, the coffers and rope, plenty of rope."

It was indeed a miniature museum that here met blood-shot eyes gloating over spoil, but only to these depredators so much money's worth. For one and all, art and antiquity did not count. The two upper shelves were filled with gems of porcelain and faïence. Here stood a pink vase of

that short-lived and never regained soft porcelain called Pompadour rose —an art lost after attaining its acme —there a cup with handle of no less beautiful hard porcelain, its creamy surface showing delicate flowers and arabesques; farther on, a circular dish of Chantilly ware, harmonious and delicate colours applied to the rich glaze. Lille, Moustiers, Nevers, Rouen, each great manufactory of French art-pottery was represented. But the place of honour was naturally accorded to Oiron, commonly called Henri Deux ware. In the centre of the second shelf stood a salt-cellar which for richness and elegance rivalled the finest goldsmiths' work, whilst brilliant yellows, green and blue were picked out with gold.

"Breakables to the rubbish heap!" yelled his Highness. "Then straight away to the packing!"

Dashed to the floor were the vase of Pompadour rose, the exquisitely flowered cup, the Chantilly plate and the rest, the shattering of the centrepiece, that priceless Henri Deux salt-cellar evoking uproarious guffaws from the two officers. Five minutes later a collection worth millions of francs was reduced to fragments.

Next, and now with great care, the leader and his companion sharply watching clumsy fingers, the two lower shelves were cleared. One by one each heirloom was set aside for the coffer.

A scimitar encased in purple velvet beaded with emeralds, gift of an Oriental potentate to a French King of Jerusalem; richly sculptured pieces of gold and silver from the atelier of the great Cellini, the crozier, in gold and gemmed, of an Archbishop who had crowned a King of France, a mediæval missal with the possessor's monogram in pearls, an ivory statuette of Anne of Brittany with golden crown, girdle and keys—these, with finely engraved gold and silver salvers, ewers and cups, each possessing historic value, so far made up the loot.

"Now for the little drawers! Stand aside, all of you!" cried his Highness, evidently guessing the contents, and fearing lest some tiny object here might be pocketed by his followers.

At this stage a skilled physiognomist would have detected a certain change in the old butler's face. Hitherto drops of sweat on his bald head had revealed silent agony—agony perhaps harder to bear than any physical torture his foes could have devised.

Calm, speechless, upright, he remained, beside him the keeper, ready to blow his brains out at a signal, a mere nod from the burglar-in-chief. But what was passing through the faithful servitor's mind now?

Instead of painfully concealed rage, loathing and despair, his face suddenly brightened. His eyes followed those white, claw-like hands with a triumphant expression, that also reined in, and not to be read by others. The first little drawer containing rare gold coins only was emptied into a leather pouch affixed to the captain's belt, the second, in which were four miniatures costly framed, his fellow officer carefully placed in a small packing-case intended for the lesser-sized booty; when he opened the third and uttered an exclamation of surprise the old butler's eyes positively glittered.

"Teufel! An old leather binding turned into a casket! Who knows? May be, Pandora's box!"

True enough, this especial drawer held what at first looked like an elaborately bound antique volume, but the tiny silver lock had not escaped rapacious eyes. Nor did something else. It was the outside of a small octavo book, the dark brown leather ornamented in gold, shining as if of yesterday's inlaying, and on either side an emblazoned Episcopal Ex-libris; this was an oval, above an Archbishop's mitre, being a scroll with the following legend:

Ex-Bilioth—Sancti-Victoris. Paris.

On the back, of which the gold decor-

ations were much tarnished, remained the ancient label, *Vic des Saints,* and underneath, the word *Octobre.*

"The key, and no palavar, old baldhead—or"

"Monsieur, I repeat, I surrender nothing entrusted to me by my master, the Count," replied the old man in the same firm but respectful voice. And was it chance or volition? A slight jerk and the old-fashioned *breloques,* in other words, seal, ring, ornamental eye-glass and other trinkets suspended to his watch-chain showed a small silver key. No need for force. Without a word, without the movement of a muscle, the house-steward allowed repulsive hands to seize his own heavy gold watch, birthday gift after forty years' service, and to him as precious appendages. Too old to have benefited by the Educational Acts of the Third Republic, Benoit did not understand that allusion to Pandora's box, but when it was opened, and the captain uttered a cry of admiring wonder, he bit his lips and his fingers twitched. This time every nerve thrilled. Evidently the old man suffered no torture now, only keenest excitement of other kind.

The pseudo casket still retained its primitive lining, wall-paper of crudest arabesques in equally crude yellows, reds and blues, design and colours matching each other, and contrasting with the solid beauty of the binding. In the centre padded with wadding and encircled by a gold necklet and a pair of slender braeelets lay a small heart-shaped velvet locket or box framed with pearls and containing a ring.

For a moment the respendence of that ring silenced the marauders. Alike leaders and their men gazed in speechless wonder. It was not the elaborate Saracenic bezel that attracted attention, but the inset, an emerald of marvellous size and beauty—such an emerald as is only seen in the regalia of museums.

"Prime gift for a sweetheart, eh, royal cousin?" whispered the captain to his kinsman, adding—for none so suspicious as the guilty—"And, by Heaven! the sooner out of sight the better!"

With that he pocketed the locket, then in the same shrieking nasal tone, called out to his underlings:

"Stand back, all of you, till you are wanted, but be ready with cotton-wool and cording!"

Down on their knees went the titled house-breakers and one might have supposed them to be packers by trade from their wariness and dexterity. Realizing, rather guessing, the money value of each object—for its beauty he cared not a jot—the captain took good care that none should slip through his hands.

But strangely enough the old butler no longer looked heart-broken. As one by one his beloved master's heirlooms were packed for immediate transport to Germany, a look that could only be called ecstatic lighted up his face —a look if noticed at all by these dull Teutons, by them considered due to escape from the Bavarian's pistol.

And when less than an hour later the invaders had departed with their booty and the ransacked, worse still, defiled chateau became quiet as the grave, new life seemed to invigorate the septuagenarian. The weight of years fell off, the long-drawn-out agony of the last few hours left no trace behind. As he summoned the scared, irresponsible serving folk from the hiding-places to which he had consigned them, alone of the weeping muster he wore a smile.

The emerald ring in that princely pocket more than consoled him for the havoc and desolation on every side.

Two months later an ancient Schloss of Southern Germany was *en fête.* The heir of what until 1870-1, had been an independent princedom was expected home for a brief rest, also for the ceremony of betrothal. The hero of the noble exploits just recorded was to-day lieutenant-colonel, and on his breast he proudly wore the

Iron Cross. Fittingly therefore waved a Prussian flag with that of his own house from the ancestral chateau, and in his honour all the villagers kept holiday.

A very unpoetic old building was that Schloss towering above vast stretches of sky-blue flax, Indian corn and tobacco, the flatness broken by orchards. Square and gaunt it rose abruptly from a wooded hill, its enormous height enhanced by a low roof, having a small pointed turret at each corner, and by its bare gray walls, only a narrow window visible here and there. But the great loftiness and thickness of the walls, the battered escutcheons engraved over the portico bespoke mediæval grandeur. The Schloss indeed had once been a castle, the portal replaced a portcullis, and fruit trees and verdure filled a feudal moat. Modernization, however, was the order of the day in the front of the building. Here was a small but well-kept terraced garden, stone steps leading from one space to the other, below a little fountain trickling pleasantly on the lawn. And around and above, apple and pear trees hemmed in the precincts. Three persons were to-day enjoying the warm sunshine and surprise upon surprise on the upper terrace.

The first was a benevolent, homely-looking woman advanced in years, and whose speech, demeanour and air of authority proclaimed the aunt, chaperone, or guardian. By her side, over an open deal case knelt a typical Teutonic beauty, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, and the personification of sturdy healthfulness.

"*Ach mien Gott*, Prince, said the duenna wiping away a contented tear. "How good to have you here! As I always say, nothing cheers us women so much as to see a pair of trousers about the place!"

"Well, Countess, I can only say that the rustle of a frock is equally cheering to us poor fellows. But, my little Ottilie, what is her opinion?"

His little Ottilie was at that moment taking out treasures from the case—now a collar of finest Valenciennes lace, now a sable muff, now a large black lace shawl from famous Chantilly looms. "The very thing for you, Auntie, dear!" she exclaimed, and jumping up, carefully adjusted it to the elder lady's shoulders.

"And the very thing I wanted," said the old woman. "*Lieber Gott!* How many years is it since I bought my old black lace shawl? Nigh on forty, I do believe. I remember the purchase so well, for I always had a first peep at our late Queen's left-offs. My maid knew the good woman who hawked them round, only to especial customers, of course. She used to carry the lot in a basket on her hand, and no one was supposed to know what it contained. And with my old lace shawl I bought the very stomacher of Italian guipure I have on at this moment. My! Ottiliechen, your trousseau won't cost you much now. Did one ever see such silk stockings and such shifts—trimmed with Honiton, and of lawn so fine that you can almost see through it!"

Whilst the worthy matron chatted on, complacently smoking a cigarette from an embossed silver case, an item of his recent loot, the wearer of the iron cross watched his bride-elect. From time to time he answered an ecstatic burst of thanks by a pressure of her hand, receiving in return just a touch of full rosy lips. Never had the untravelled young Highness seen such a display of French lingerie, tissues and trinkets, Lyons silk petticoats, hand-painted fans, gold-stoppered scent bottles, dainty reticules, all these had been thought of by her chivalrous lover.

"How good of you, cousin," she said, rising as an old man-of-all-work in shabby livery appeared with a tea-tray. "But what did you keep for yourself?"

A look, not of shame, rather of momentary embarrassment, passed over the young man's countenance, as all three followed the tea-tray.

At the farther end of the terraced garden a steep ascent led to a large wooden pavilion, reached by a spiral staircase, the lower part of which was open, thus being adapted for use in summer. The upper was walled and plastered, so that it could be enjoyed on cool autumn days.

"Ah! the heavenly view, how glad I am to behold it once more—"

"You may well say that, Fritzchen! What frights we have endured on your account!"

All three gazed for a few minutes on the vast prospect, beyond the thickly massed foliage of the Schloss, a sunlit river threading orchards and cornfields, far, very far away, just discernible in clear weather the spires and hoary old fortress of the little capital, outlined against the horizon.

"I will now answer your question, my little cousin," began the lieutenant-colonel, as they sat down to tea and the old man-servant had left them. "You must know Gnädige Frau," he added, turning to the Countess, "the bulk of confiscated property, the prize-money of war, goes to the State, we who carry out orders are only supposed to retain a keepsake, some trifling memento of our achievements. For you, my aunt, I retained this vinaigrette in embossed silver. I remembered your headaches. For my darling fiancée, this amethyst bracelet, and for myself a ring—a man's ring." he added with the look of compunction he had shown just before. Was it because on second thoughts he had coveted the crowning treasure of the casket?

"Dear little Fritz, I must embrace you. A French vinaigrette, and my poor head aches oftener than ever!"

Rapturously she sniffed the invigorating perfume again and again. As rapturously Ottilie clasped the giver's hand, then fastened the slender string of gold and amethysts round her more than plump arm.

"And now let us see your ring," said the elder lady.

"When Kurt has cleared away the tea-things you shall be obeyed," said the officer, as he took a third cigarette from a chased silver case, another item of the great loot. "Ah! those accursed Frenchmen know what good tobacco is like. All the better luck for us that they always provide themselves with the very best of everything."

The edge of the ladies' exuberance over their treasure-trove was now somewhat taken off, and they followed his long, acquisitive, claw-like fingers with eager eyes.

But here imagination had been unequal to the calls upon it. When their hero produced his impearled box with the triumphant slowness of a necromancer about to show off his last and greatest coup, both aunt and niece were dumbfounded. With held breath and dilated eyes they gazed upon the flashing emerald, for awhile, unable to utter a word.

"*Got in Himmel,* Fritzchen!" at last broke out the old Gräfin. "Sell it to a Rothschild, boy. You would get the wherewithal to make the Schloss worthy of your ancestors!"

"Nay, my aunt, let the Schloss be. Better to keep a jewel of which perhaps there is not the like in all Germany—"

"All the more reason for getting rid of it, Fritz, and the sooner the better. Jealousy lurks in high places, as you know. Anyhow, no one must ever learn how you came by such a thing—a small fortune in itself."

"There is something in what you say, my dear aunt. We will think about it. Up to the present moment I have been discretion itself, not once either by night or by day has this precious little case been out of my waistcoat pocket. I have never indeed as yet tried it on."

"Well, as we are all safe from observation here, do so now," Ottilie said dying with curiosity to know whether or not this superb ring would fit him, and if not, whether she could not by blandishments secure it for herself.

"Yes, let us see how it looks on

your finger, prince," added the Gräfin, and both ladies moved nearer the little jewel case.

But vainly the young man's muscular, sinewy, white fingers could raise the lid. Again and again he essayed, again and again he searched for the sign of a spring.

Then he took out the kind of eyeglass that pawnbrokers use when valuing jewellery, and which his Highness had found invaluable in more than one raid.

"No, curse the thing! Ring and box seem all of a piece, but we'll baffle the contrivers anyhow—"

"You will never smash the glass, why you might injure the stone," put in the girl.

"Of what mortal use is it here? But don't be afraid, darling, I'm not so inexpert in these matters as you suppose."

So saying he brought out a pair of minute glass-cutters' tools, and cut dexterously without injuring either pearled frame or glass. No accomplished housebreaker could have done the job more neatly.

"My! How grand it will make you look!" cried the younger Gräfin. "I only wish it had been small enough for me," she added as she watched her lover place it on the little finger of his left hand.

"I am not so sure about that, it is a tight fit—"

As he spoke he pressed down the ring, a second later falling back with a piercing shriek. He had touched a secret spring, with sharp incision setting free the dark, metallic poison concealed in the bezel and which now trickled down his fingers. Far and near resounded that frenzied cry, but before even serving-folks could reach the pavilion the deadly venom had done its work. Their young master, a quarter of an hour before full of life, self exaltation and greedy ambition, now hideous to behold, had paid his price to the gods. Could the most pitiful resent Pandora's gift?

*

"Enchanted to meet you, my dear de Bretteville, and as like everyone else, a soldier for the nounce. Welcome to my quarters. Here we are, and by ourselves."

Thus saying General Malmaison ushered the other through the wide doors of his official quarters in the Rue de Bellechasse, Paris, and led the way to a small sitting-room.

Both men were past middle-age, and of distinguished though contrasted appearance, the civilian and country gentleman was tall, powerfully built, and bronzed, but it was easy to divine rather by the chase than by campaigns in Senegal or Tonquin. Below average height, with a fine intellectual forehead, its lines bearing evidence of deep concentrated thought, and commanding presence, General Malmaison looked what he was, one of the foremost engineers of the French army. Each wore the red knot of the Legion of Honour on his breast.

"On my word, you look more cheerful than I should have expected under the circumstances," said the general, as soon as they had seated themselves in easy-chairs and lighted cigarettes. "Was the ransack and pillage of your paternal home as ruinous as report said?"

The other uttered an exclamation of disgust.

"Ransack, pillage! What are these compared to defilement and downright bestiality? There are no other names for the pet jobs of these ruffians. Listen, my friend, as we all know, drink makes a beast of any man, the Germans have invented the word, superman, I will improve upon it, the German drunkard becomes a super-beast. It will cost me a round million to have my pig-stye of a house scoured, white-washed, renovated, in fine, rendered habitable. As to the millions upon millions of valuables carried away and valuables destroyed because they could not be packed up, for reparation I wait patiently—but not in vain."

"Pardie, no! And your patience

will probably not be so long on the strain as folks think—or pretend to think."

Here their eyes met, exchanging a look, mutally understood, but too terrible to be put into words, a look that almost took away the human in both countenances. Then the general added:

"Now, tell me more. Your ladies I learned were safe, and as far as I have been able to gather, none of your serving folks suffered in life or limb?"

"Trust my discreet butler, old Benôit, to look after those confided to him! I had only time to bundle off my wife and daughter, or rather to get them bundled off to England, for I had, of course, joined my old regiment. Benôit just managed to bury title-deeds and bonds deep down under a dried-up well, when, lo! the wolves were on the gold."

He broke forth with a laugh.

"No time was there, alas! for imitating the example of my wife's grandfather, a rich proprietor in the Côte d'or. In '71, when the Boches were at Dijon, this wise old gentleman had all his *vin ordinaire*, some hundred bottles, sealed with yellow wax, the rare old Burgundies, almost worth their weight in gold, being recorked as of no account! And the dull Teutons, never having tasted claret in their lives, got finely drunk upon wine worth a few sous the bottle. But to proceed, Benôit was solemnly charged to allow no resistance—the womenfolk had all, of course, been sent away—he was not to yield up a single key, but not to resist, even if the villains stripped him in the search. And so the brave old fellow, seventy gone, mind you, stolidly sat out the devastation with pinioned hands, and a pistol held to his ear. What enraged him most was the sight of his mistress' and his young lady's lawn chemises and silk stockings carried off, to be worn forsooth, by frowzy German housewives and their daughters, who even of the better class are brought up to kill the ducks and chickens before preparing them for the family dinner!"

"You are surely exaggerating, my friend."

"Truth! I can swear to it, for my sister, who was educated at Weimar, learned it from a school-fellow, daughter of a Von! Well, figure to yourself, my poor old man, and the agonies he endured—his own gold watch wrenched from his fob, my family relics, miniatures, keepsakes, and curios that he knew I valued beyond anything in my possession gone! However, he had his reward. The sight of his face yesterday was worth—I was going to say—restitution of the entire lot. Could only a Rembrandt have caught his expression as I read him this."

Taking out a well-worn Swiss newspaper, and spreading it on his knees, de Bretteville slowly read the following paragraph:

"We have just learned from a private source that the officer of high, some say of royal, rank, commanding the much-talked-of raid of the de Bretteville chateau in the Seine and the Marne, some months since, has just died of virulent poison in his paternal castle in Southern Germany. The young man had carried off a poisoned ring, and trying it on, died in fearful convulsions."

"Now, general," said his friend, as he folded the slip and replaced it in his pocket-book, "do not, for a moment, suppose that the ring in question was a trap. Here is its history:

"My ancestors, as you know, belonged to the Robe, in other words, to the Law. My genealogical tree goes back much further even than the celebrated poisoning epidemic of 1675, when dozens of poor deluded wretches, not a few I've no doubt, innocent enough, suffered the tortures of their leader, the Marquise de Brinvilliers, which, as wrote another marquise, 'she endured so prettily!' In truth, alike the guilty and the innocent suffered bodily much more than their victims. At this period one of my ancestors occupied the first magistracy in the

kingdom, he was indeed no less a personage than the Procureur du Roi. Well, a certain court beauty, the daughter and heiress of a great house, had been drawn from reasons of jealousy into the criminal net. Grave suspicions got wind concerning her, and but for her position, wealth, personal charms, and my forerunner's efforts on her behalf, she would most certainly have shared the fate of the marquise's accomplices. Anyhow she was acquitted after a short trial, and immediately afterwards it was announced that she was about to enter a cloistered convent and take the veil."

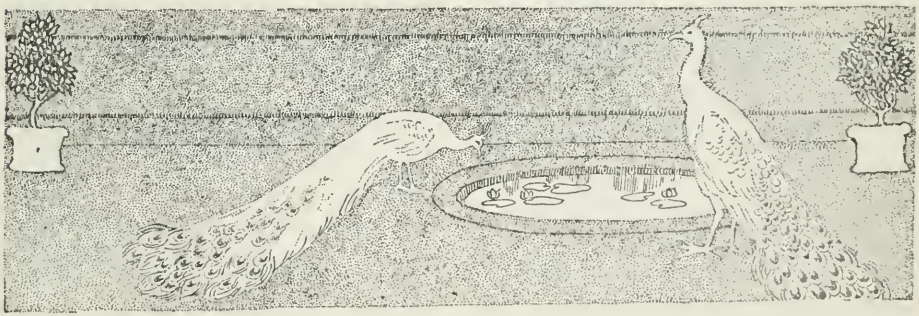
"You are surely romancing?"

"When we have settled the Boches, and you come to see me at home, I will get out the records of the trial and you shall peruse them. But to conclude. On the eve of her reception into a Carmelite nunnery she begged the Procureur du Roi to grant her an interview, which, of course, he did. Falling on her nees, and pouring out thanks for his services, she declared her innocence of any attempt upon life.

"'But,' she said, taking from her bosom a small oval locket set round with pearls, in the midst of which lay a magnificent emerald ring, 'take this souvenir, never, I am sure, in your case, to prove an engine of evil. The bezel contains deadly poison, but both ring and jewel box are safe so long as you keep this tiny key. Never entrust it except to one who is as your second self.'

"Thrusting her gift into his hands she hastened away, and two days later was published an account of her initiation, the shearing of her beautiful hair and the rest, the pious world being thereby greatly edified. My good great-great-great uncle, who was a lover of a curio—as well as of a pretty face—kept the horrible trinket —you know the rest."

"It is a great pity that a few more such curios were not lying about in châteaux this time last year," said the general drily, "and that this especial one did not fall into the proper hands —you know whose. It would have saved us a good deal of powder and shot."



SERVANTS OF BYGONE DAYS

By M. Forsyth Grant

SERVANTS of old times were only engaged after careful reference, and when they came, came to stay when they found themselves in a good place with a kind mistress. Three capable servants could be kept on the present-day wage of one—oftentimes incapable, and in few houses were there less than two, with always a nurse if there were young children. At *Sleepy Hollow* I can remember six servants coming into morning prayers when I was a tiny child, and the establishment was that of an ordinary gentleman's house. The accommodation then would be scorned now, when sitting-rooms and bath-rooms are demanded.

Chin and his wife are amongst the earliest servants I can remember, for I recall playing under the big kitchen table when the servants' dinner was in progress, and seeing Chin cut his finger rather badly, and watching him immediately clap on a spoonful of salt to the open cut to stop the bleeding. A drastic remedy, indeed!

Chin left us to go to *The Grange*, to service in Mr. William Boulton's (my father's first cousin) family; and only left *The Grange* when Mr. Goldwin Smith died. He and his wife, a large handsome woman, lived there in the pretty little lodge still to be seen near the big gates, and brought up a family of eight children. Mrs. Chin died some years ago, and Chin spends his time now divided amongst his sons and daughters, who are all doing well. He was present at a family wedding a short time ago, with snow-white beard, and hair which he always brushed up from his forehead. He was a perfect type of the well-trained manservant, his manner of opening the door, waiting at table and general deportment marking him as of one who has served in gentlemen's houses, and knowledge of his duties seldom seen now here. His silver and dining-room table were things to rejoice at. In later years Mrs. Goldwin Smith gave some delightful "evenings", and refreshments were handed round on great silver trays in the beautiful old drawing-rooms, and to see Chin, in most correct of dress, with his subordinates, bearing the massive trays with their contents, to each guest, something to remember.

Parkes was a manservant as well known as the town clock. After leaving his place, whether at my grandfather's at Beverley House, or some one of the old family homes, I am not sure which, he went out as a waiter, and for many years no dinner party was considered complete without Parkes! I have heard a lady say, "I simply cannot have the dinner party on that date unless I can get Parkes," and he used to be engaged months beforehand for Christmas and New Year's festivities. Parkes was a slight, thin man, with light hair and small whiskers, very light and active in his movements, and an absolutely perfect knowledge of wines, service,

etc. He was married and had a large family, thirteen children, I think. He latterly got a position in Osgoode Hall and was known to all old residents.

Jewel was another manservant for years in the service of my aunt, Mrs. James Strachan. He had been a page at the Toronto Club in its old quarters in York Street, and I recall his active figure, and rubicund face, with bright black eyes and hair, and, of course, the small whiskers thought correct there; no moustache ever being seen on a properly turned-out butler. Having been at the Club, he, of course, knew all the gentlemen, officers, etc., and when any of them called at "The Cottage", Jewel was always delighted, and I have heard my aunt say that when any visitor came, such as Colonel Newdigate (afterwards the well-loved Governor of Bermuda), who was an intimate friend, and found my uncle and aunt out, Jewel would at once invite him to "Come in, and perhaps you will stay and dine, sir!" knowing the welcome ready for him, and the perfection of table, etc. He was an excellent valet, too. He was a small man in size, but his wife was head and shoulders taller; he afterwards kept a restaurant well patronized for many years before he retired.

Burns, manservant at the Bishop's Palace, was a curious old Irishman, well-known to all visitors there; he was devoted to Bishop Strachan and most solicitous for his comfort, and an excellent butler as well. Mr. Arthur Grasett told me lately he remembered Burns so well, and when he and some of the younger generation were sent to make a formal call on the Bishop, the old gentleman would say, "Burns, show the young gentlemen where the white raspberry bushes are," and, rather against his will, Burns, in his livery, with striped waistcoat, would pilot the "young gentlemen" to where they had a great feast of fruit in the large old-fashioned garden. Burns was to be seen often with a big Newfoundland dog sedately pacing alongside, carrying a basket in his strong jaws. Ansell was another old butler who, I suppose, succeeded Chin at *Sleepy Hollow*, the only thing I remember distinctly about him being that he occasionally got on sprees, and one day when under the influence of liquor he did a terrible thing, in revenge, I suppose, for a scolding. In those days it was the ordinary custom for a gentleman to have a wine-cellar in or out of the house for casks of wine put there to mellow, and my father had some specially good wine (probably had gone "round the Cape") stored in a small cellar under the hillside at the south of the house. Some of the huge green watering-cans then always used for flowers had just been painted. Ansell, in his anger, had seized on these, filled them to the brim from the casks, and I can see him now staggering along the lawn with a great green can in each hand, doubtless to empty them in the ground before returning for fresh spoil! Ansell was servant for years at *The Hall*, the fine residence of the late Sir Casimer Gzowski, afterwards becoming General factotum for the offices in the old Romaine Buildings of Macpherson and Gzowski. Later on we had a faithful couple at *Sleepy Hollow*, John and Mary Wright. He was coachman for the two big bay horses my father kept then; and Mary was our devoted nurse; she loved us children as if we were her own, and then, with many tears, she and her husband went off to a little cottage on the Bathurst Street Common, which we often visited to be regaled with cakes, she named her progeny after us in regular rotation, probably thinking she could pay us no higher compliment. Mary had a loose tooth which hung over her lip, which fascinated me, and was very fond of gay dresses, flounces, bonnets with gay feathers, etc., and used a faint perfume which I always connected with her. Some home-made decoction doubtless. Arthur, my grandfather's coachman at Beverley

House, I can remember perfectly as a typical one—big in girth, large, fresh-coloured face, light brown curly hair and whiskers; he was there when my father was a young man, probably as a groom, and I remember my father telling us that for a whole winter he kept a pet horse of his own in the big stables, entirely with Arthur's connivance unknown to Sir John! How they managed it one can hardly say, but he never took any part in the house details, leaving all to my grandmother's management; and though her books were a marvel of neatness and small writing, no doubt the stable arrangements were left to Arthur!

Hannah was another old servant living at Beverley House for nearly forty years, and to the end of her days working and sewing amongst us all to the third generation. She always looked exactly the same to me, as she had always worn a "front" of jet black hair, brought down in two smooth bands over her ears, and a cap composed of black lace fitting snugly to her head; she had snappy dark eyes, and a light neat figure. She could cook anything, and her calves foot jelly was a marvel of excellence; also her sponge cake. She always spoke of my father as "Mr. John." Her temper was always very bad!

Fletcher was a very wonderful old servant of my aunt's, who looked after her gowns, etc., and waited on her faithfully as long as she could, ending her days at a delightful "Home," where she looked it over all other inmates, and never forgot the anniversaries of births and deaths in the Bishop's or my father's families.

I shall never forget the terror with which we regarded (as small children) a nurse called Harriet; a perfect seamstress and needle-woman, lady's maid, and nurse. She kept all us youngsters in abject terror of her evil tempers which she only showed to us; dressing herself up in other clothes with a mask, to frighten us, and taking us to visit her friends whom we were sternly forbidden to mention. She finally brought things to a stormy conclusion when we were in Quebec one winter, for the Session, and was summarily dismissed, to our immense relief! No doubt children are sufferers from harsh nurses unknown to parents; and like the man who, meeting Dr. Arnold years after he had left Rugby, felt his knees weakening as if again the schoolboy. I remember years after, when well in my teens, suddenly seeing Harriet in College Avenue, and for a moment the same indescribable terror came over me, sending me scurrying past her, until a flash of present-day circumstances came over me! I recall a very charming and most hospitable home in one of the tall old-fashioned houses in King Street, west of John Street, nearly opposite to where the Arlington Hotel is now, in which Mr. and Mrs. Ludlow lived. They were New York people. She being a Miss Bloodgood (aunt of Mr. Hildreth Bloodgood who has judged at the horse show here) and a beautiful woman of the blonde type, always perfectly gowned, by French dressmakers, and most kind to all young people, and delighting to welcome her friends to her invariably well-served table. Mr. Ludlow was an unusually handsome man, generally wearing a black velvet coat indoors, most becoming to his fine complexion and white hair and moustache. The servants there were really a whole family: Robinson, the butler, and general factotum; his wife, an excellent cook, and the daughter, Ada, who was house-maid.

Robinson's one fault was of being too fond of the bottle, and he was most comical when he had enough to be a trifle unsteady and absent-minded. I remember one night when there were the usual eight or ten at the table, wondering what on earth was the matter with the man; he kept opening and shutting the door of a small sideboard and peering in as

though in search of something he had forgotten, doing his duties in an aimless sort of way, quite unlike his usual eminently correct self, and finally reaching the climax when he carried in a large silver platter with the joint or what-not (Mr. Ludlow always carved himself and beautifully, too), put it down with both hands before his master with great ceremony, and then there remained with his hands on the table spread out, quite unable to raise himself from his stooping attitude! I am afraid we forgot our manners and were convulsed for the moment. Robinson was indeed most penitent afterwards, but he always chose the most awkward day possible for his fête!

Lamont, butler at the Honourable J. Hillyard Cameron's fine residence, "The Meadows," was an excellent servant of the old school, and I often have a chat with him at the Hospital for Incurables, where he has been for years, and always cheery and bright, living old times over again in the men's sitting-room. To come down to later days, George Hillier was for many years in service at Government House, under the first Lieutenant-Governor there, the Honourable William Howland, but left as messenger in the office, for a position in Osgoode Hall, where a short time ago he was presented with a long-government-service medal. Lymer, who is so well known, is still at Government House as head steward, beginning his service with the Honourable O. A. Macdonald, and continuing with succeeding governors. His faithfulness to duty and keen interest in everything pertaining to it has made him one of the most valued servants of the government.

Foreign servants we have not known much of here. Mrs. George Allan had a French maid when I was a child, Elise by name, who was thin, and active, dark eyes, and curls hanging about her face, and it was most amusing to hear her rapid gabble in French with anyone who could talk to her. Like Miss Sandfield Macdonald, for instance, when the shrugs, uplifted hands, exclamations made up much of the voluble talk, most fascinating to watch. She was an excellent maid and was skilled in the making of pomatums, then always used for the hair, and of a gummy stuff called bandoline to smooth the edge of the hair on the forehead. Also to pat and hold in place the "beau curls" arranged on the face just in front of the ear, precisely as one sees them now on the extremely fashionable women. The carriages in bygone days were—in the main—well known. My aunt has told me of the yellow carriage of The Grange, but I only knew the ordinary close brougham and open landau, with the enormously fat and rubicund face of the devoted old coachman. The carriage of Colonel (afterwards Sir Casimir Gzowski) was known by its pretty basket work on the blue sides, and the coachman who was there for as long as I can remember always made me think of a Russian in a picture, I suppose, from his enormous moustaches, which swept down each side of his chin, long, bushy, and thick, to his collar.

Mr., afterwards Sir David, Macpherson had a great variety of carriages, from the hooded buggy in which he was driven to his office, to the comfortable rockaway and big landau.

Mrs. Nordheimer always looked charming in her beautifully appointed carriages, with her servants in light liveries: and certainly nothing can approach the carriage for a becoming background for a well gowned woman, so different to the automobiles which have no distinctive elegance whatever. My father had a beautiful pony phæton bought from the late Lord Bury (afterwards the Earl of Albemarle), who married Miss MacNab, daughter of the late Sir Allan MacNab, of Dundurn, Hamilton, originally made for the Khedive of Egypt, in London; it had pretty, long, grace-

ful lines, and a seat for the coachman behind, who drove from there, and it was for many years at "Eastwood", the property of Mr. T. C. Patteson.

My uncle, Christopher Robinson, had the funniest sleigh, of which he was fond in his bachelor days—a low one, black and red, in which he drove one fine horse himself, but the groom stood behind on a small sort of padded iron bench, and one scarcely understood how George, his groom for many years, could clutch on swinging round the corners.

In old military days the officers had splendid turnouts of sleighs in winter, and wagonettes chiefly in summer, with, of course, perfectly appointed servants. Lord Dufferin's and Lord Minto's carriages were smart to a degree, and the servants wore powder. I remember when my mother went up to Hamilton to do the honours for an invalid aunt on the occasion of the first visit of Lord and Lady Dufferin to Ontario, and they stayed at "Rock Castle", as the residence of Honourable Donald MacInnes was called. I recall a footman in the Governor-General's entourage, one of the handsomest men possible, at least six feet five inches tall, and imposing indeed in gorgeous livery and powder.

To come down to later days, who does not recall Mr. Hendrie's fine English coach-and-four, which he brought down for some years from Hamilton to the Ontario Jockey Club races, driving his horses, with Mrs. Hendrie on the box, and a bevy of brightly-gowned ladies behind. Colonel (afterwards Sir William) Otter, Mr. George Beardmore, Colonel Stimson, all drove four-in-hands, and the scene was a pretty one in front of the Queen's Hotel, where all gathered on the May mornings—all gone now, and replaced by the evil-smelling, hideous automobiles, with their still more hideous noise. One cannot but regret the replacing so entirely of the handsome by the ugly.

I think now the arrangements for households must have been very different when I was a youngster; supplies were laid in for daily distribution by the mistress, and the consultation between the authorities was more deliberate. In many houses the quantities of tea, sugar, butter, etc., was regulated according to the number in the servants' hall or kitchen, on a certain scale, and one day's menu was arranged for the next. Wine was greatly used in cooking for flavouring, jellies, sauces, stews, pasties, etc., each dish having its own flavour, and if one looks at any of the standard cookery books, such as Mrs. Beeton, Soyer, etc., the large quantities of wine, brandy, butter, and cream strike terror into the present housekeeper of ordinary means. I have seen in one of the big houses in which I passed much time as a child, at a certain hour in the morning, the lady's maid appear and proceed to loop up her mistress's skirt all round so as to clear the floor, then a large silk apron was put on, a key basket was taken, and thus equipped, she descended to the basement-kitchen, where the cook had everything arranged for inspection: details were gone into for luncheon, dinner, breakfast for next day, and, of course, afternoon and nursery teas. Sunday suppers were always known or high teas. At Chestnut Park we had delicious finnan haddie cooked in richest milk or cream, and potatoes baked in their skins for supper.

The late Senator Plumb, of Niagara, afterwards Speaker in the House of Commons, was a great connoisseur of the table, and in his charming home at Niagara the dining-room was always perfect in all appointments. He very much disliked flavouring being put in the soup in the kitchen, and I shall never forget seeing Mrs. Plumb, in her lovely evening gown, at the head of the beautifully decorated table (every dish of fruit having its own colour in the flowers of the varied balsam) flavouring the soup in the big silver tureen herself, and the maid, (they had old, and devoted servants) brought a small salver on

which bottles of sauces, salt, pepper, lemon, etc., from each of which Mrs. Plumb added the desired quantity, stirred it, tasted a spoonful in a hot plate, approved, and, presto! the effect was perfect, both in taste and method, for the whole thing was done with such grace, with no interruption to her conversation with the guest next to her, it made a never-forgotten impression on the very young girl watching with envious eyes, such grace, such finish. Mrs. Plumb was one of the most delightful hostesses, in a lovely home, and a universal favourite. Mr. Plumb also could be a quite unusually agreeable host; he had a wonderful memory, and could repeat any number of poems, with fire and zest, and I shall never forget his reading aloud of "Alice in Wonderland", then new to me, and the fascination of that wonderful story, so read. An old diary of one of my aunts from Niagara, when a girl on a visit there, speaks of the informal hospitality; always three or four of an extra number coming in to dinner, and if there was any doubt about the food, the master of the house, Honourable William Cayley, who was living there then, would call out, "All right, let's have bacon and eggs!" of which, presumably, there must have been an unlimited quantity always to hand.

Mrs. Shortley was a well-known cook at Beverley House, living there as long as I can remember, and, with no kitchen maid, turning out wonderful luncheons and dinners; for I so well recollect Mrs. Strachan asking her long years after she had retired from service, and becoming the first professional cook known in Toronto, about the number of dinner parties given when my grandfather was Chief Justice, and her answer, "Oh, we had *large* dinners only about once a month, small ones every ten days!" and my grandmother's rule was—one bottle of champagne to three persons; one servant to four, and, of course, other wines, such as port, sherry, and Madeira always. "Times has very much changed," as Mr. Weller says. But I recall a remark made by an old gentleman in Ottawa once, who had known all mine and my husband's people (Forsyths, of Quebec and Montreal), when he was speaking of some of the gentlemen of the old families.

"There are no such gentlemen now in Canada. How could there be when one knows of the lives they led, the friends they had, the food they ate, and the wine they drank? They don't exist now!" There was truth in what he said, doubtless, but what about "Abolish the bar!"

THE PATH OF HENRY

By W. Gordon

AS children we spent a long, pleasant summer on a farm. The "hired man", a great strong creature, was, as described locally, "not all there", or in the softer Scots phrase, "hardly wise". His lack of wisdom was apparent enough in his giving man's work for boy's wages, and he was used and scorned by the farmer, himself a man of no passing wit. But in other ways I think we undervalued Henry's wisdom: I have come to look on it as the kind of wisdom which, skilfully directed, leads to success.

Henry's *forte* was the art or, rather, the habit of being agreeable. We would be curiously inspecting the farm machinery; city-bred, we were profoundly ignorant, and of Henry, ever pottering about at his "chores" and chewing idly at a straw, we sought the needed knowledge.

"What is this, Henry?"

"Dunno'm," drawled into three syllables.

"Is it a plough, Henry?"

"Yaas'm."

It mattered not at all if the next day we asked whether the same machine were a thresher or a reaper or a binder: Henry's memory was tactfully elastic. Cross-questioning could set no snares for him; he was always ready, cheerfully complaisant. Childishly superior, we thought this constant agreeing a mark of unique stupidity: now I am coming to regard it as a sign of successful diplomacy, and to look on Henry as a representative man.

For consider how ubiquitous it is, this habit or art of imbecile agreement. The whole purpose of the salesman is to agree, his whole art is to seem to express an independent opinion, if the customer is weak enough to ask it, while in reality his words are merely an echo.

"Which of these hats looks best on me?"

"Well, really, sir, it is hard to say. Some gentlemen prefer the Panama and others like the stiff straw, but they both suit the shape of your head."

"Perhaps this Panama has better lines."

"Yes, indeed, sir, now I look at it, it certainly does look the best on you of the lot."

Even the course of German conversation books hardly runs as smooth.

This excessive compliance is natural enough in trade; the subservient smile and the servile rubbing of hands are to be bought and sold along with hats and neckties. But it has crept through the professions as well. I know of a prosperous doctor, of high reputation and fees. When he folds his successful hands across his ample waistcoat and pronounces his professional opinion, the conversation, stripped of technical terms and diplomatic elusiveness, might be rendered, so to speak, in terms of Henry.

"What is the trouble, doctor?"

"Dunno'm."

"Is it nerves, do you think, doctor?"

"Yaas'm."

"Would a complete rest be the best thing for it, doctor?"

"Yaas'm."

Over the field of politics the spirit of Henry smiles stolidly. Toward his opponents the candidate may be the stern antagonist, the scathing and pitiless critic, the hurler of gibes and the warrior with words. But to his would-be constituents he must be complaisant, compliant. The only circumstance that disturbs his calm and turns him from the casual and urbane agreement of Henry to the anxious and perspiring hedging of the heckled victim is the difficulty of agreeing at once with all the vote-owners, not in private chat but in public meeting. Yet the spirit of Henry is dominant, and even the politician's rage and fury against his opponents is guided largely by the rage and fury, expressed or latent, of his hearers.

Considering the fact—often quoted but of curiously little force—that no two individuals are altogether the same, originality is strikingly scarce. Occasionally a person affects a pose in dress, in attitude, in manner of living or even of thinking, which is spoken of—heralded widely, it may be—as original. But how much originality is really there? At most, as a rule, this "original" person is adopting an attitude not hitherto unknown, the attitude, rather, of a small minority, small enough to make the great homogeneous majority gape with wonder. Is this true originality? Or does originality lie in shouting loud enough to be heard, even if the shouter has nothing to say?

True originality and independence, among those who think and those who act, and the few who do both, is seldom greeted by the world, and less seldom appreciated. The world, indeed, has an intense suspicion of originality. "Fascinating to listen to, at times," will be its highest praise of an original thinker and brilliant speaker (without brilliancy of speech the thinker will go practically unnoticed) "but impossible as a steady diet." For the world cannot face the mental indigestion of original thinking. It demands compliance, not argument; it wants to be agreed with, not to be forced to take new points of view or to find reason for the old. And when the few great ones have been insistently original it has brushed them aside and browsed comfortably on the agreeable commonplace.

Is it worth while to be original, to be independent, even to the little extent of average endowment? Surely success lies along the path of Henry.

PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN

By Emily P. Weaver

IV.—MADAME ALBANI: PRIMA DONNA

AS the first of Canadian musical geniuses to win a great international reputation, Madame Albani certainly deserves the honourable title of pioneer. She deserves it also because her pride in her native land (despite the foreign-sounding name she adopted) made it easier for other Canadians to convince the world that some good thing, even in art, might come out of our rugged young country. And to speak of her own art only, other Canadian women have followed in her footsteps, charming both old-world and new-world audiences with their music. Amongst these may be mentioned another singer, Madame Donalda, and the violinists Nora Clench and Kathleen Parlow.

Madame Albani's great success was not achieved without long and strenuous toil, yet from the beginning her friends were numerous, and almost from the first her path was strewn with roses. In fact, her story, as she tells it in her "Forty Years of Song", reads like a fairy tale, with its background of amazed and admiring crowds, its frequent excursions into the palaces of kings and queens, and its sunny, simple-hearted heroine, blessed with a gift for gladdening hearts, wherever she came.

Emma Lajeunesse, to give Madame Albani the name of her childhood, was born "at Chambly, near Montreal, on November 1, 1852, in the midst of ice and snow", but in a lovely country on the borders of Lake Champlain, "within sound of the roaring rapids of the River Richelieu and in sight of the old historical fort".

She was born into a musical household. Her father was "a skilled player on the organ, the violin, the harp and the piano". Her mother was also musical and began to give music lessons to her eldest little daughter when the future prima donna was only four years old. The child was a most promising pupil, and about a year later her father undertook to train her to play, to sing and to read music. It was a strenuous course and the child was allowed little time for amusement. She "never had a doll". She and some very youthful aunts, who lived near her home, used to divert themselves, however, with dressing up and acting, and boating or snow-shoeing according to the season.

Before she was eight little Emma lost her mother. She and a younger sister were then taken by their father

to be cared for and educated in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, near Montreal, where he taught music.

The little musician, though already beginning to play and sing for small audiences, was so happy in the convent that she resolved to become a nun. The Mother-Superior advised her to go out into the world for two years before taking this step, to see what she could do. "God has given you your beautiful voice," she said, "and I think it is clearly your duty to use it." Madame Albani does not mention that after she had fairly entered on her life work she had any further thought of returning to the still life of the veiled sisters.

When she was about fourteen her family moved to Albany, in New York State, where she was appointed first soprano at the Roman Catholic Church of St. Joseph, and afterwards, owing to the sudden resignation of the organist, had also to teach the choir and play the organ. Her voice attracted much attention, and friends advised her to go to study in Europe. They did more, indeed, for they aided her to raise the necessary funds for this great adventure by organizing two concerts. In addition, a purse was given to her at the church where she had sung, and friends and acquaintances made her presents.

She went first to Paris, armed with an introduction from the nuns of her old convent, to a society woman of that city, Madame de Lafitte, and this lady befriended her in every possible way. The "Canadian songstress" had, however, hardly begun her studies under a famous tenor, Duprez, when she was struck down by a severe attack of typhoid. This seemed an inauspicious beginning, but she soon recovered her health and after six months in Paris went to Milan, to study under Signor Lamperti, a great master, who demanded hard work from his pupils.

Before long Emma Lajeunesse found herself obliged to take an engagement, so as to refill her empty purse. Accordingly she agreed to sing at Messina, in Bellini's "La Somnambula", assuming then for the first time the name of Albani. It was suggested by her elocution master, who thought her real name unsuitable for the stage, and as he had never heard of her connection with Albany and her great indebtedness to friends there, the coincidence appeared to the young débutante to be full of happy augury. And she was not disappointed. At her début at Messina her emotional audience went wild, and from that time, whenever she sang in Sicily or Italy, "flowers, presents and poetry" were showered upon her.

The young Canadian delighted in the climate and the art of Italy, gaining from the latter many ideas which helped her in her own art.

It is interesting that it was during a season in Malta, in these early days, that Albani began to sing "Home, Sweet Home", a song which she made peculiarly her own. A whole chapter might be written on incidents in her career connected with this song. She sang it all round the world, sometimes in strange places. She sang it to Zulu miners in the compound of the diamond mines at Kimberley. She sang it in London at a concert for the benefit of the Home for Incurables, and it so touched a lady in the audience that she sent the Home a cheque for a thousand pounds. She sang it the first of the many times that she made music for Queen Victoria. She sang it to her own people, when she went back in the height of her fame, to Montreal. She sang it, when on an Indian tour, by special request, to Lord Kitchener, whom, by the way, she "found most interesting and agreeable". That first time at Malta, indeed, it was also by special request, for in a music-hall scene in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia", the English soldiers and sailors present clamoured for "Home, Sweet Home", and "these veritable exiles from home were so touched that," says Albani, "I was obliged to sing it every night, and

often to encore it". When she left Malta the men-of-war's boats lined up on either side of the harbour as a guard of honour through which her steamer must pass.

She was now on her way to England to try her fortune in "the most considerable city in the world", and, though used to pretty compliments from her Italian audiences, she needed all her courage for the ordeal before her. On her arrival in London she found it too late to obtain an engagement for the passing season, but was engaged by Mr. Frederick Gye, manager of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, for the five succeeding summer seasons. (Some time later, in 1878, Mademoiselle Albani married Ernest Gye, son of the man who had introduced her to the British public.) Again she made her début in "La Somnambula", and again her success was great and immediate.

Later in the same year, 1872, she was engaged for the Norwich Musical Festival. Thus began her long connection with the great English festivals, which, she thinks, go far "to contradict the assertion that the English, as a nation, are unmusical". In her opinion, oratorio music "is understood nowhere else as it is in England".

She soon gained a "reputation for her interpretation of sacred music", probably because her ideals of such music was singularly high. In addition to the qualities of voice and temperament which make the greatest singers, "for the oratorio singer one more grace is needed—a living faith in the immortal messages to which her voice must lend its wings".

Emma Albani was always a very painstaking singer, and whenever possible used to go over a work which was new to her with its composer. She began to do this shortly before fulfilling her first London engagement. She was preparing to sing in the opera, "Mignon", and went from Italy to Paris to study it with its composer, Ambroise Thomas. To M. Thomas she felt that she owed a proper understanding of "the great importance of clear enunciation" of the words, for till then, she confesses, the words "had been a secondary consideration".

Madame Albani, who appears to have taken a simple, unaffected pleasure in the honours showered upon her, whether they were bestowed by royal hands or were the expression of popular delight in her great gift, calls one chapter of her book, "Singing Before Italy". This is devoted chiefly to an account of a visit to Russia, in the winter of 1873-4, when she began her extensive acquaintance with reigning sovereigns and their royal kindred, by presentation to the Czar Alexander II. While she was in Russia, the Duke of Edinburgh was married to the Czar's only daughter, and Albani was amongst the artists "commanded to sing during the Imperial banquet, which took place after the ceremony. . . . Several 'toasts' were proposed, and before each a great flourish of trumpets was sounded. This was done without any regard to what was going on in the gallery, or who was singing", and "one or two of the solos were sadly marred by the singing". Fortunately the Canadian songstress escaped this discomfiture and was extremely interested in the magnificance of the scene in the great White Hall of the palace. The ladies were clad in the old national costume, richly embroidered and resplendent with jewels.

The remainder of the chapter tells of the beginning of what she might fairly claim to be her friendship with Queen Victoria, whom she greatly admired. It was a friendship that lasted as long as the queen's life, and it was Albani whom King Edward asked to sing, over the great queen's coffin, in the dimly-lighted chapel at Windsor. "It was," she says, "a terribly hard task, but the memory of the dear queen and of all her goodness to me gave me courage," and she sang "Come unto Him", and "I Know That my Redeemer Liveth".

MADAME ALBANI

She sang many times on great national occasions, such as the reception of King Edward and Queen Alexandra in the Guild Hall during the coronation ceremonies, and the opening of the Franco-British Exposition in London in 1908. Twenty-two years earlier she—a Canadian—was chosen, with singular felicity, to sing at the opening of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, the ode, written for the occasion by Lord Tennyson, and set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

"The ceremony took place in the Royal Albert Hall," says Madame Albani, "and it was a most striking thing and one never to be forgotten to see our late Empress-Queen surrounded by nine thousand or ten thousand people, belonging to every race and every religion on the face of the earth, and yet who were all her subjects." The thought of the greatness of the occasion and the knowledge that she had "to sing all alone before such a large and important gathering", almost overwhelmed the great prima donna, but when the moment came her voice rang out, sweet and clear as ever, in words that mean far more to us today than when they were written, in that long ago time of peace and ease:

Sharers of our glorious past,
Brothers, must we part at last?
Shall we not thro' good and ill
Cleave to one another still?
Britain's myriad voices call,
"Sons, be welded each and all
Into one Imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul!
One life, one flag, one fleet, one Throne!
Britains, hold your own!"

THE LIBRARY TABLE

MEN, WOMEN AND GHOSTS

By Amy Lowell. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is a book of stories. For that reason I have excluded all purely lyrical poems. But the word "stories" has been stretched to its fullest application. It includes both narrative poems, properly so called; tales divided into scenes; and a few pieces of less obvious story-telling import in which one might say that the *dramatis personae* are air, clouds, trees, houses, streets, and such like things. It has long been a favourite idea of mine that the rhythms of *vers libre* have not been sufficiently plumbed, that there is in them a power of variation which has never yet been brought to the light of experiment. I think it was the piano pieces of Debussy, with their strange likeness to short *vers libre* poems, which first showed me the close kinship of music and poetry, and there flashed into my mind the idea of using the movement of poetry in somewhat the same way that the musician uses the movement of music.

"It was quite evident that this could never be done in the strict pattern of a metrical form, but the flowing, fluctuating rhythm of *vers libre* seemed to open the door to such an experiment. First, however, I considered the same method as applied to the more pronounced movements of natural objects. If the reader will turn to the poem "A Rosebury Garden", he will find in the first two sections an attempt to give the circular movement of a hoop bowling along the ground, "the up and down, eliptical curve of a flying shuttlecock."

The foregoing is Miss Lowell's own introduction to her own book and her explanation of one of her experiments. The book is full of experiments, successful and beautiful experiments, and is indeed one of the most interesting books of verse published in America in recent years. And no one can presume to know present-day American literature without knowing Miss Lowell's important contributions to it. In order that the reader may test her theory as applied to the hoop and its movements we here quote from the poem the particular passages mentioned:

Round and round rolls my hoop,
Scarcely touching the ground,
With a swoop
And a bound,
Round and round.
With a bumpety, crunching, scattering sound,
Down the garden it flies,
In our eyes
The sun lies.
See it spin
Out and in
Through the paths it goes whirling,
About the beds curling.
Sway now to the loop,
Faster, faster my hoop.
Round you come,
Up you come,
Quick and straight as before.
Run, run, my hoop, run,
Away from the sun.

THE SECRET TRAILS

By Charles G. D. Roberts. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

AS with the several volumes of a similar character that have preceded it, this book treats of animals and the wilds of wood and stream. The situations are new, as well as most of the beasts and birds who take part in the dramas here told with fertile imagination and literary skill. Some of the creatures that figure in these tales are the wild boar, the dog, the bull moose, and the aigrette. The "dog" story is up to date, for the setting is a scene of the present war in Belgium, where a dog became a hero by saving a bridge from destruction by the enemy. There are some good illustrations by several artists and one or two that are not good.

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THE GRAND ADVENTURE

By the Reverend Robert Law, D.D. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild, and Stewart.

A PUBLIC spirited student of the times said the other day: "I wish the preachers would keep quiet till they have something to say." It is a proper and permissible comment on much of our present-day pulpit effort. Yet it needs to be remembered that the same sort of criticism has its application for lawyers, editors, politicians, educators and all public men whose thought goes before the people. We have few men in Canada in any department of life whom we can call with one accord unquestionably great. This is also the case in other countries. There are but one or two great men at any given time among any people. It is unfair then to select a single profession and imply with reference to it a special mediocrity and inadequacy.

Professor Law's recent volume of sermons published under the title "The Grand Adventure" is not one we should have asked him to refrain from publishing. He has something to say in the seventeen sermons, and he has a style in which to say it. There is a gratifying integrity about his manner of thought and speech and a certain high solemnity which makes for dignity and reserve while it retains warm power. Often, though, there is a curtain of words and of those semi-theological phrases which mark the modern compromise between the old theology and the new psychology hung between the hearer and the preacher's thought. Some of the sermons leave one with a kind of puzzled emotion, but without clear ideas. That is a fault in sermons.

*

PLATO AND CHRISTIANITY

By William Temple. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

MR. TEMPLE is one of that group of seven younger Anglican Divines who in their book "Foundations" set out to grapple with the problem of relating orthodox theology to modern life. Mr. Temple has written a great deal and his writing has done something toward making the Revelation of God a defined thing in the modern mind. This recent little volume of his called "Plato and Christianity" consists of three lectures delivered at Oxford in 1915 and later in London at the invitation of the Workers' Educational Association. It is a test of a man's power to compass and compress when he sets out to deal in 102 small pages with the relation of the great Greek to the Christian religion. Mr. Temple's volume exhibits, especially in the first two lectures, the strain of his task. The development is often sketchy and the treatment seldom other than bald though the style is simple and clear. It is the last lecture that the ordinary reader with slight philosophical bent will likely find most gratifying reading. Mr. Temple shows very clearly what he thinks Plato attained and where he fell short of the Christian

attainment. That Plato aimed at Justice and that Christianity knew the secret of a higher thing, love, is really the contention. The analysis of the "Republic" is a bit of vivid work. Some modern psychologists would doubt if Christianity gained as much as Mr. Temple seems to suggest it did from Platonism. It is possible that Paul's saying that "our citizenship is in Heaven" and the dream of St. Augustine of the Eternal City of God, which is pure Platonism, has excused a deal of laxity in interpreting the necessity of applied Christianity here and now. The little book will put a bit of grace on any thinker's shelves.

*

LETTERS FROM AMERICA

By Rupert Brooke. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

A YEAR or two before he came to untimely death while serving in the Gallipoli campaign, this beautiful young English poet visited the United States and Canada during the course of a journey around the world. The book containing his record of his experiences was regarded as worthy of an introduction by Henry James. The introduction is in itself an interesting bit of reading and is one of the last literary efforts of the distinguished novelist. Brooke visited Montreal and Toronto. He had a "vague, general impression that Montreal consists of banks and churches. The people of this city spend much of their time in laying up their riches in this world or the next. Indeed, the British part of Montreal is dominated by the Scotch race: there is a Scotch spirit sensible in the whole place—in the rather narrow, rather gloomy streets, the solid, square, gray, aggressively prosperous buildings, the general grayness of the city, the air of dour prosperity. Even the Canadian habit of loading the streets with heavy telephone wire, supported by frequent black poles, seemed to increase the atmospheric resemblance to Glasgow". Ottawa came as a relief after Montreal. Of Toronto he says, almost deploringly, "It is all right. The only depressing thing is that it will always be what it is, only larger, and that no Canadian city can ever be anything better or different. If they are good they may become Toronto".

*

PILOT AND OTHER STORIES

By Harry Plunket Greene. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

HERE is a book of good, wholesome, pleasantly adventuresome stories for boys and girls. "Pilot," the story that gives the general title, is the best of the six. It is a dog story. For Pilot is a Labrador retriever, and, as the author affirms, this dog, had he been a man and not been only a dog, would have been a great explorer or a brigand or a distinguished naturalist. He would have discovered the North Pole, unearthed a new race of dwarfs in New Guinea, or robbed the bank of England. But being only a dog, he merely slipped out by the back door to do a little legitimate poaching, to evade the gamekeepers and to have some real adventure in the real world about him. The other stories treat of fairies, of boys and girls and of that sport dear to the hearts of all boys and some girls—fishing.

*

GETTING TOGETHER

By Ian Hay. Toronto: Thomas Allen.

A VERY readable little book is this latest by the author of "The First Hundred Thousand". Its purpose is to reveal the actual attitude of the average American and the average Briton towards each other on questions of international importance. It is the result of the author's observations and experiences during his re-

cent lecturing tour on this side of the Atlantic. In general he finds that there is at bottom a good deal of sympathy between Great Britain and the United States, that such phrases as "Too proud to fight" are merely political and used for political purposes. He seemed to have discovered, however, that America is by comparison more pro-Ally than pro-British, which probably is true. "The fact is," he writes, "the American is on the side of right and justice in this War and earnestly desires to see the Allied cause prevail; but he has a subconscious aversion to seeing the slow-witted, self-satisfied John Bull collect yet another scalp. One infers that the book is intended for American readers. There is, however, a final plea directed to both: "We have," he writes, "certain common ideals which rest upon no sentimental foundation, but upon the bed-rock of truth and justice. We both believe in God, in personal liberty; in a law which shall be inflexibly just to rich and poor alike. We both hate tyranny and oppression and intrigue; and we both love things which are clean and wholesome and of good report. Let us take one common stand upon these".

*

FRUIT-GATHERING

By Rabindranath Tagore. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

LIKE some others of Tagore's writings this series of unrhyming poems is altogether symbolical, with the symbols not always discernible to the occidental mind. It should be read as one reads the Psalms of David or the Song of Solomon, for the beautiful figures of speech. Here is an example:

I feel that all the stars shine in me.
The world breaks into my life like a flood,
The flowers blossom in my body.
All the youthfulness of land and water smokes like an insense in my heart; and the breath of all things plays on my thoughts as on a flute.

THE HOPE OF THE GREAT COMMUNITY

By Josiah Royce. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE late Professor of Natural Religion and Civil Polity at Harvard University wrote this volume of essays during the last year of his life. The essays consider various aspects and incidents of the current war—the attitude of Americans, the destruction of the *Lusitania*, the possibility of international insurance, and the "hope of the great community". Dr. Royce says that it is as impossible for any reasonable man to be in his heart and mind neutral as it was for the good cherubs in Heaven to remain neutral when they first looked out from their rosy glowing clouds and saw the angels fall. He sets it down as the duty of Americans to be and to remain the outspoken moral opponents of the present German policy and of the German state so long as it holds its present policy and carries on its present war. The whole book, indeed, is an indictment of the German policy, the moral aspects of which are severely censured. Besides the essays on the war, there are some interesting autobiographical notes.

*

POEMS

By Gustaf Froding. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

FROM the Swedish these poems have been translated, with an introduction, by Charles Wharton Stork. As the average reader has only the translations to go by, it is well here to give the Mr. Stork's opinion of the poet:

"In the long array of distinguished Swedish poets the most striking and probably the greatest figure is that of Gustaf Froding. He is, at least, the most powerful, the most popular and the most finely imaginative. In his pictures of peasant life he reminds one most of Burns, but his ironic humour is more like that of Heine. The visionary gift appears in

poems of almost Shelleyan ideal beauty, and his power of dramatic narrative has a virility which makes the work of Kipling seem journalistic.'' We quote ''Matrimonial Queries'':

We'll have a harrow and we'll have a plough,
We'll have a horse that can pull them, I vow.
''Yes, and a garden for cabbages, too.''
Right, Erik!
Right, Maya!
That's what we'll do.
We'll have a pig that can eat up the swill.
Chickens and ducks we will have, so we will.
''Coffee and sugar and meat for our stew.''
Right, Erick!
Right, Maya!
That's what we'll do.
We'll drive a cow to our field, when we're wed.
''We'll have down pillows to lay on our bed.
Glasses and dishes of china so blue.''
Right, Erik!
Right, Maya!
That's what we'll do.
But, Maya, these things will be hard to procure,
You are so lazy, and I am so poor.
The Parish feeds me, and roots nourish you.
Well, Erik!
Well, Maya!
What shall we do?

*

PEBBLES ON THE SHORE

By Alpha of the Plough. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THE author of this book, which is one of the latest additions to the Wayfarer's Library, has preferred in this instance to write under a pen-name in order to say what pleases him. Some guesses have been made at his real name. One of them is that it is the name of the author of "Prophets, Priests, and Kings". In any case, the book consists of brief essays on anything and everything. We quote one in full:

ON CATS AND DOGS

A friend of mine calling to see me the other day and observing my faithful Airedale—''Quilp'' by name—whose tail was in a state of violent emotion at the prospect of a walk, remarked that when the new taxes came in I should have to pay a guinea for the privilege of keeping that dog. I said I hoped that Mr. McKenna would do nothing so foolish. In fact, I said, I am sure he will do nothing so foolish. I know him well, and I have always found him a sensible man. Let him, said I, tax us all fairly according to our incomes, but why should he interfere with the way in which we spend the money that he leaves us? Why should he deny the friendship of that most friendly animal the dog to a poor man and make it the exclusive possession of the well-to-do?

The emotion of Quilp's tail kept pace with the fervour of my remarks. He knew that he was the subject of the conversation, and his large brown eyes gleamed with intelligence, and his expressive eyebrows were eloquent of self-pity and appeal. He was satisfied that whatever the issue I was on his side, and at half a hint he would have given my friend a taste of the rough side of his tongue. But he is a well mannered brute and knows how to restrain his feelings in company.

What would be the result of your high tax? I continued with passion. It would be a blow at the democracy of dogs. It would reduce the whole of dogdom to a pampered class of degenerates. Is there anything more odious than the spectacle of a fat woman in furs nursing a lap dog in furs, too? It is as degrading to the noble family of dogs as a footman in gold buttons and gold braid is to the human family. But it is just these degenerates whom a high tax would protect. Honest fellows like Quilp here (more triumphant tail flourishes), dogs that love you like a brother, that will run for you, carry for you, bark for you, whose candour is so transparent and whose faithfulness has been the theme of countless poets—dogs like these would be taxed out of existence.

Now, cats, I continued—(at the thrilling word Quilp became tense with excitement)—cats are another affair. Personally I don't care two pence if Mr. McKenna taxes them a guinea a whisker. There is only one moment in the life of a cat that is tolerable, and that is when it is not a cat but a kitten. Who was the Frenchman who said that women ought to be born at seventeen and die at thirty? Cats ought to die when they cease to be kittnes and become cats.

Cats, said my friend coldly, are the spiritual superiors of dogs. The dog is a flunkey, a serf, an underling, a creature that is eternally watching its master. Look at Quilp this moment. What a spectacle of servility. You don't see cats making themselves the slaves of men. They like to be stroked, but they have no affection for the hand that strokes them. They are not parasites, but independent souls, go-

ing their own way, living their own lives, indifferent to applause, calling no man master. That is why the French consider them so superior to dogs.

I do not care what the French think, I said with warmth.

But they are our Allies, said my friend severely. The Germans, on the other hand, prefer dogs. I hope you are now a pro-German.

On the cat-and-dog issue I am, and I don't care who knows it, I said recklessly. And I hate these attempts to drag in prejudice. Moreover, I would beg you to observe that it was a great Frenchman, none other than Pascal, who paid the highest of all tributes to the dog. "The more I see of men," he said, "the better I like dogs." I challenge you to produce from any French source such an encomium on the cat.

No, I continued, the dog is a generous, warm-hearted, chivalrous fellow, who will play with you, mourn for you, or die for you. Why, literature is full of his heroism. Who has climbed Helvellyn without being haunted by that shepherd's dog that inspired Scott and Byron? Or the Pass of St. Bernard without remembering the faithful hounds of the great monastery? But the cat is a secret and alien creature, selfish and mysterious, a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. See her purring on the hearth-rug in front of the fire, and she seems the picture of innocence and guileless content. All a blind, my dear fellow, all a blind. Wait till night comes. Then where is demure Mistress Puss? Is she at home keeping vigil with the good dog Tray? No, the house may be in blazes or ransacked by burglars for all she cares. She is out on the tiles and in back gardens pursuing her unholy ritual—that strange ritual that seems to be so Oriental, so sinister, so full of devilish purpose. I can understand the old association of witchcraft with cats. The sight of cats almost makes me believe in witchcraft, in spite of myself. I can believe anything about a cat. She is heartless and mercenary. Her name has become the synonym of everything that is mean, spiteful, and vicious. "An old cat," is the unkindest thing you can say about a woman.

But the dog wears his heart on his sleeve. His life is as open as the day. He has his indecorums, but he has no secrets. You may see the worst of him at a glance, but the best of him is inexhaustible. A cat is as remote from your life as a lizard, but a dog is as intimate as your own thoughts or your own shadow, and his loyalty is one of the consolations of a disloyal world. You remember that remark of Charles Reade's: "He was only a man, but he was as faithful as a dog." It was the highest tribute he could pay to his hero —that he was as faithful as a dog. And think of his services—see him drawing his cart in Belgium, rounding up the sheep into the fold on the Yorkshire fells, tending the cattle by the highway, warning off the night prowler from the lonely homestead, always alert, always obedient, always the friend of man, be he never so friendless— Shall we go for a walk?

At the joyous word Quilp leapt on me with a frenzied demonstration. "Good dog," I said. "If Mr. McKenna puts a guinea tax on you I'll never say a good word for him again."

TWICE-TOLD TALES

Retold for Physicians

The MacTavish was not a mean man. No: he just knew the value of money.

So, when the MacTavish developed a sore throat he meditated fearfully upon the expenditure of a doctor's fee. As an alternative he hung about for a day and a half outside the local doctor's establishment. Finally he managed to catch the great man.

"Say, doctor! Hoo's beez-ness wi' ye the noo?"

"Oh, feyr, feyr!"

"Ah s'pose ye've a deal o' prescribin' tae dae fer coolds an' sair throats?"

"Ay!"

"An' what dae ye gin'rally gie fer a sair throat?"

"Naethin'," replied the canny old doctor. "I dinna want a sair throat."—*Chicago News.*

*

A Riddle

The latest riddle: "What goods are still being made in Germany and finished in England?" Zeppelins.—*Goderich Signal.*

*

Hard on the Lions

The Reverend Charles H. Spurgeon's keen wit was always based on sterling common sense. One day he remarked to one of his sons:

"Can you tell me the reason why the lions didn't eat Daniel?"

"No, sir. Why was it?"

"Because the most of him was backbone and the rest was grit."—*Tit-Bits.*

Home-Made Article

The river Clyde has been brought up to its present navigable condition by means of dredging, and the Glasgow people are very proud of it. One day a party of American sightseers turned up their noses at the Clyde.

"Call this a river?" they said. "Why, it's a ditch in comparison with our Mississippi, or St. Lawrence, or Delaware."

"Awell, mon," said a Scotch bystander, "you've got Providence to thank for your rivers, but we made this oursels."—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

*

Humour of the Hour

Pat and Mike were discussing the war. "Well, now," says Pat, "I'll set you a question. Do you know what," says he, "there'll be no horticulture or agriculture if the German nation is beaten."

"Fhy is that?" says Mike.

"Arrah, begorra, says Pat, "because there'll be no germin-a-tion!"—*Farm and Home.*

*

Such Extravagance

A man who had consulted a doctor about a deranged digestion was ordered to give up drinking spirits. "But, doctor," he protested, "I can't—I get so thirsty." "Then," replied the doctor, "whenever you feel thirsty, eat an apple instead of drinking whiskey." The patient paid his fee and departed. Later he was talking it over with a friend. "All nonsense. I call it," he complained, "Fancy eating thirty apples a day!"

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